

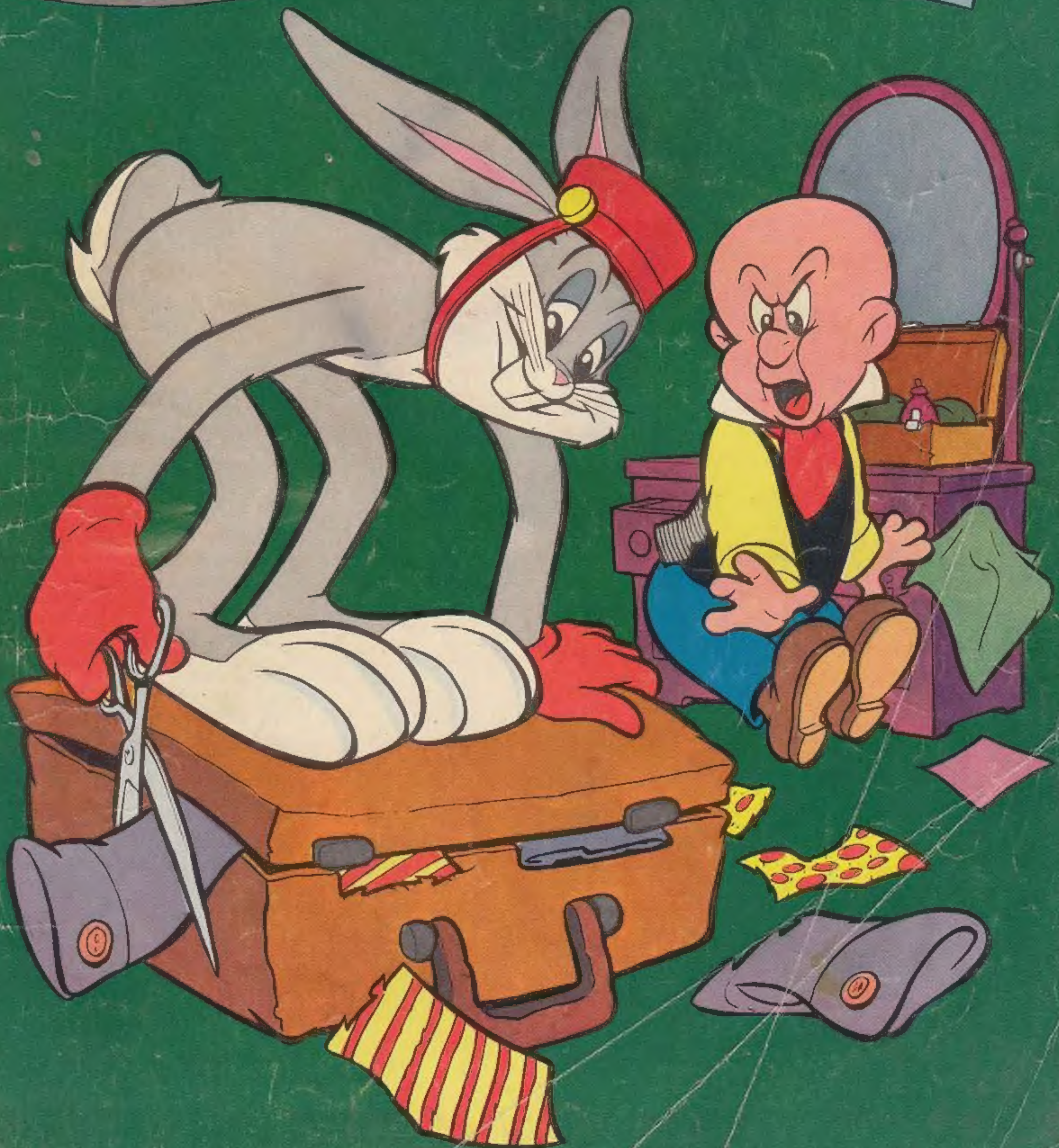
DELL
COMIC

DECEMBER 10¢

LOONEY TUNES



Merrie Melodies comics



WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

Bugs Bunny

BUGS BUNNY'S
JIFFY AUTO PAINTING

DRIVE RIGHT IN, DOC! IT
ONLY TAKES A FEW
MINUTES!

WELL...
OKAY!

JUST SIT TIGHT, ELMER!

I'M A WHIZ WITH THIS
SPRAY GUN!

NOW I'LL WIPE OFF THE
PAINT THAT ACCIDENTALLY
GOT ON THE
WINDOWS!

THERE'S JUST ONE
THING WRONG,
WABBIT!

EH?
WHAT'S THAT?

MY WINDOW
WAS DOWN!

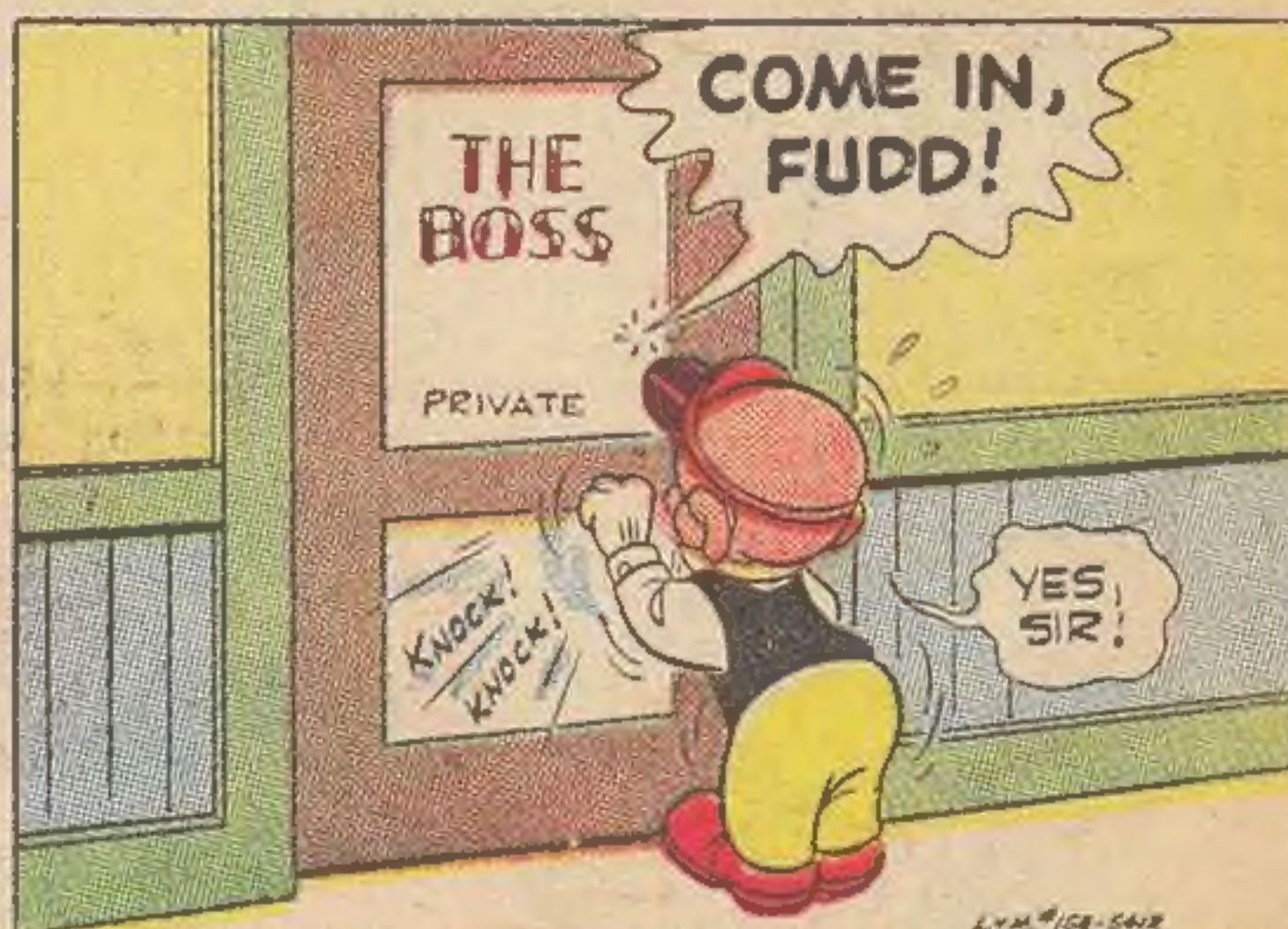
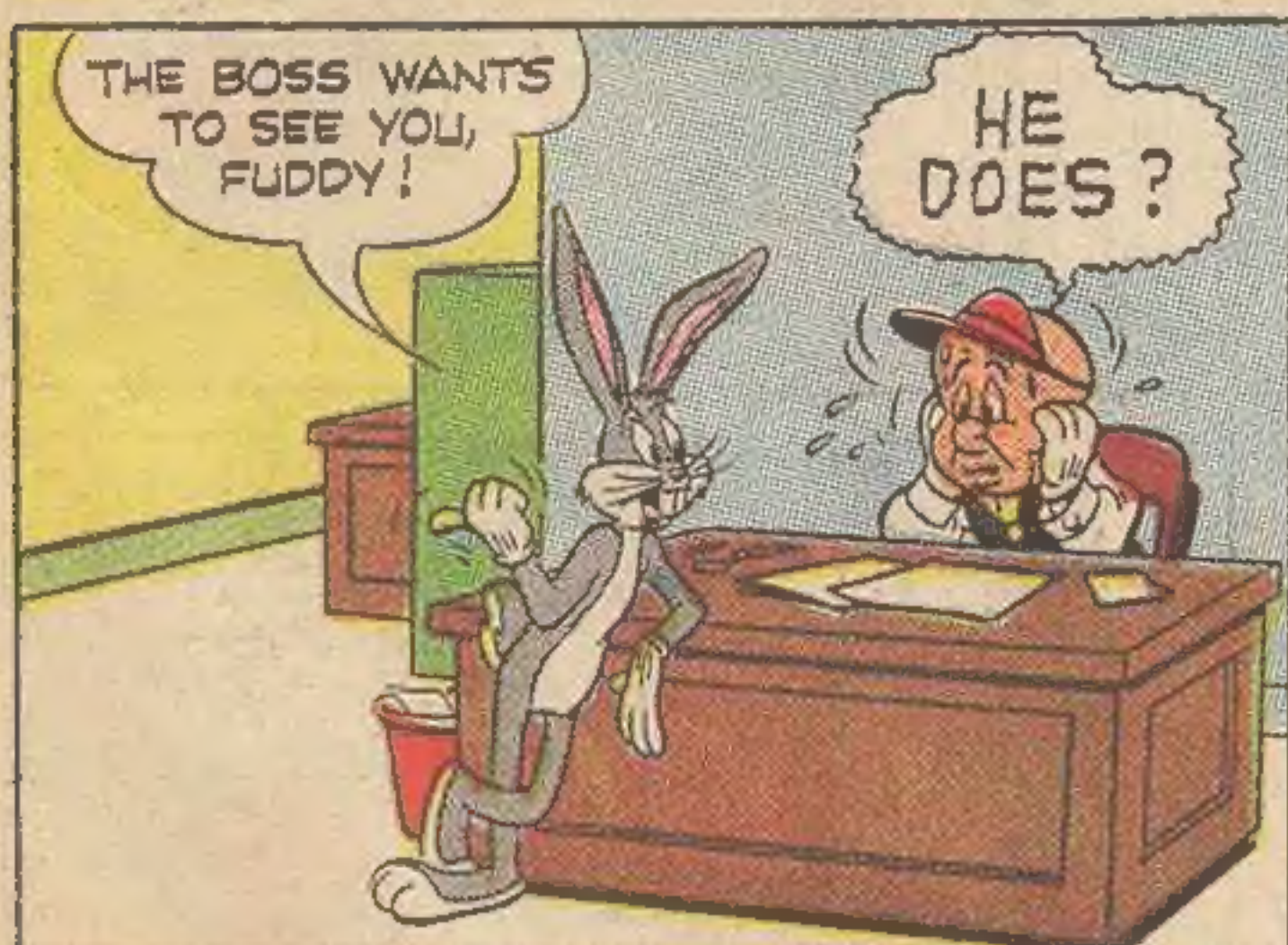
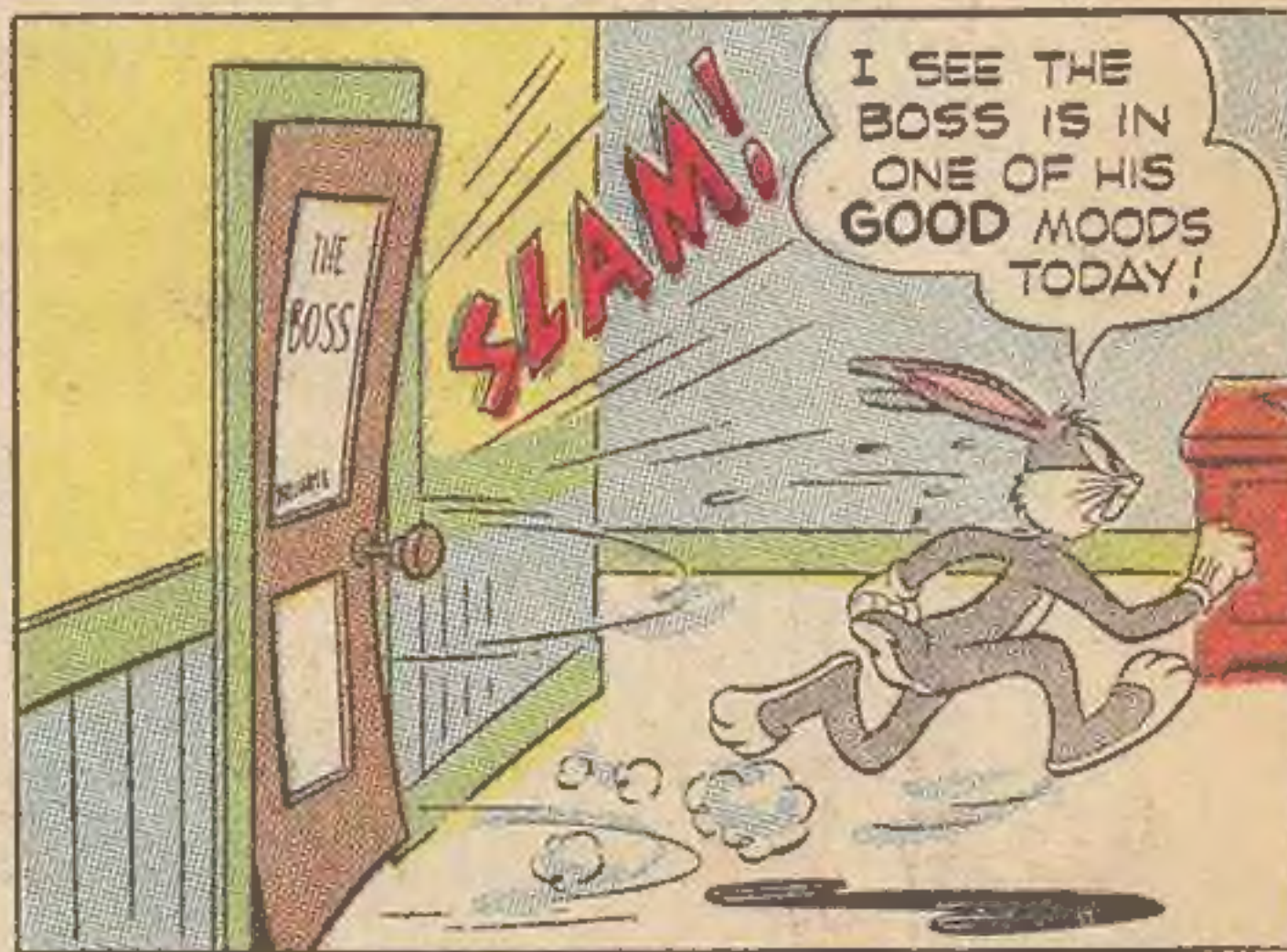
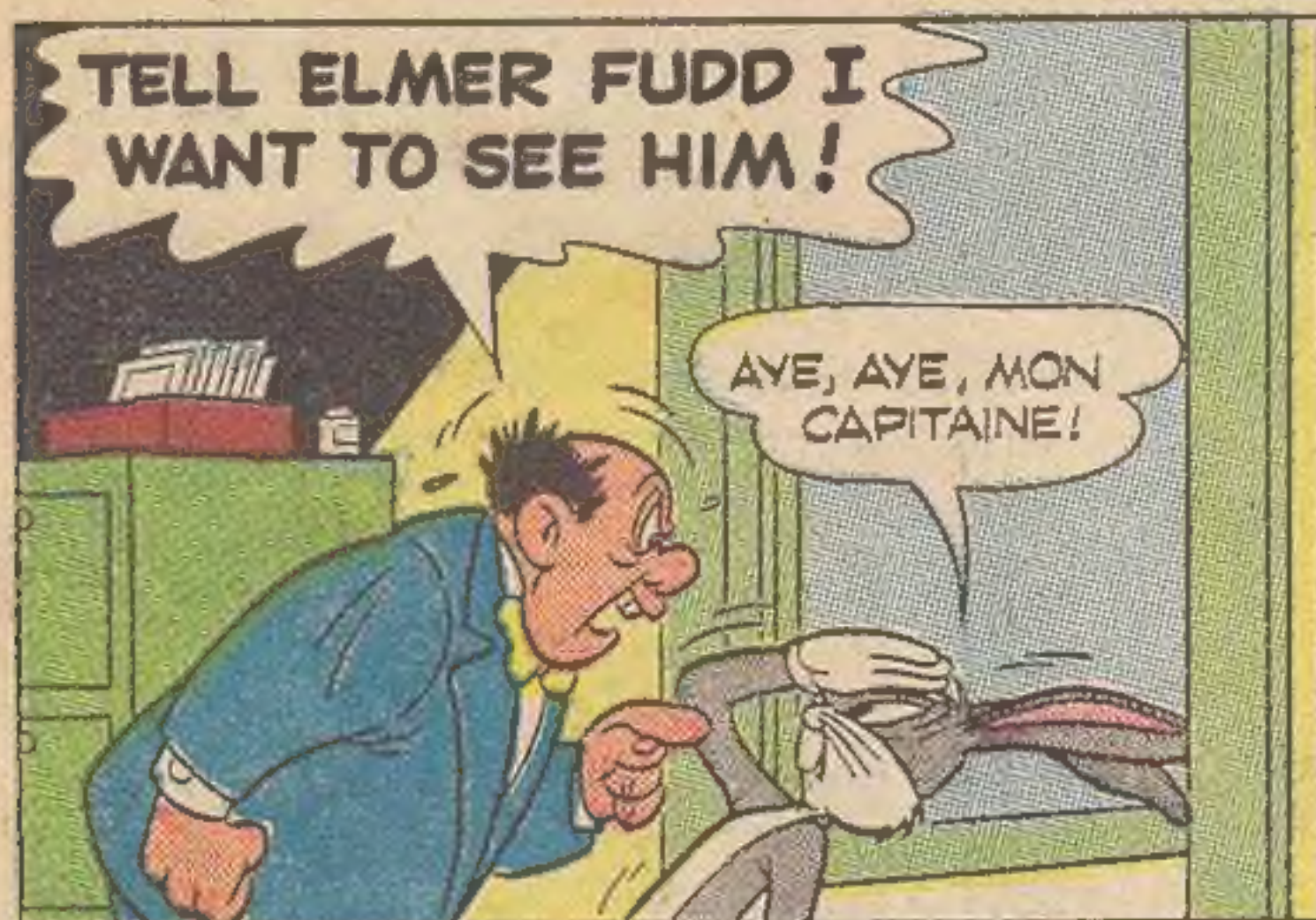
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

PRESENT

BUGS BUNNY

and
ELMER FUDD

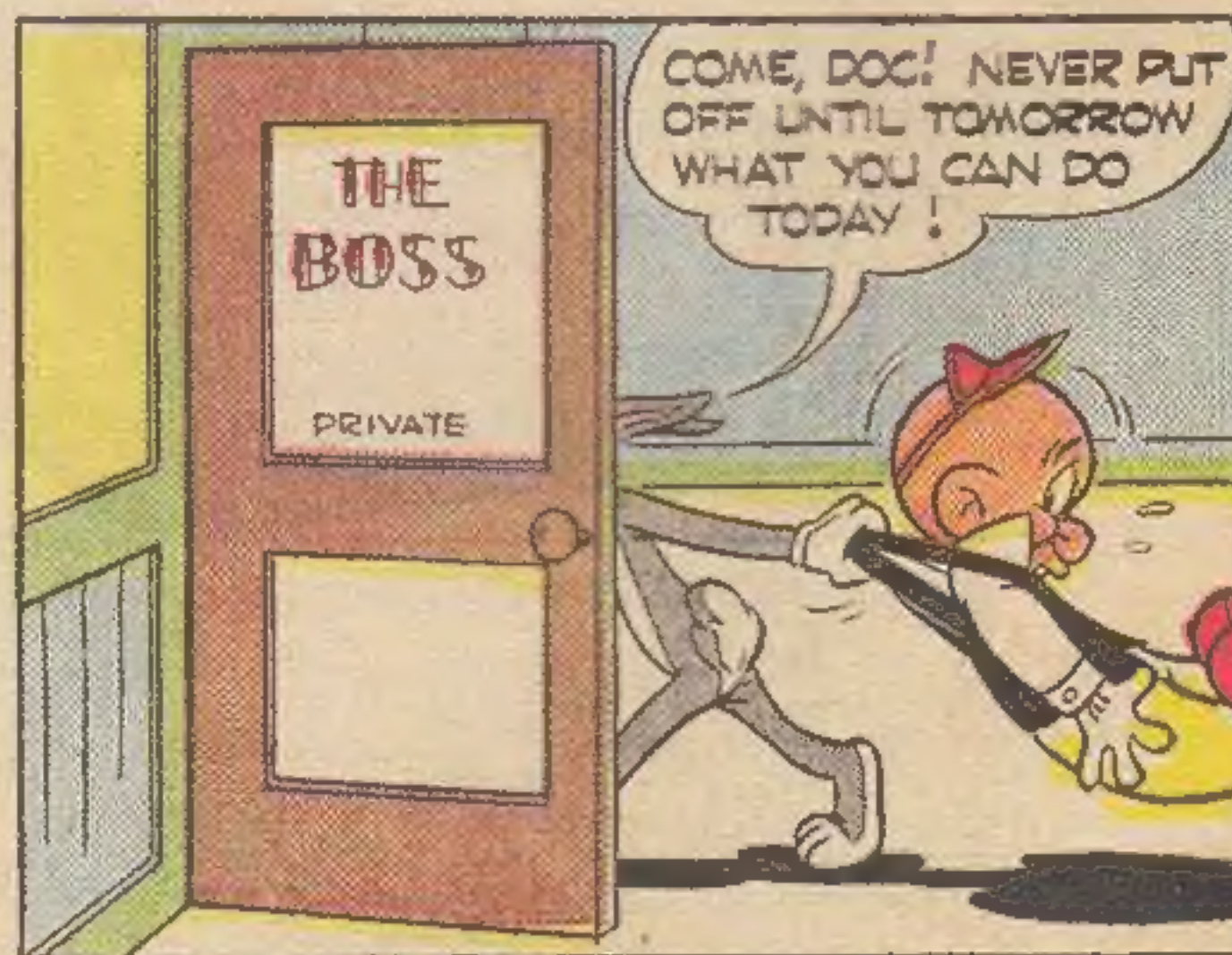
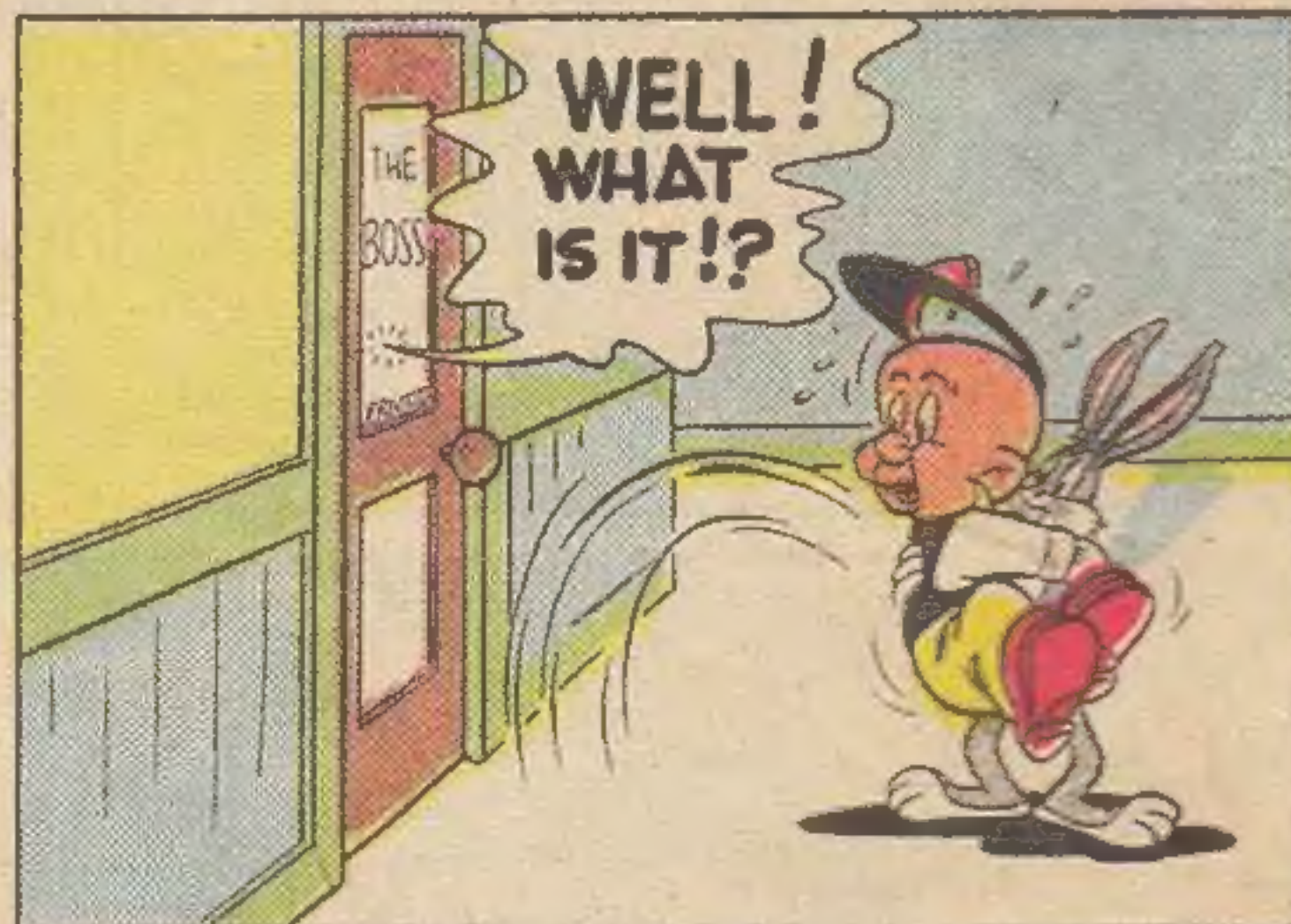
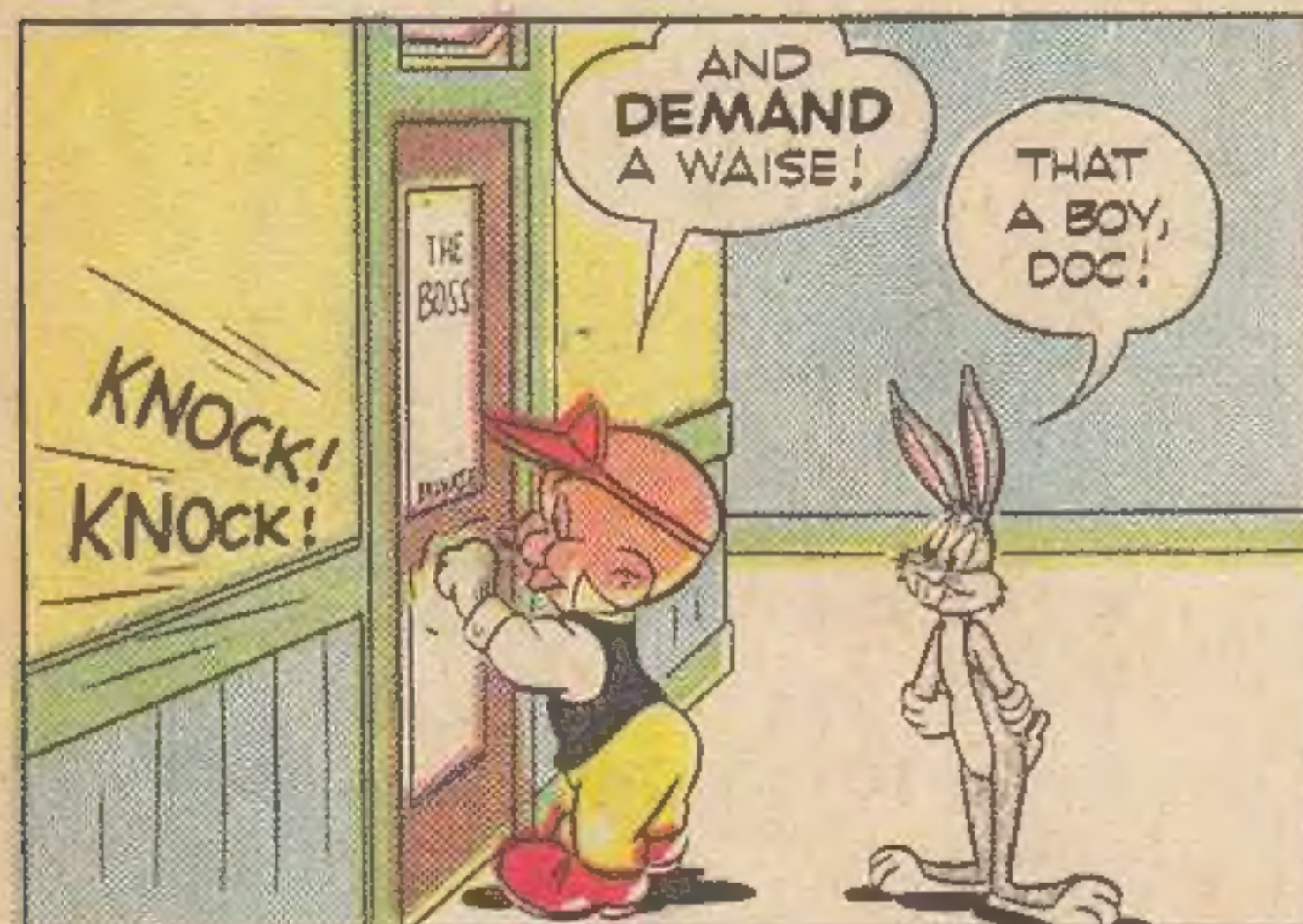
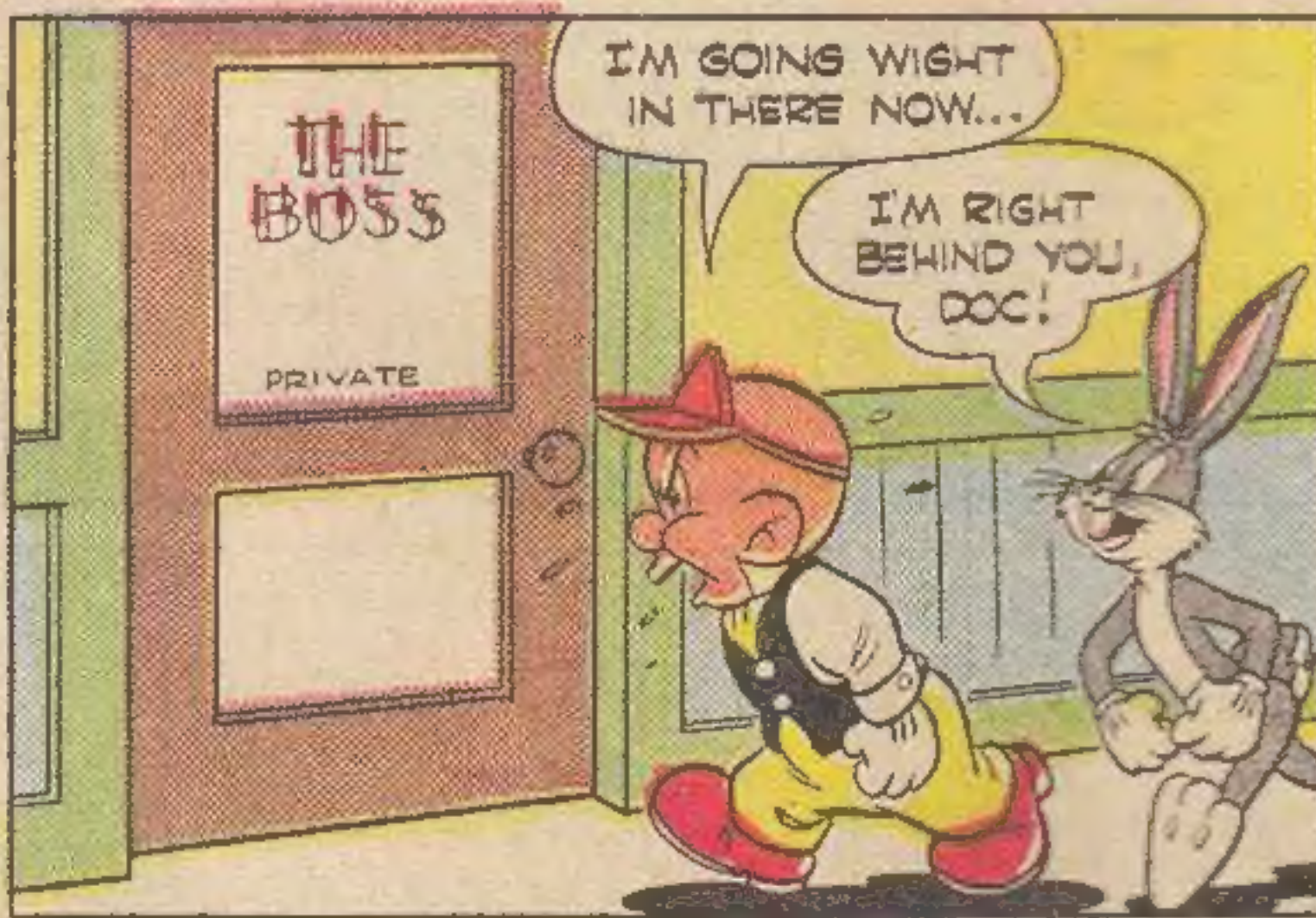
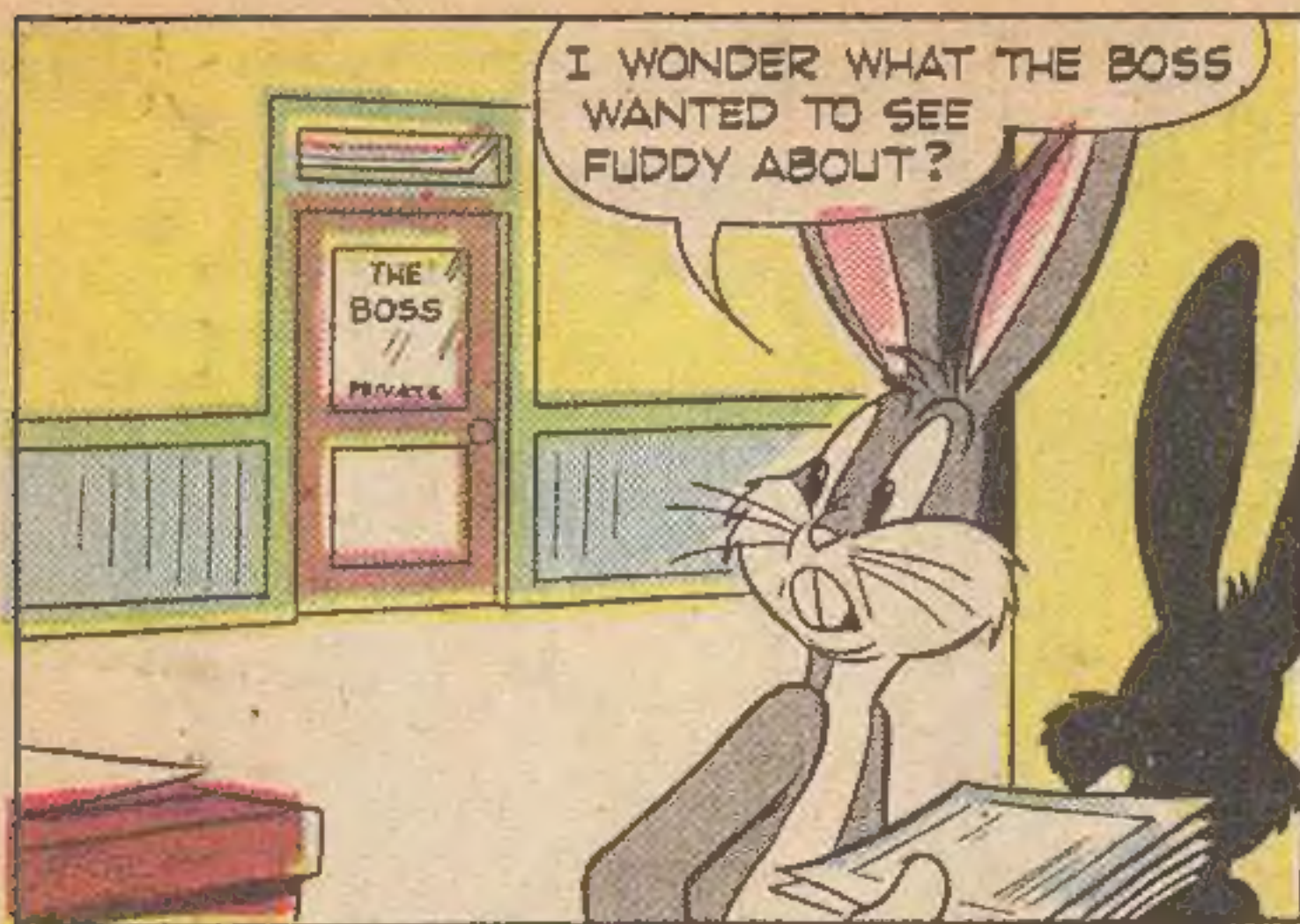
HEY! OFFICE BOY!
COME IN HERE!

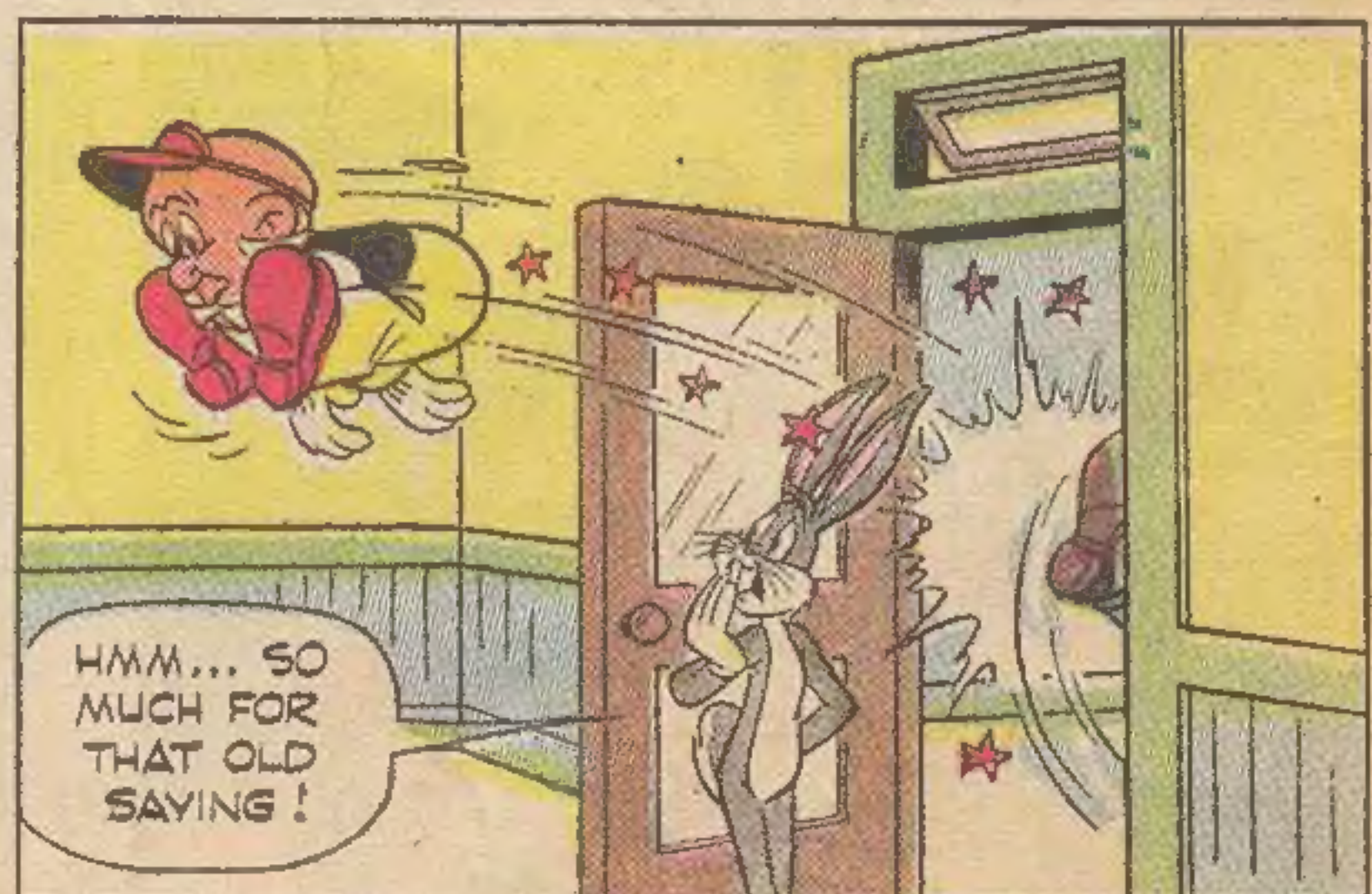
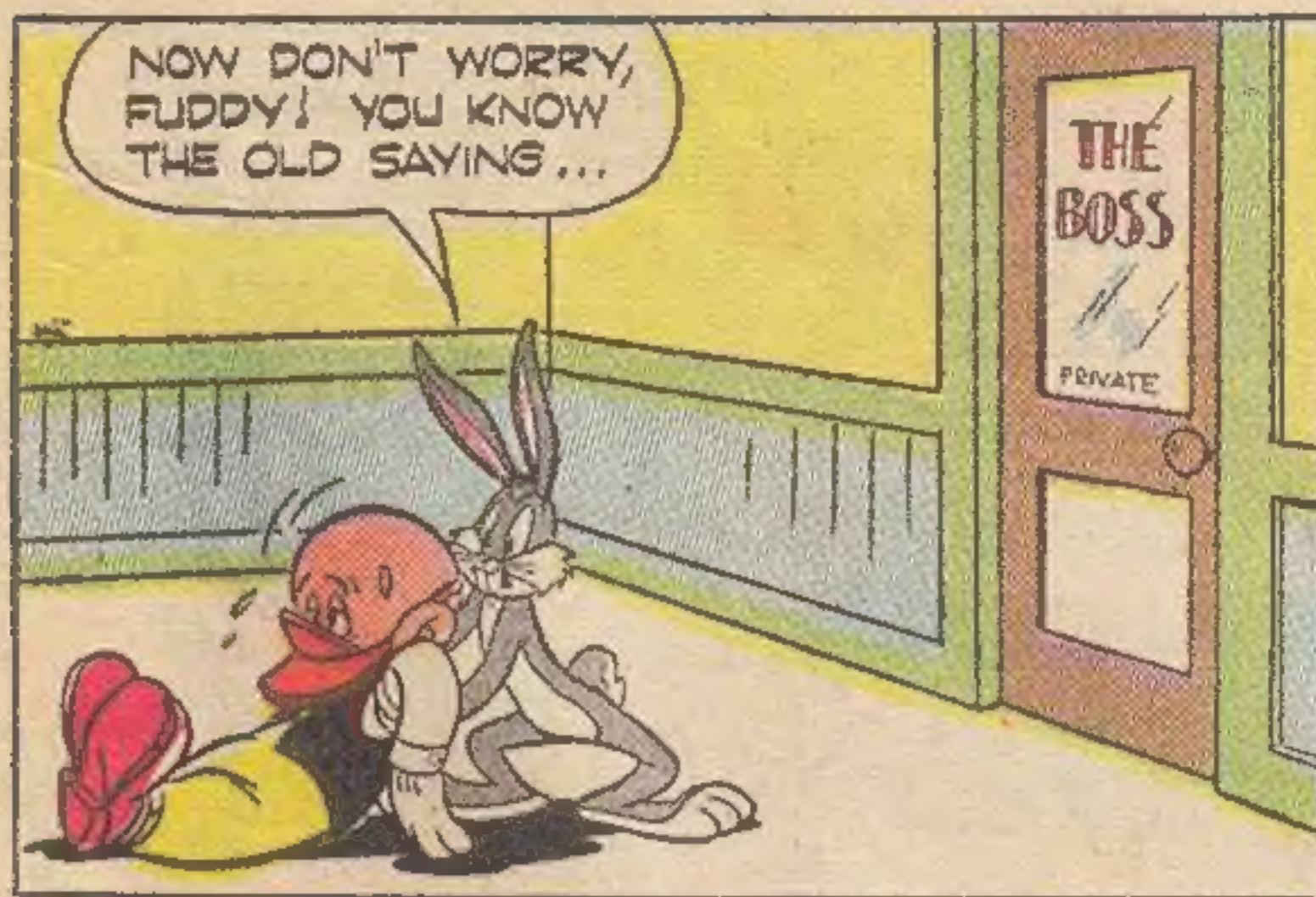
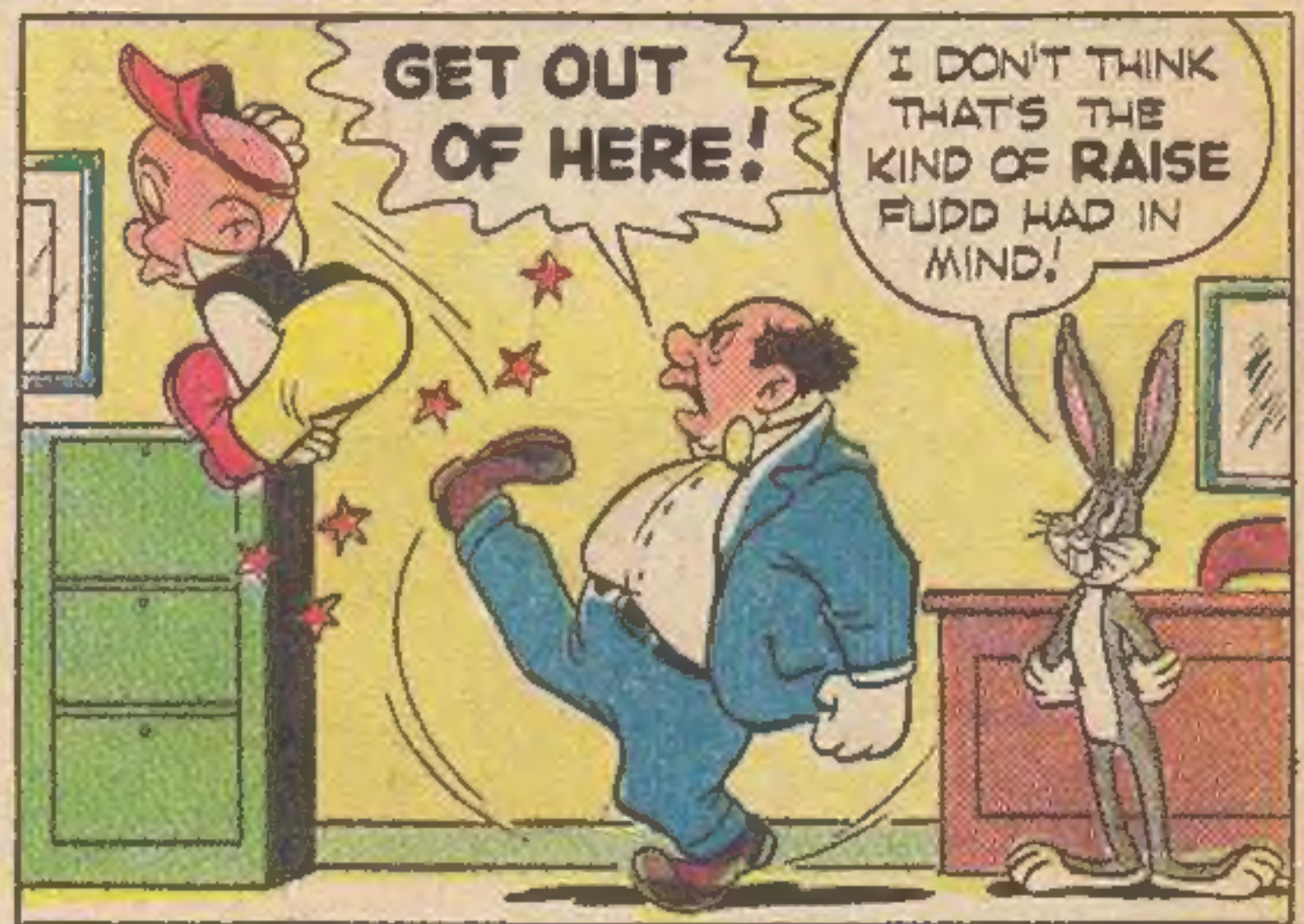
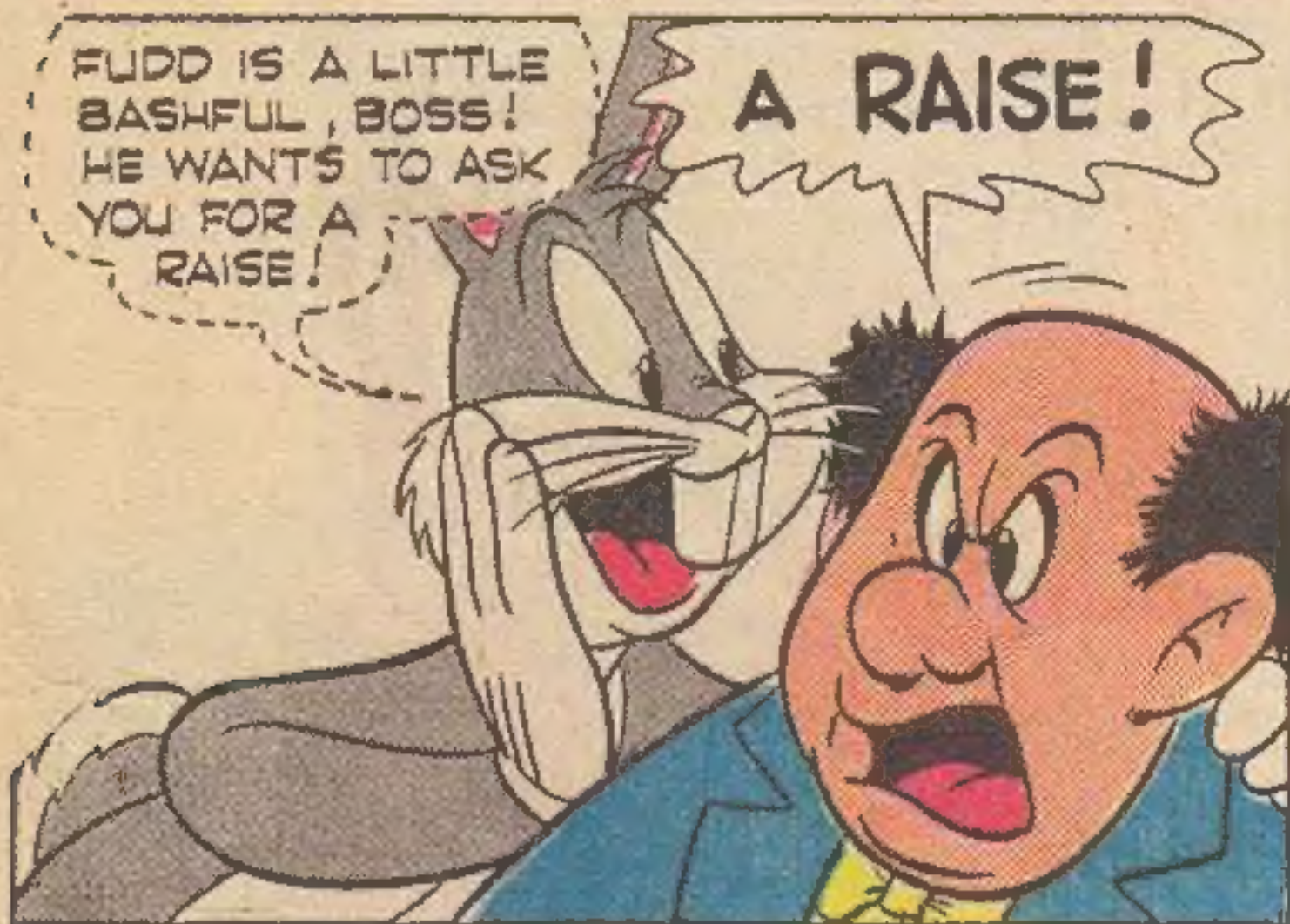
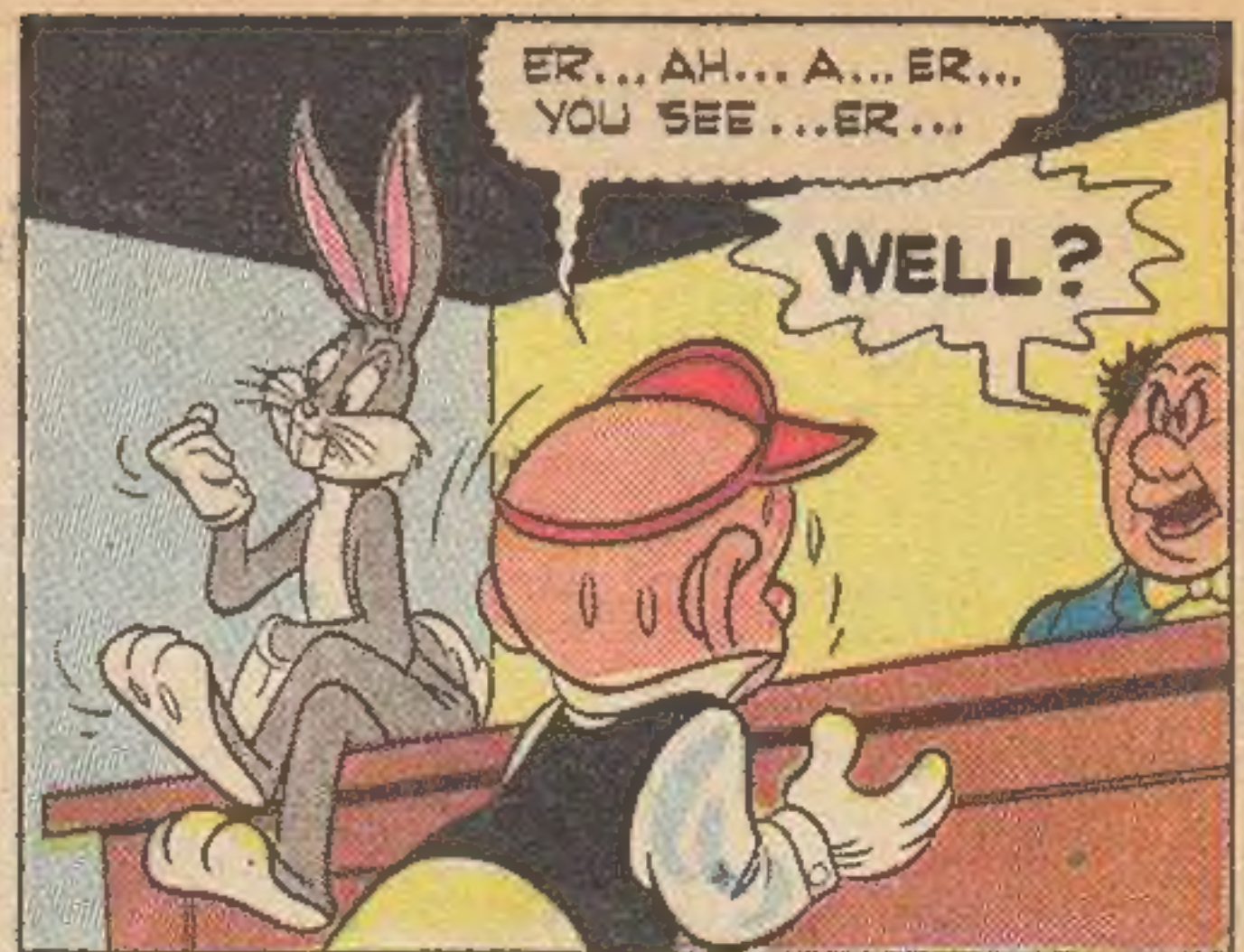
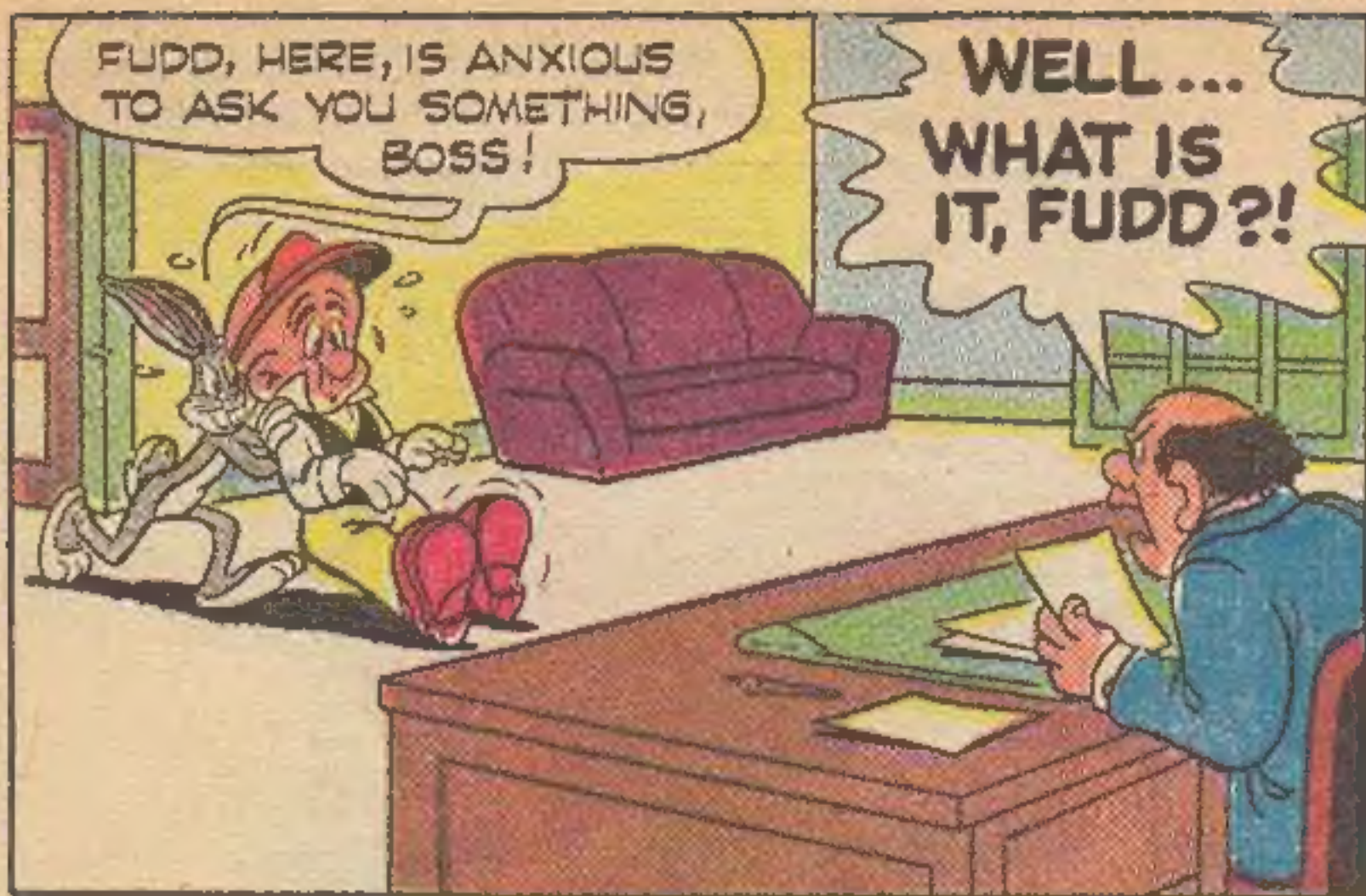


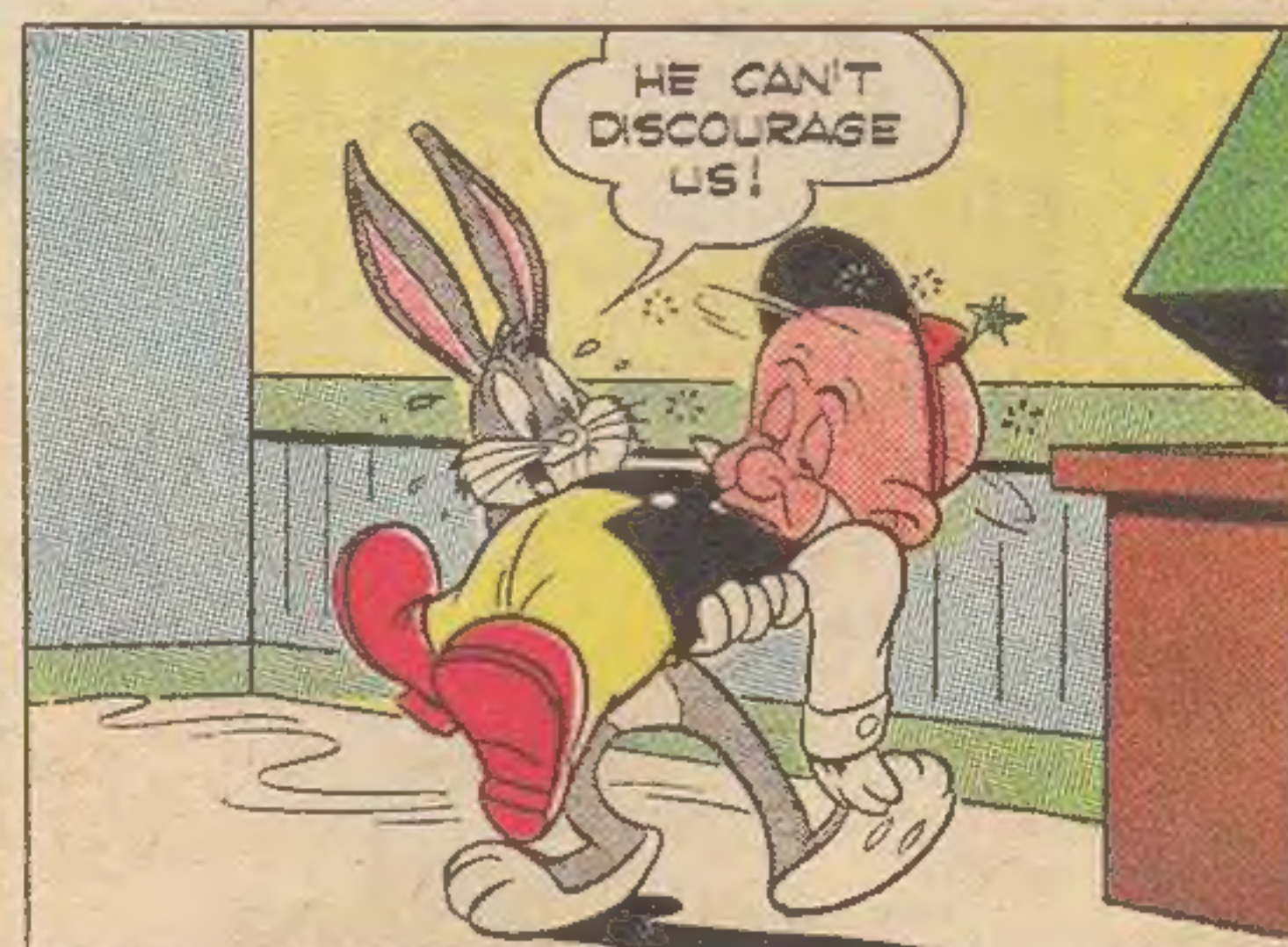
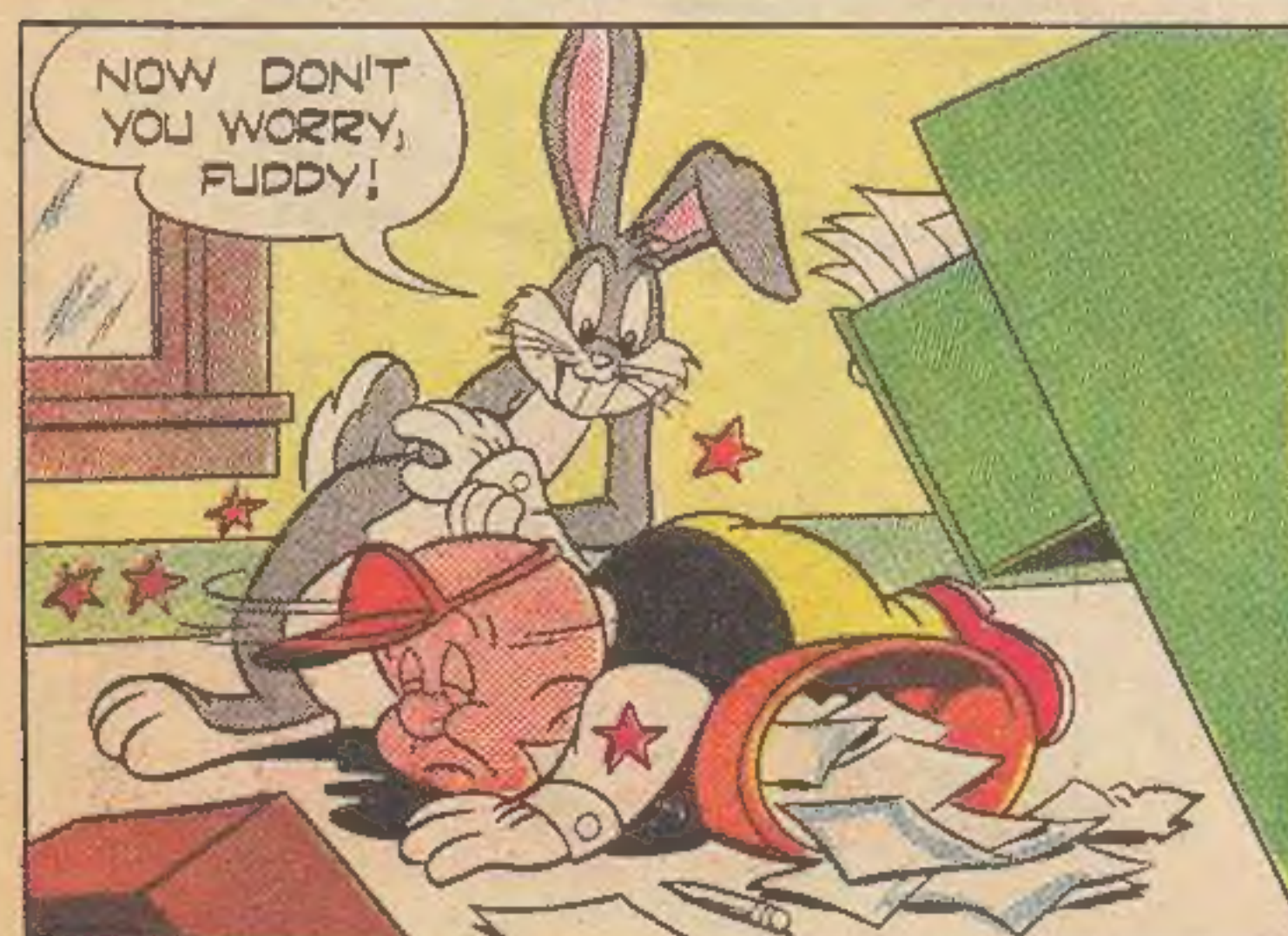
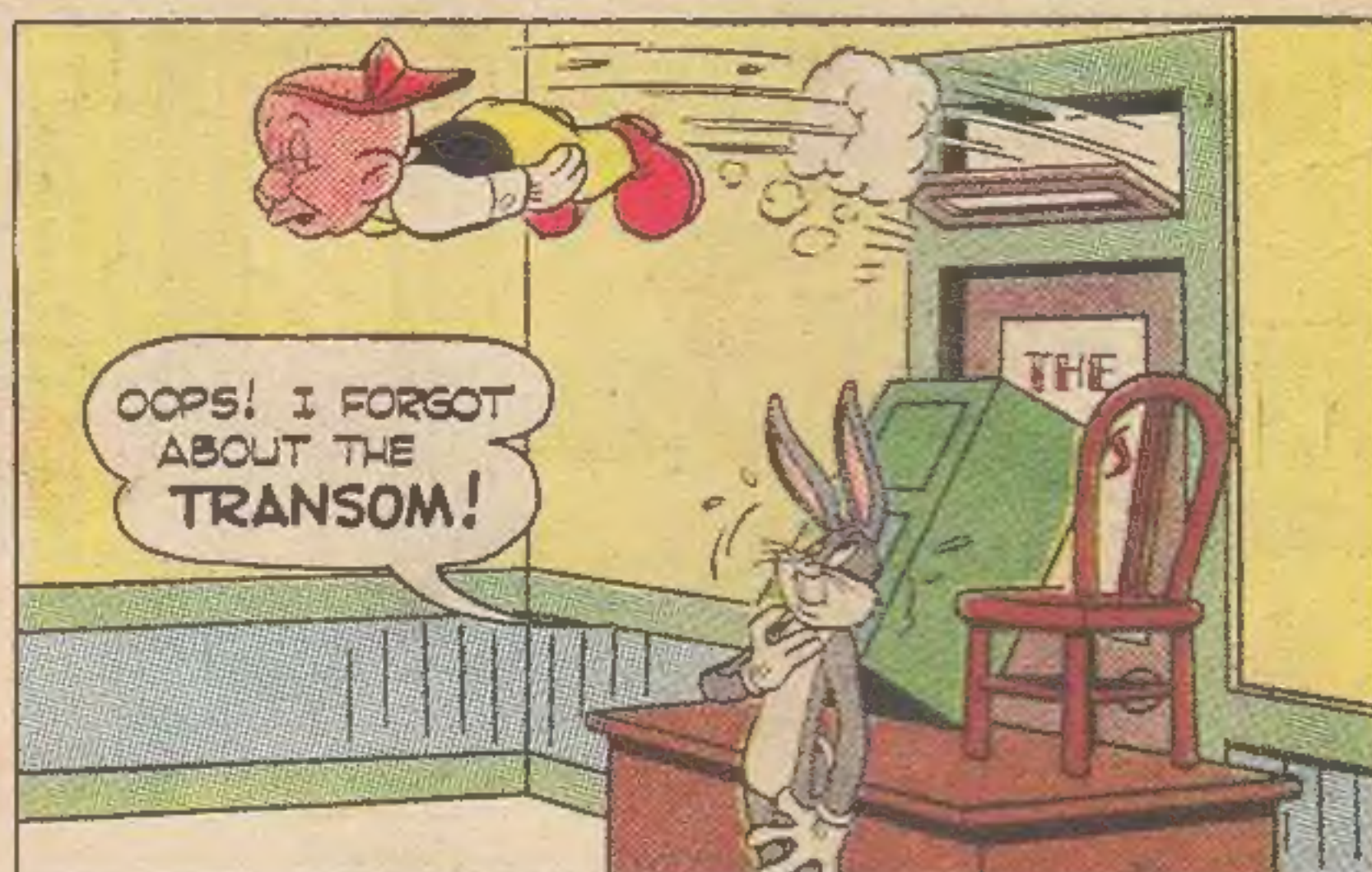
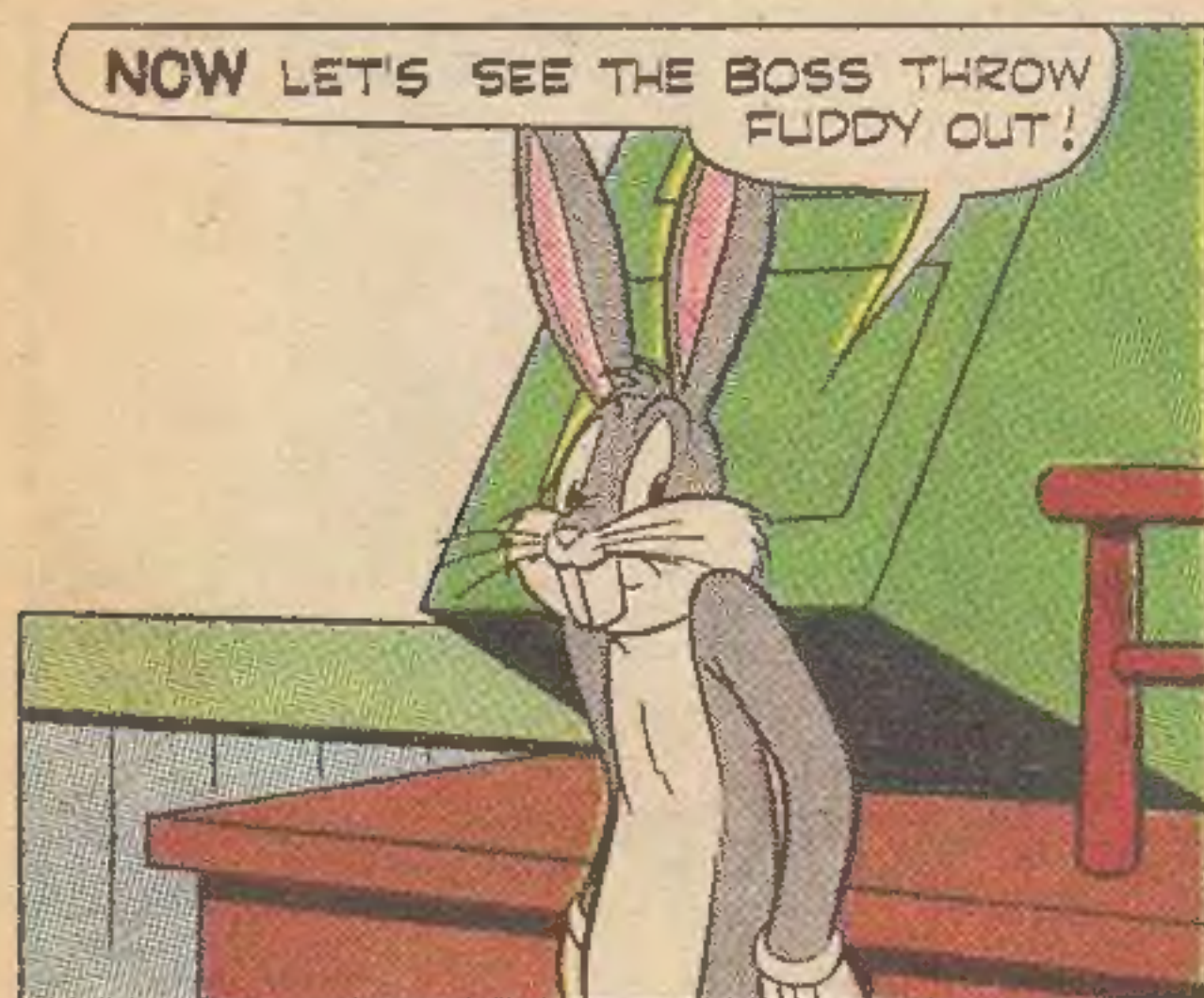
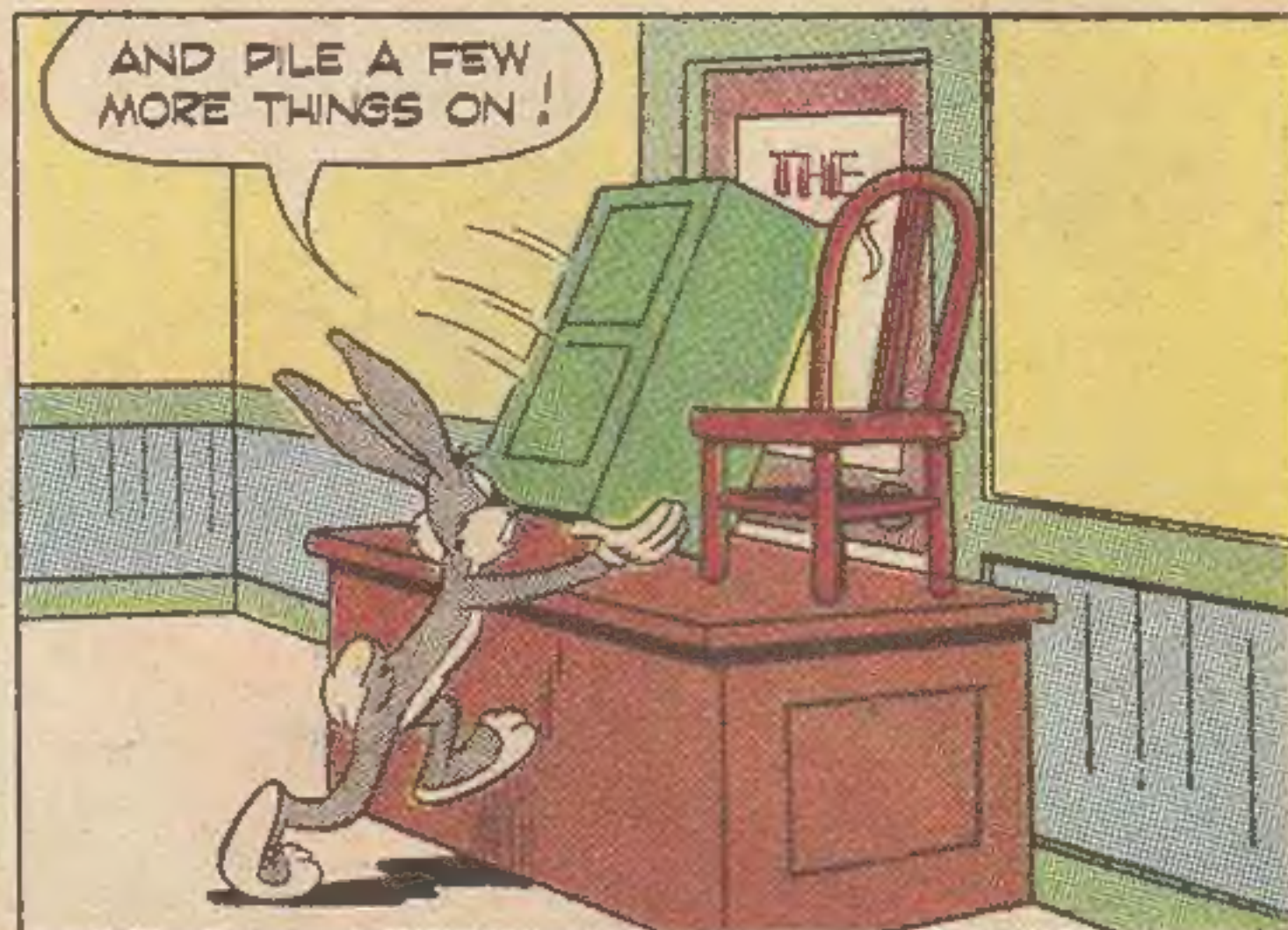
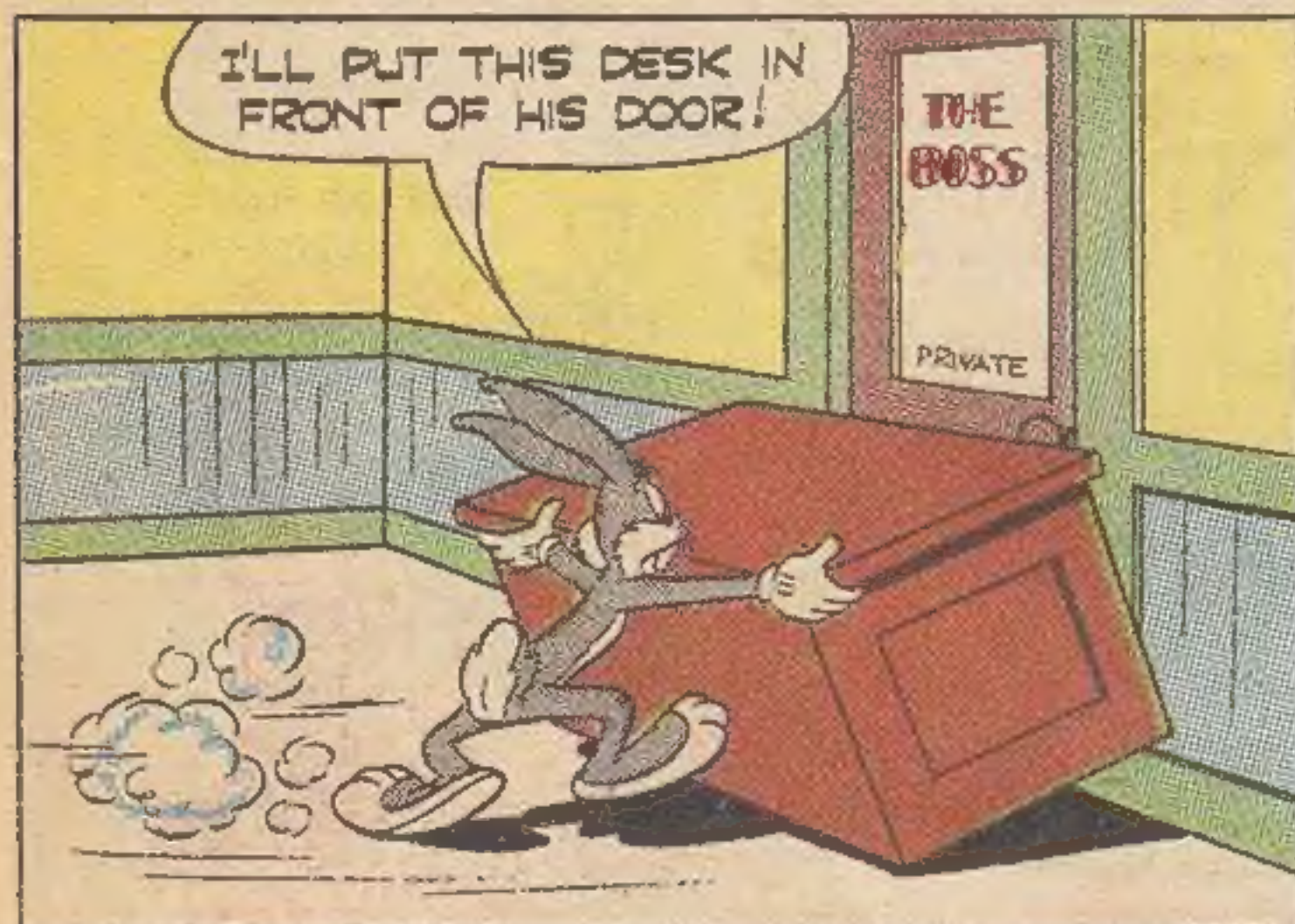
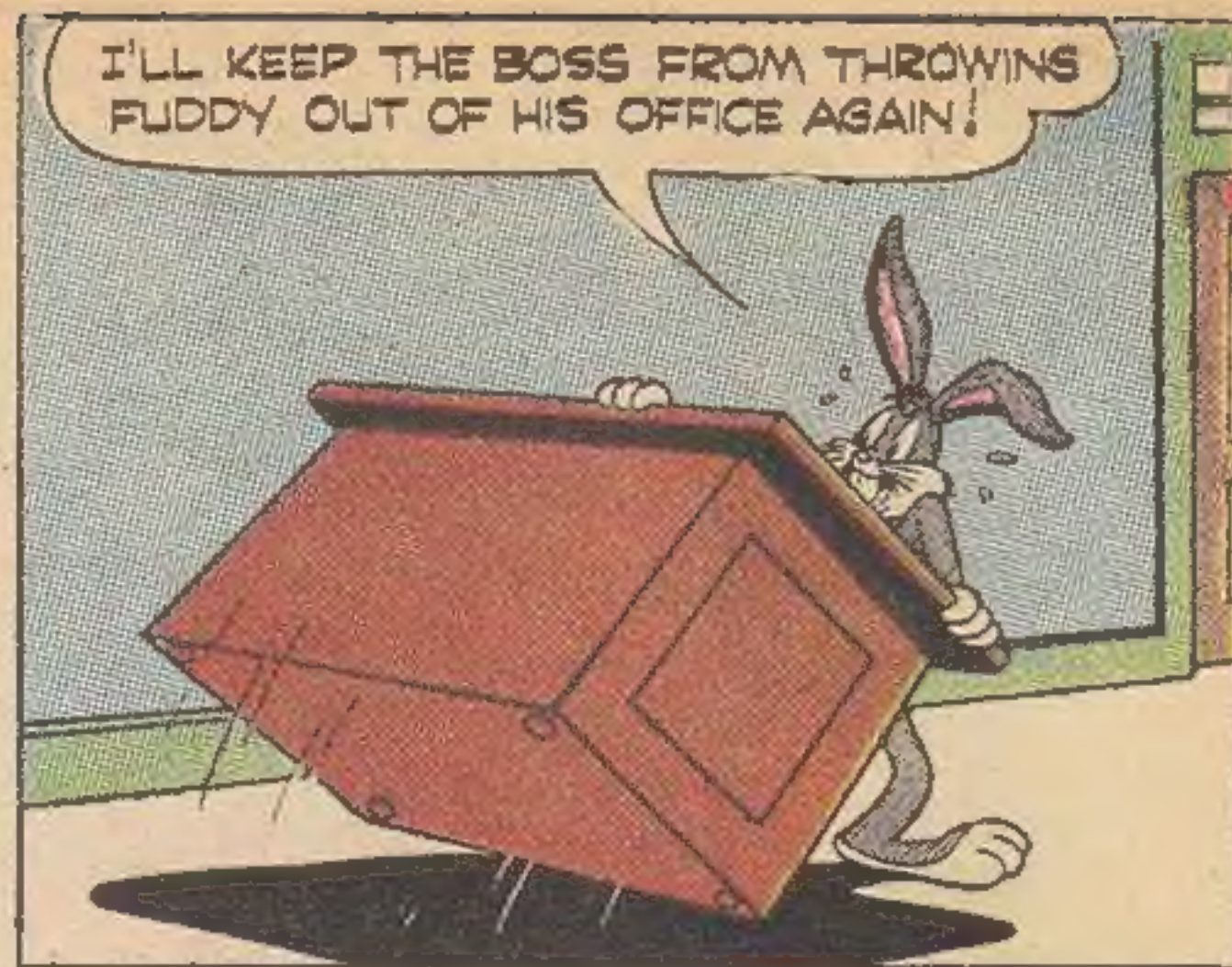
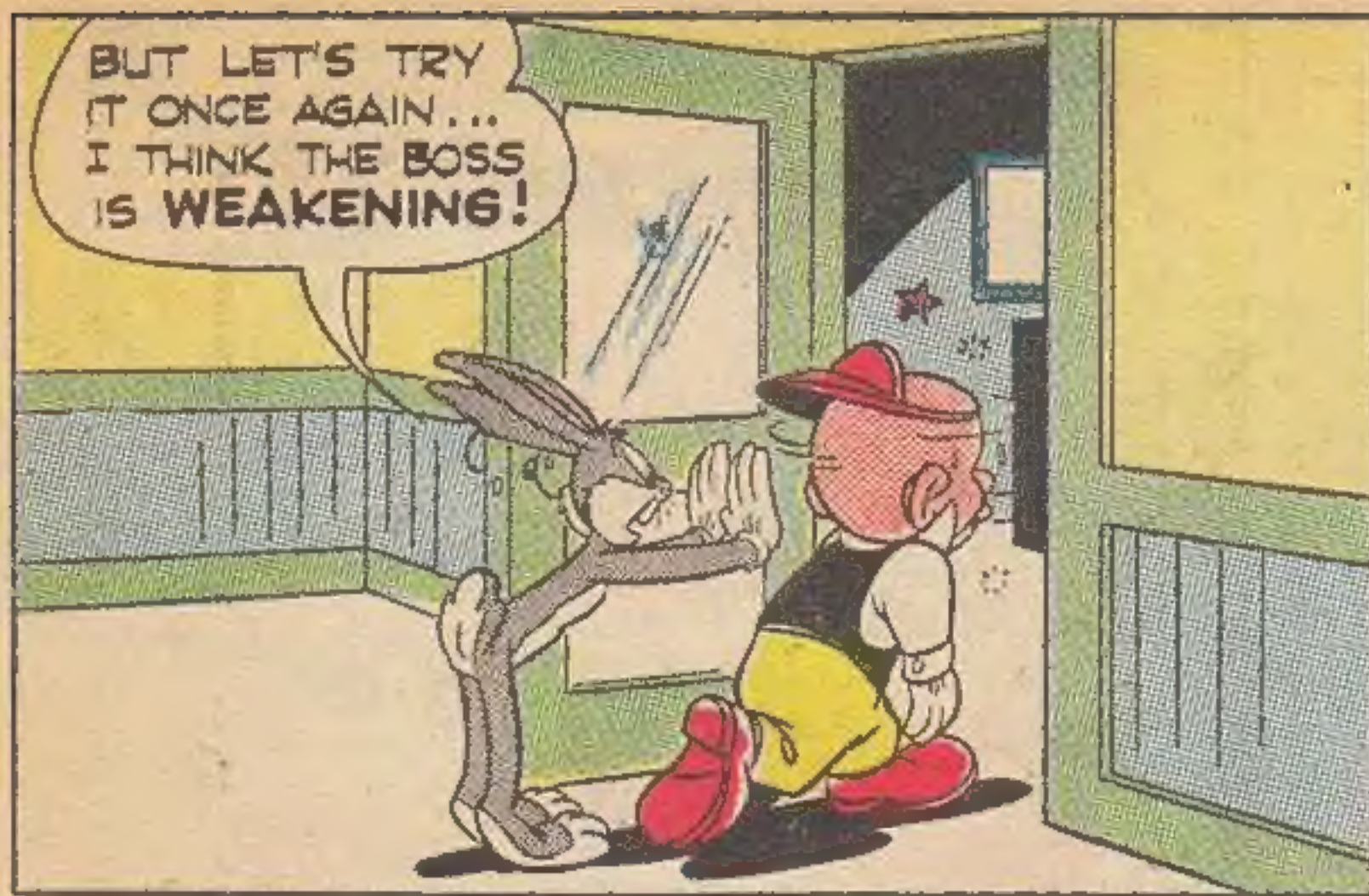
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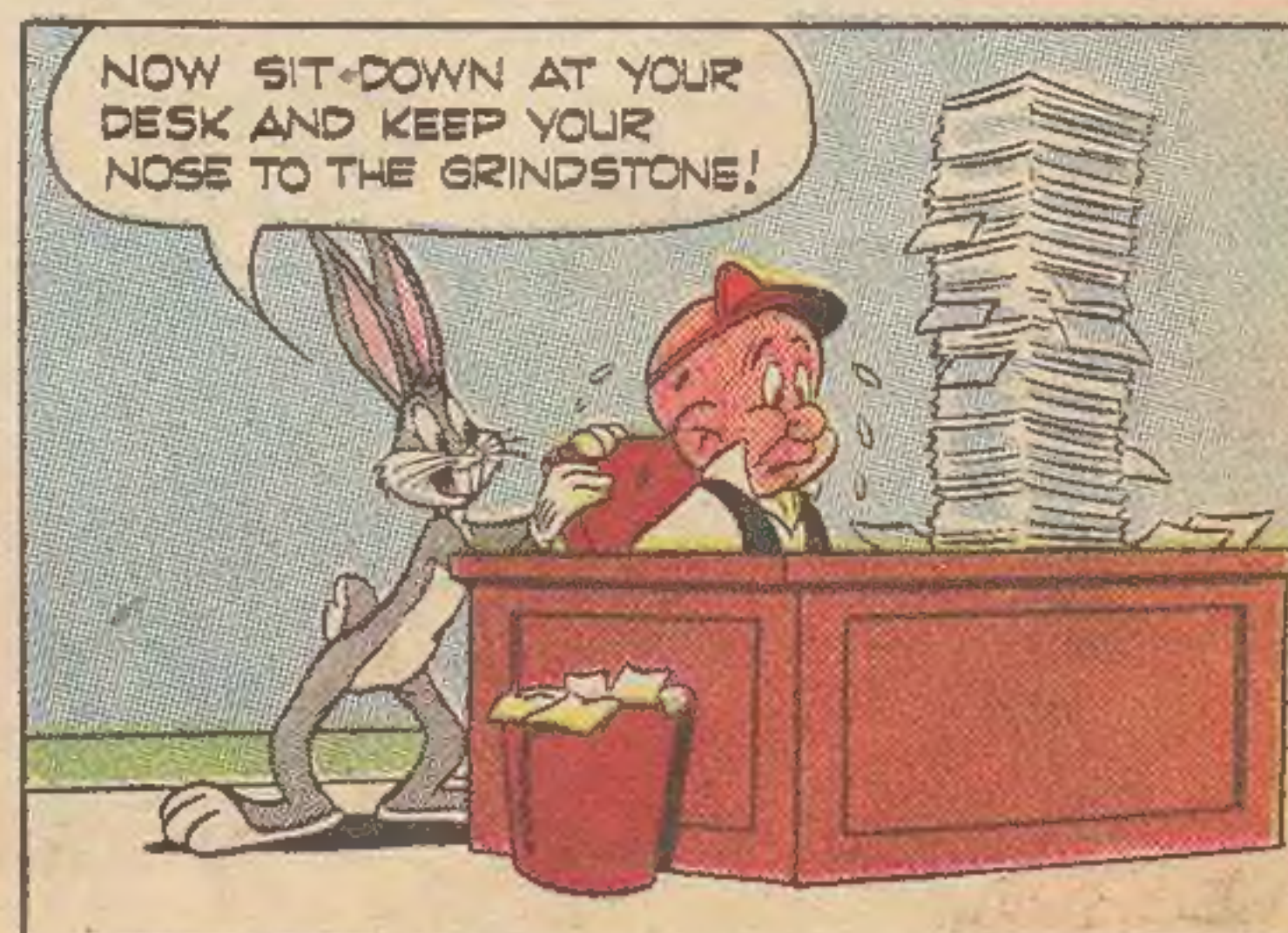
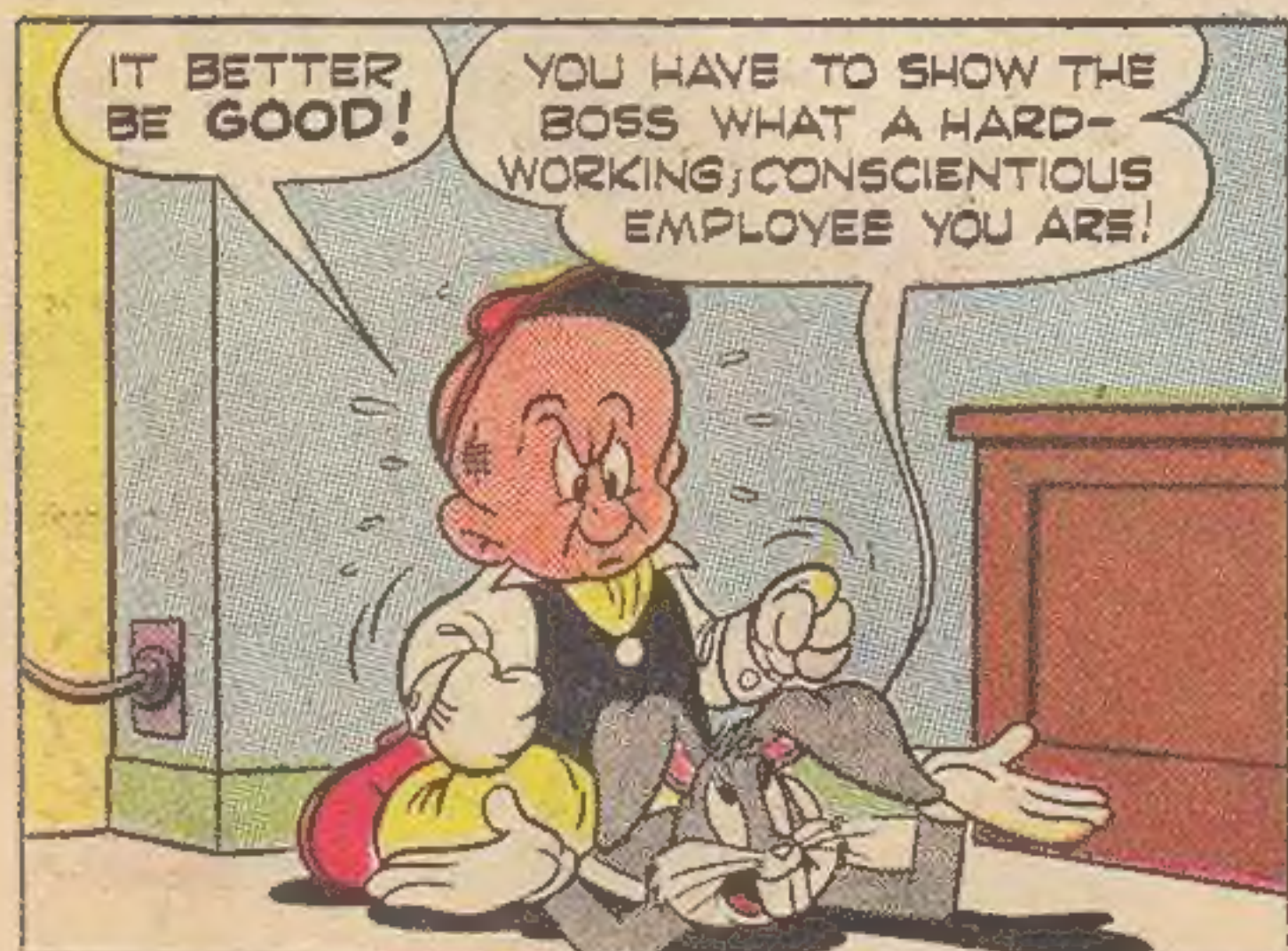
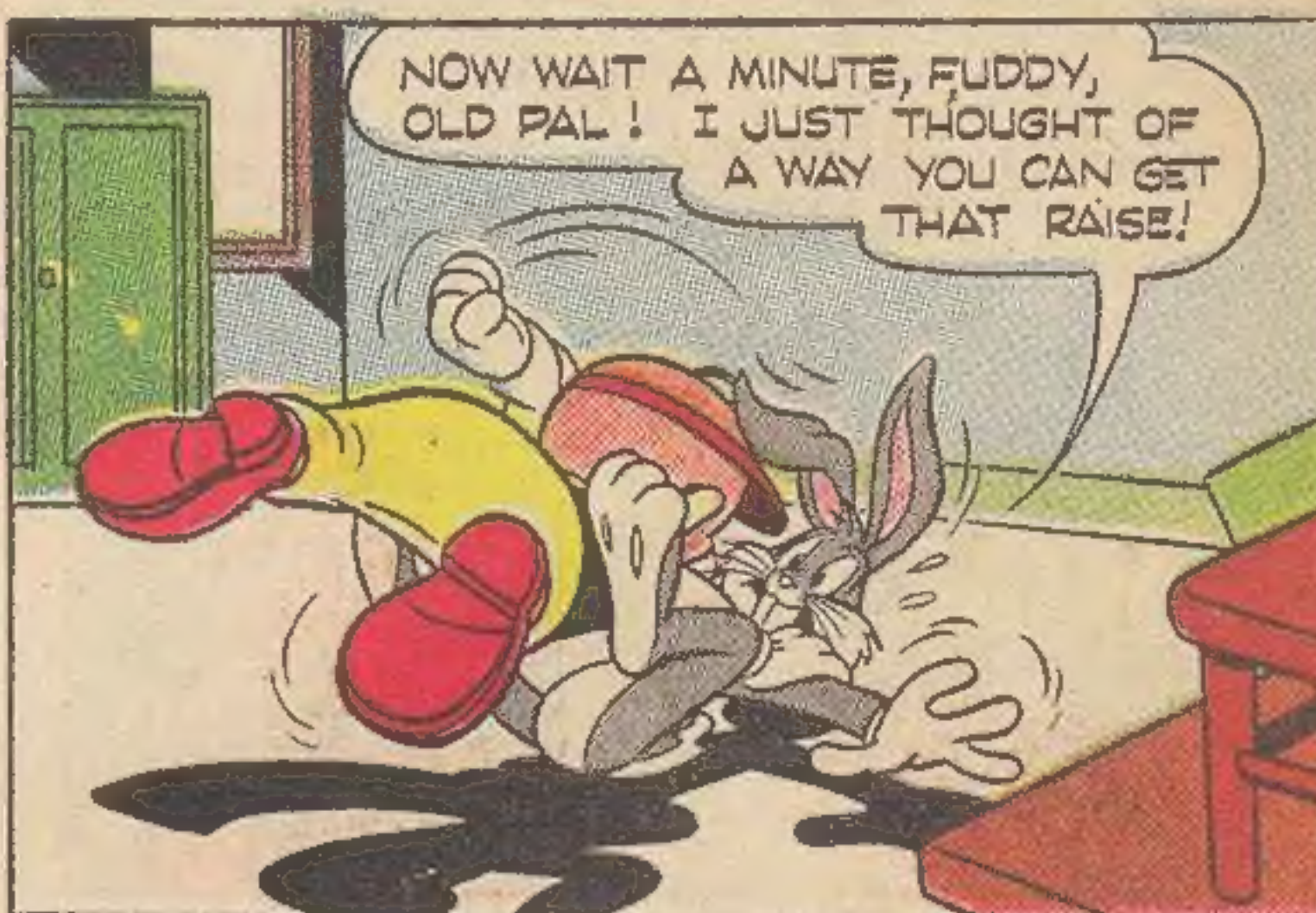
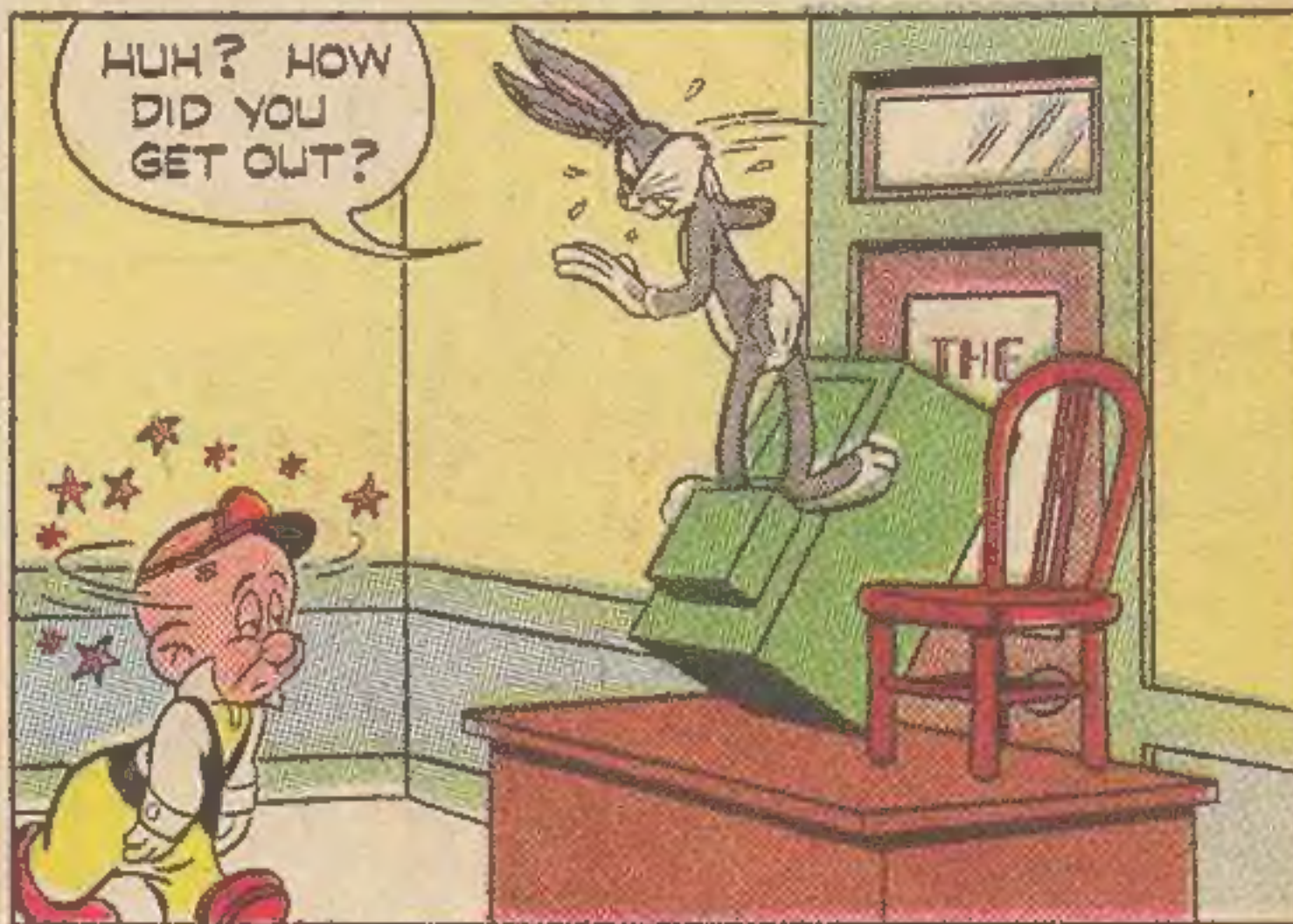
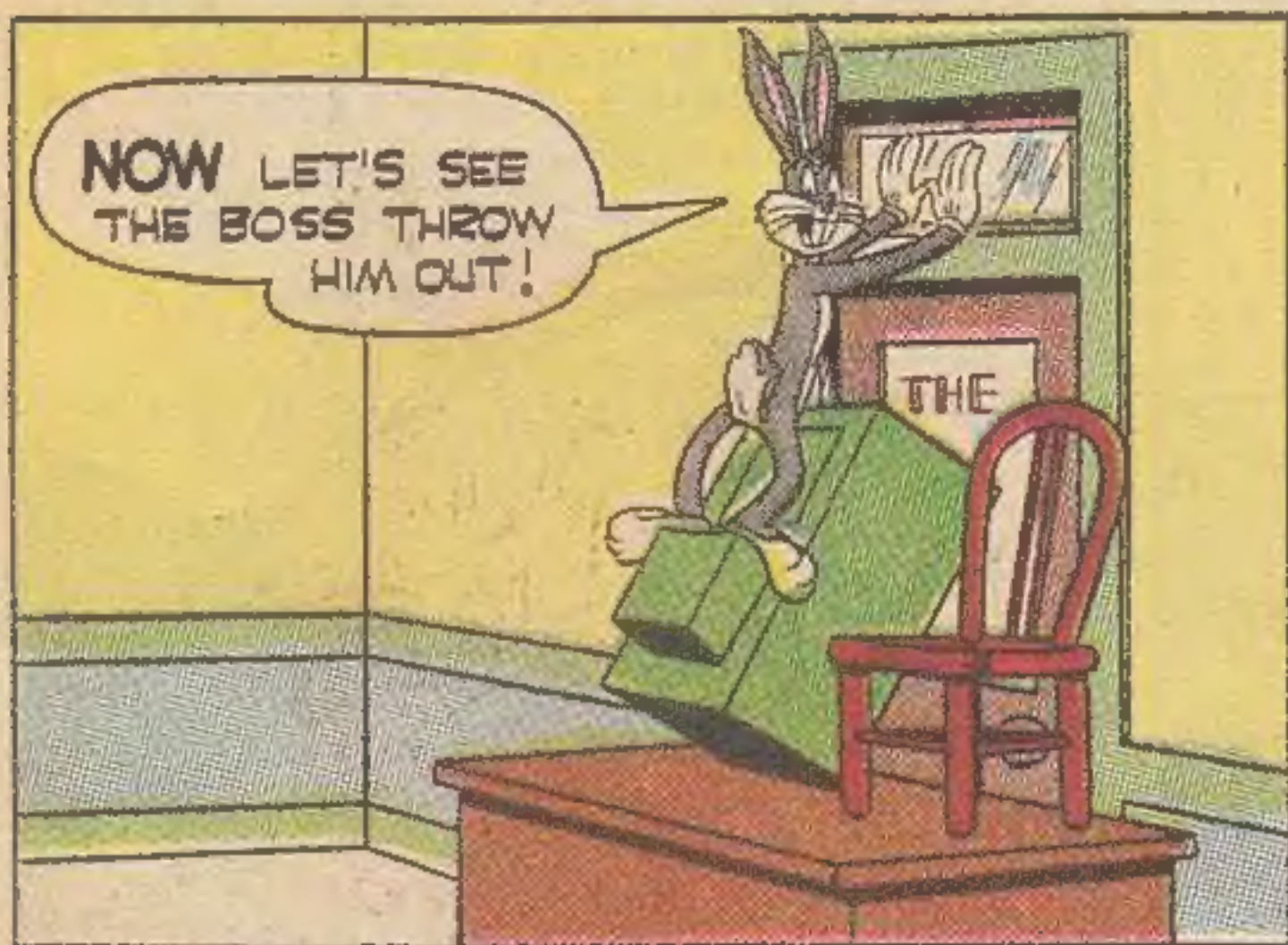
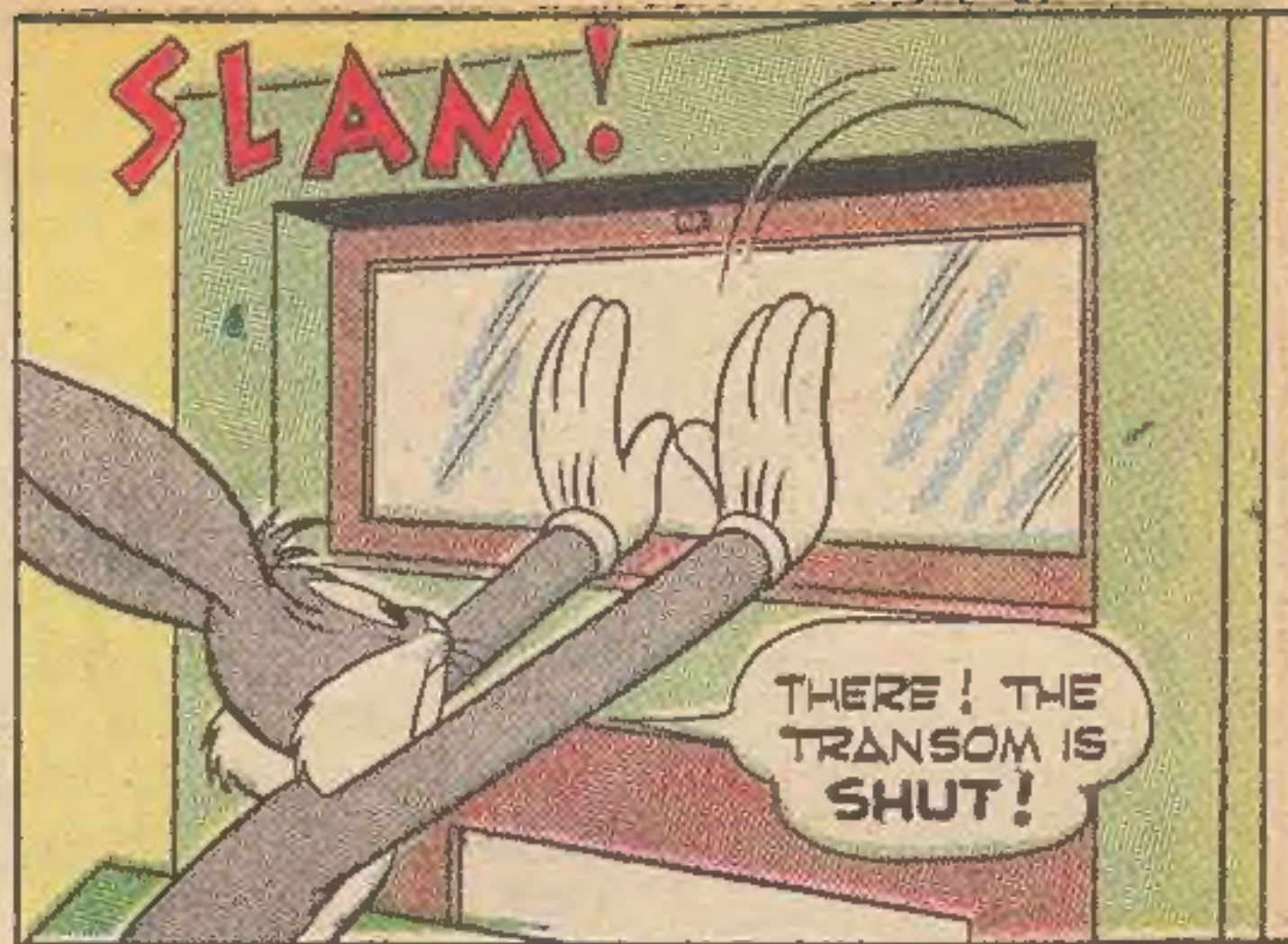
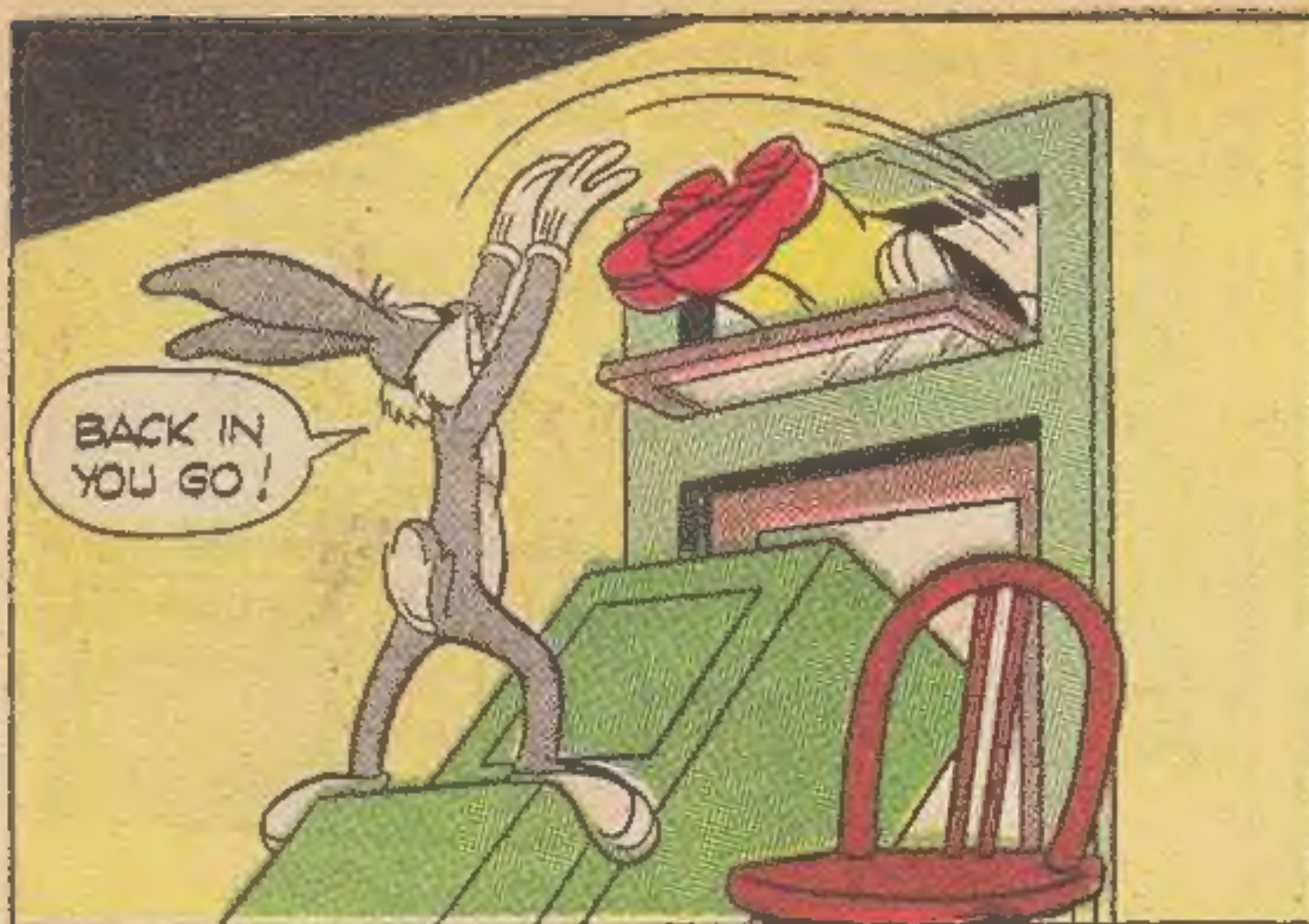
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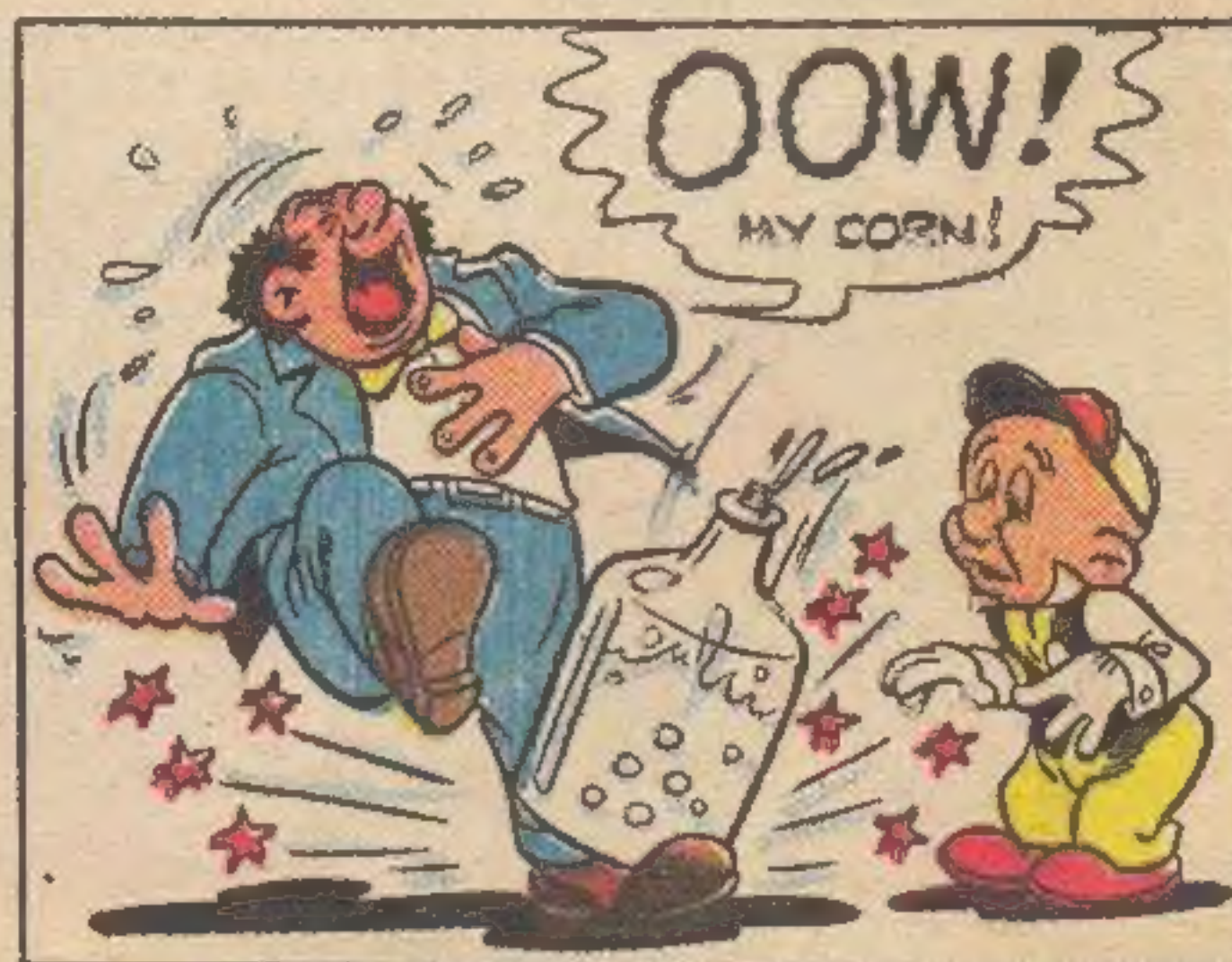
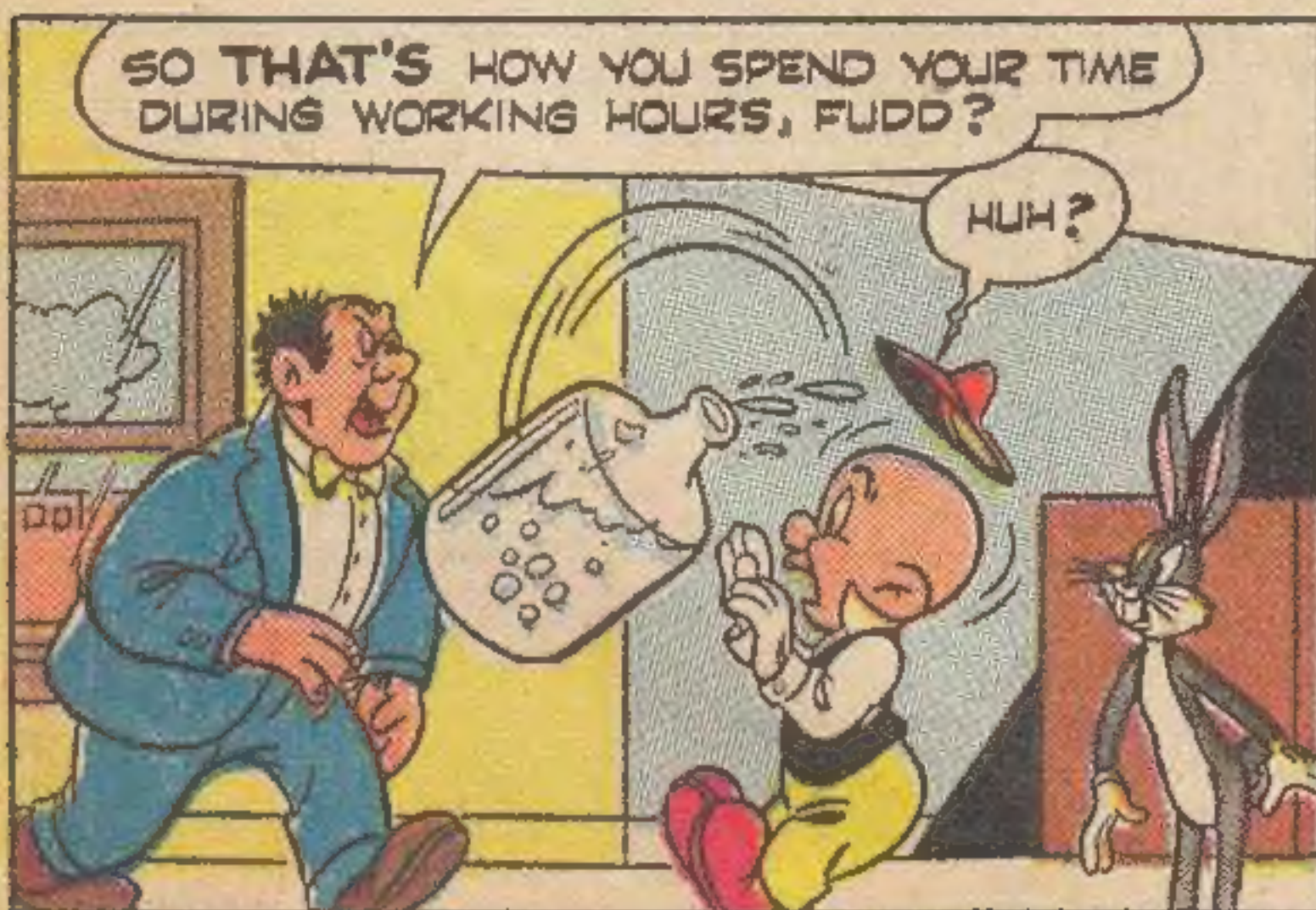
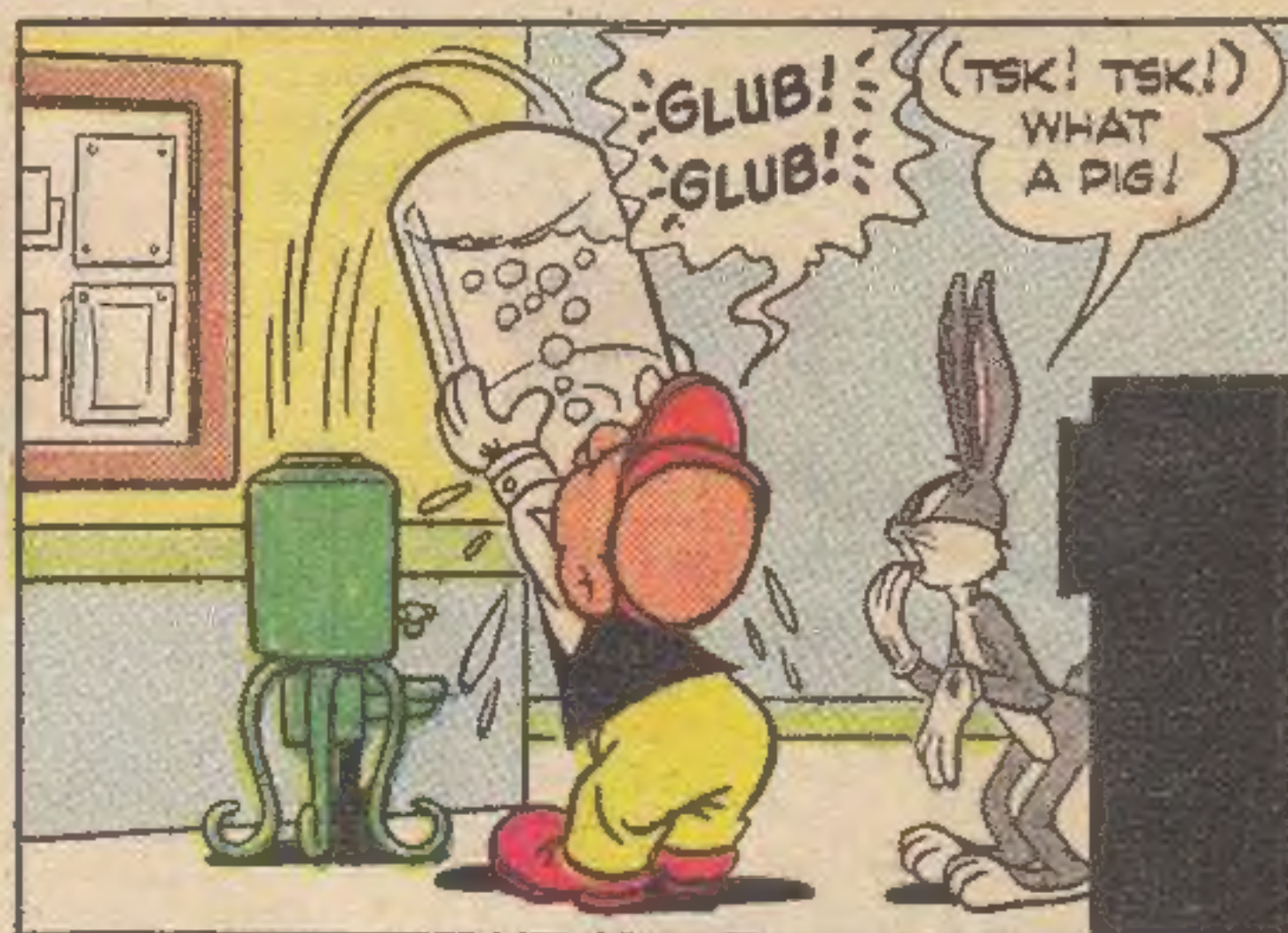
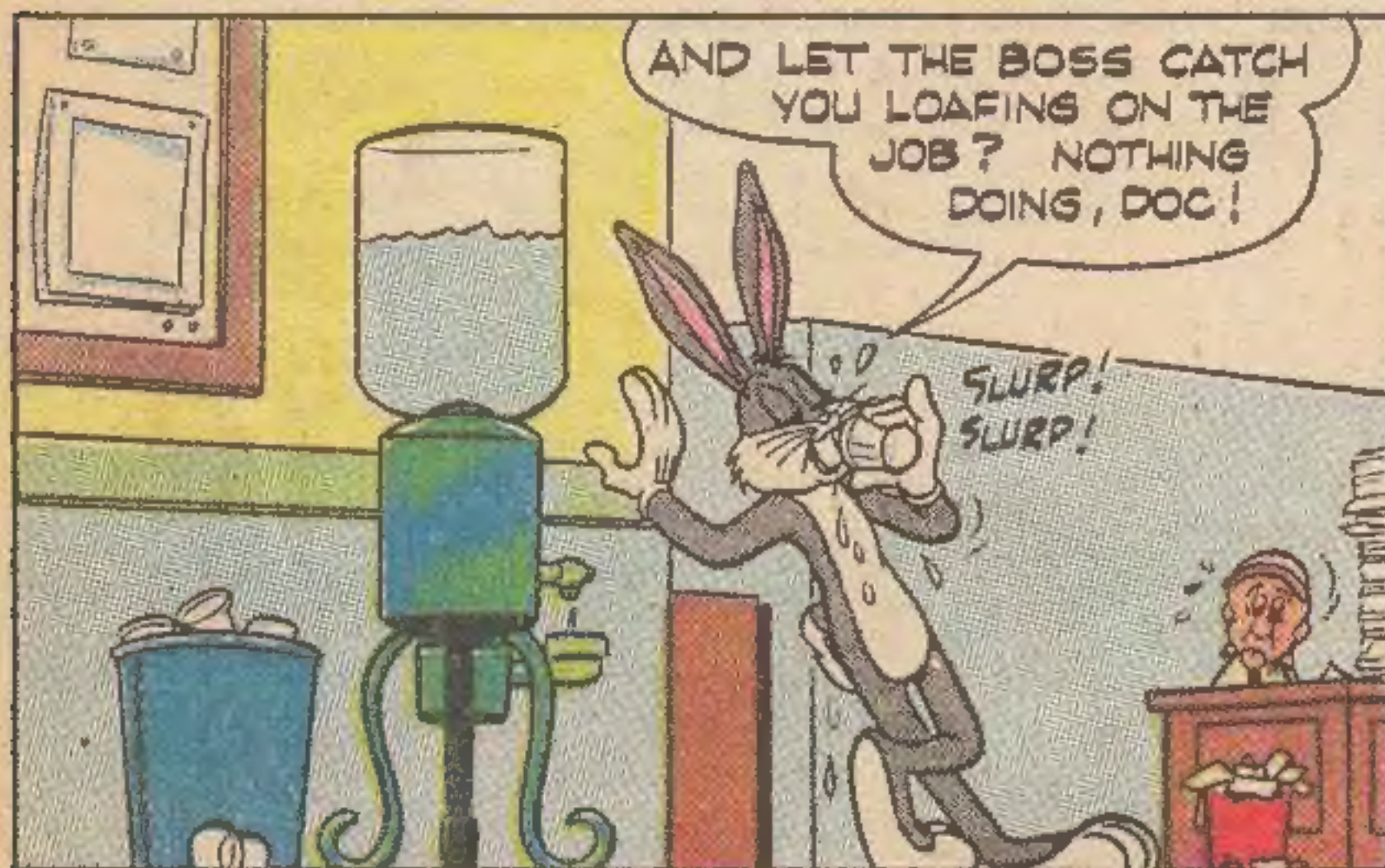
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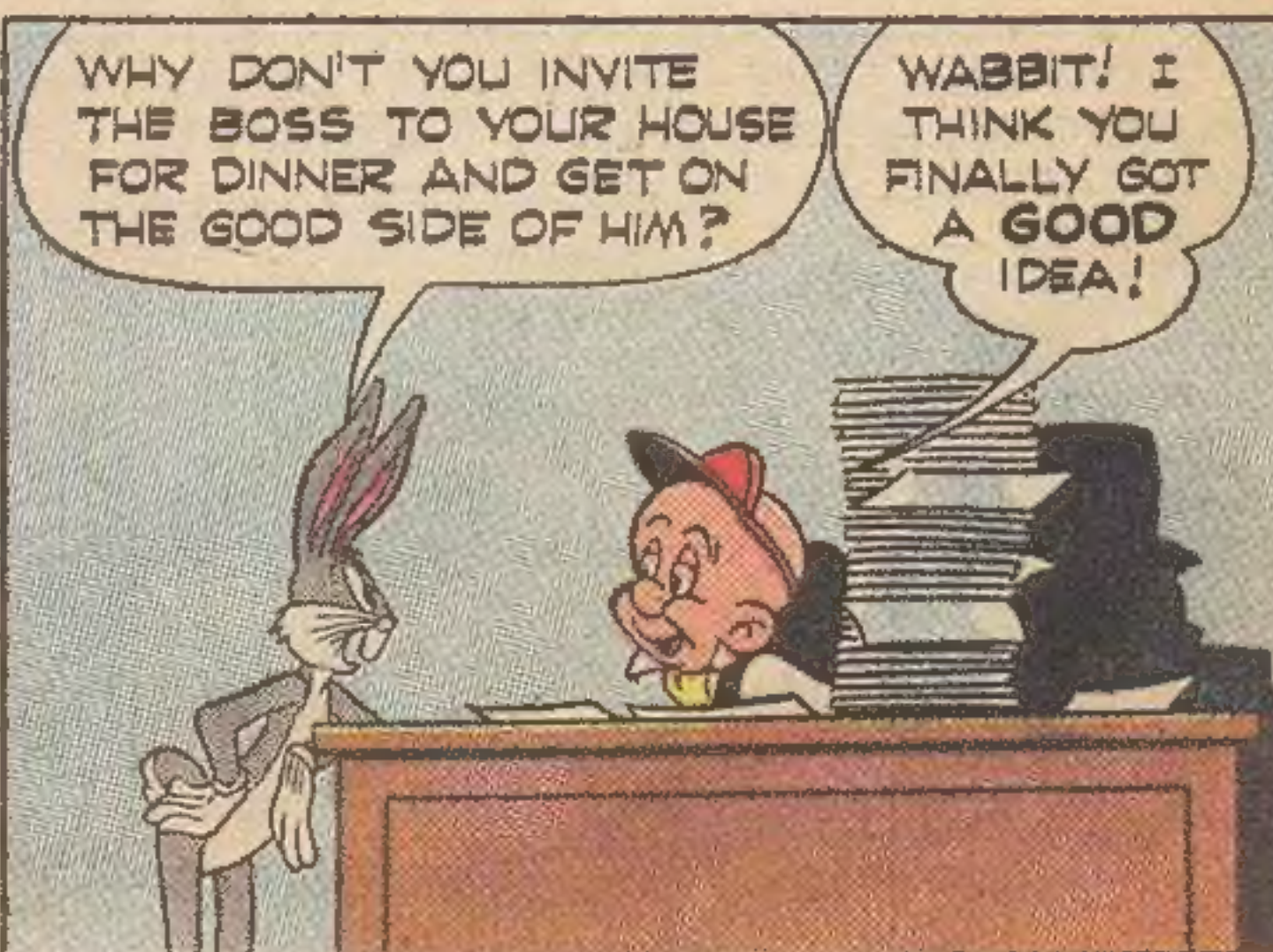
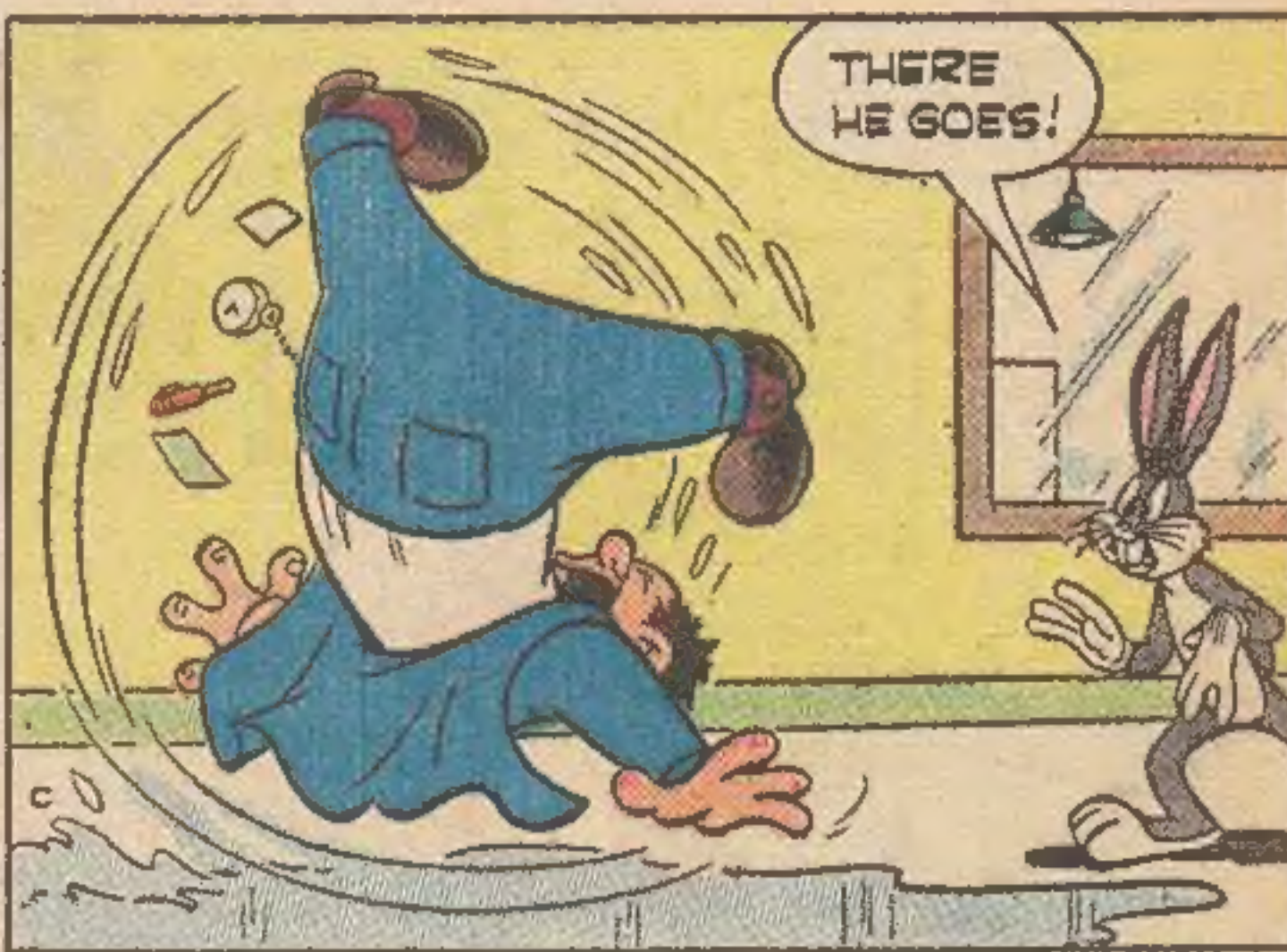


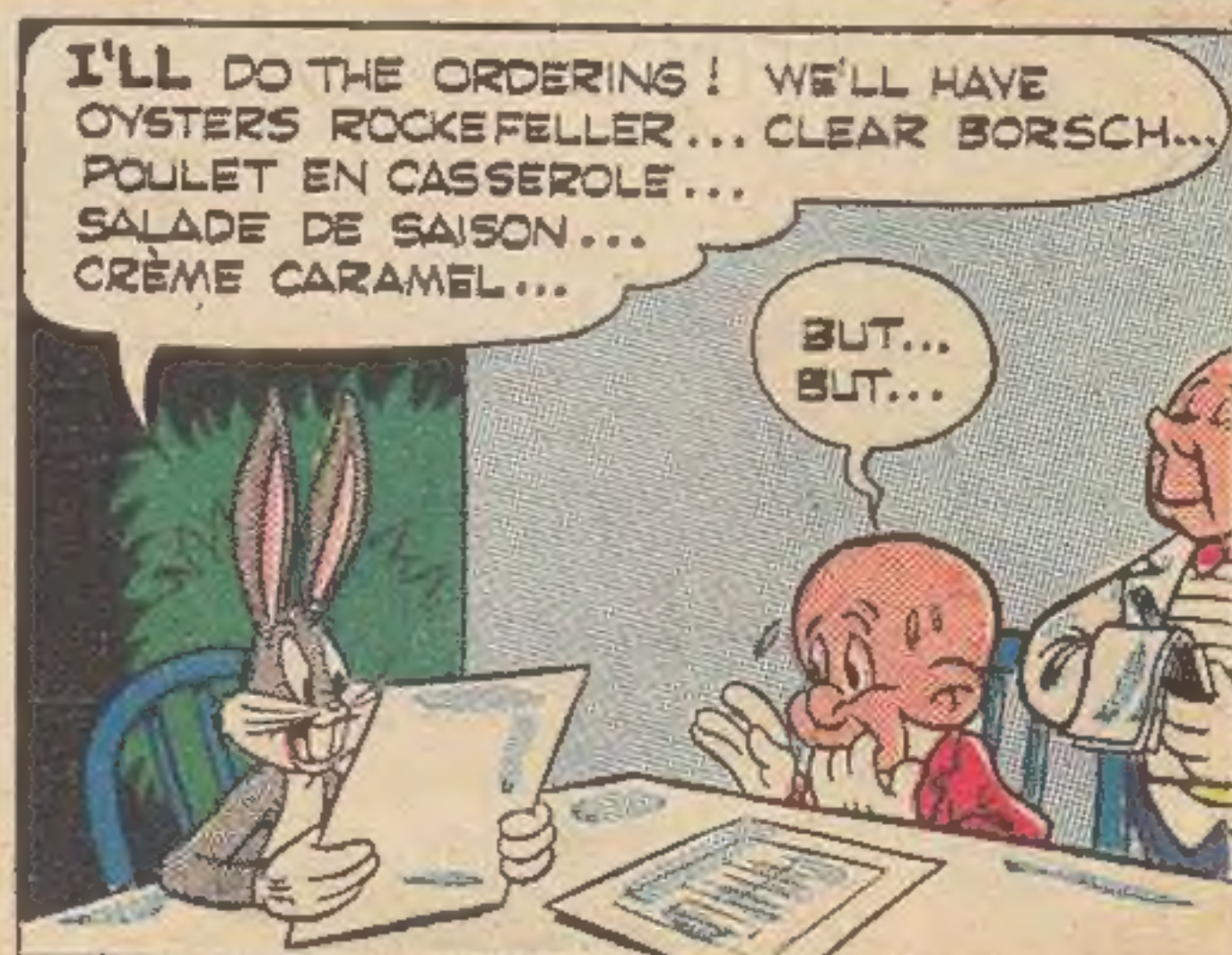
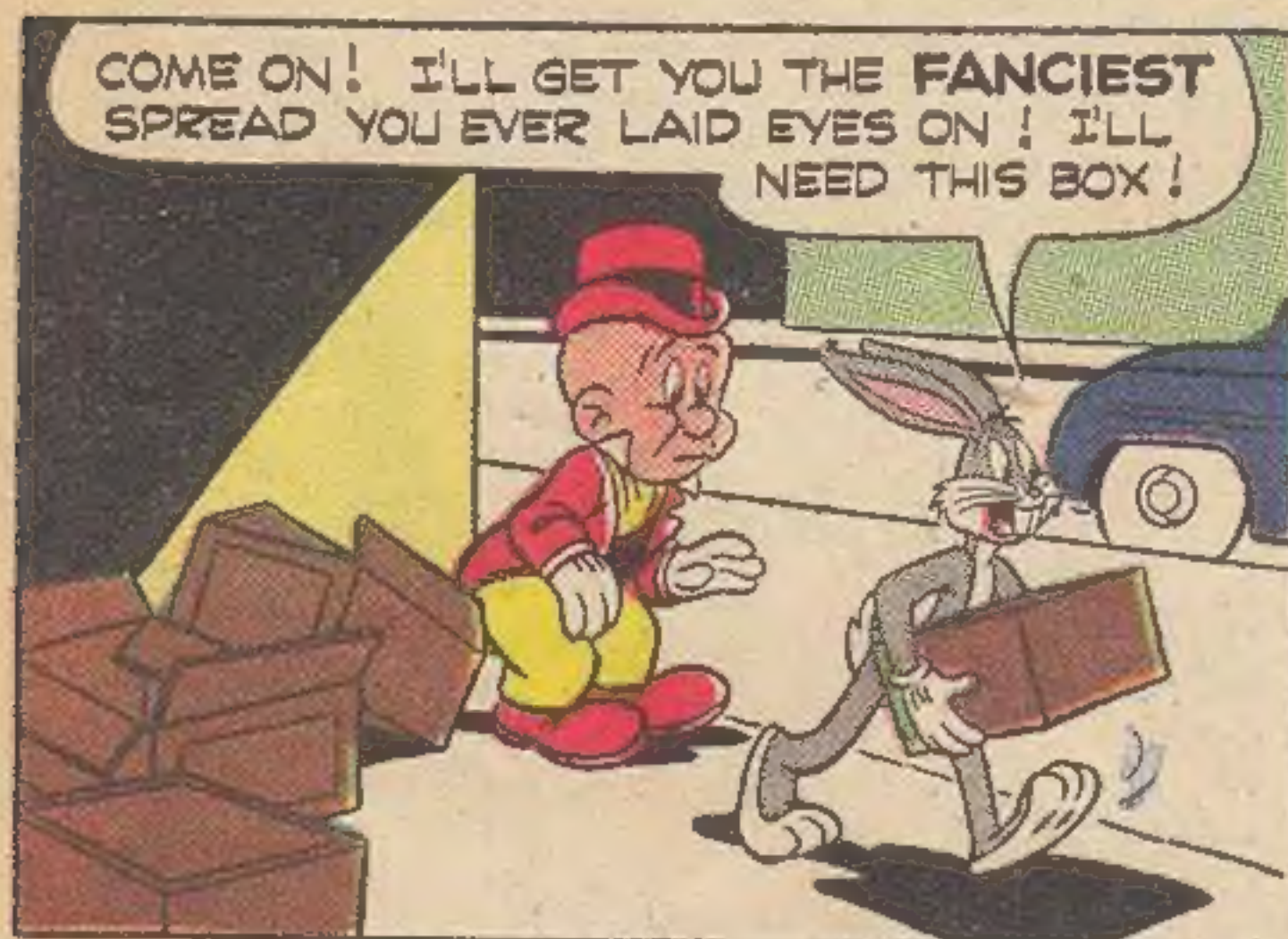
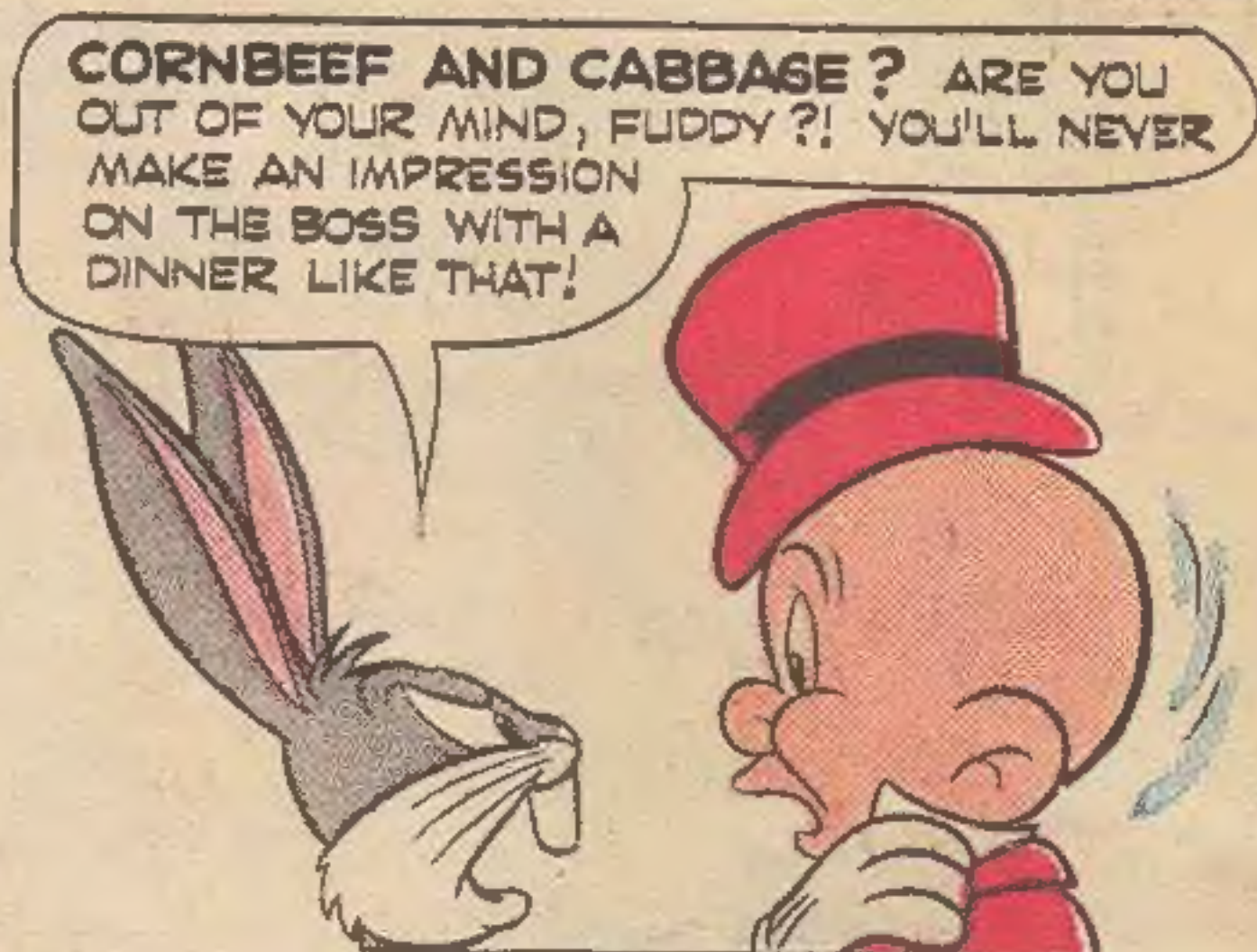
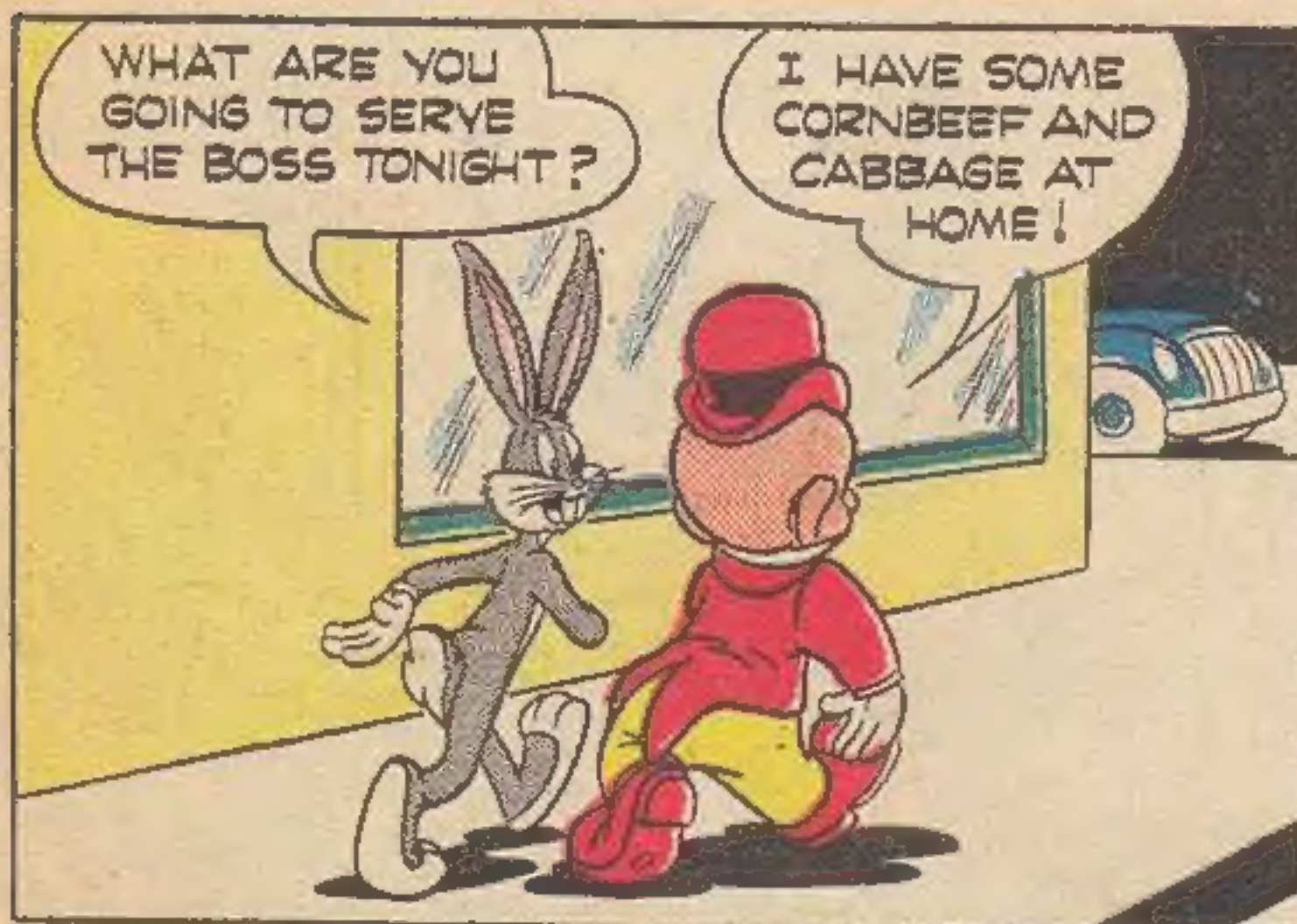
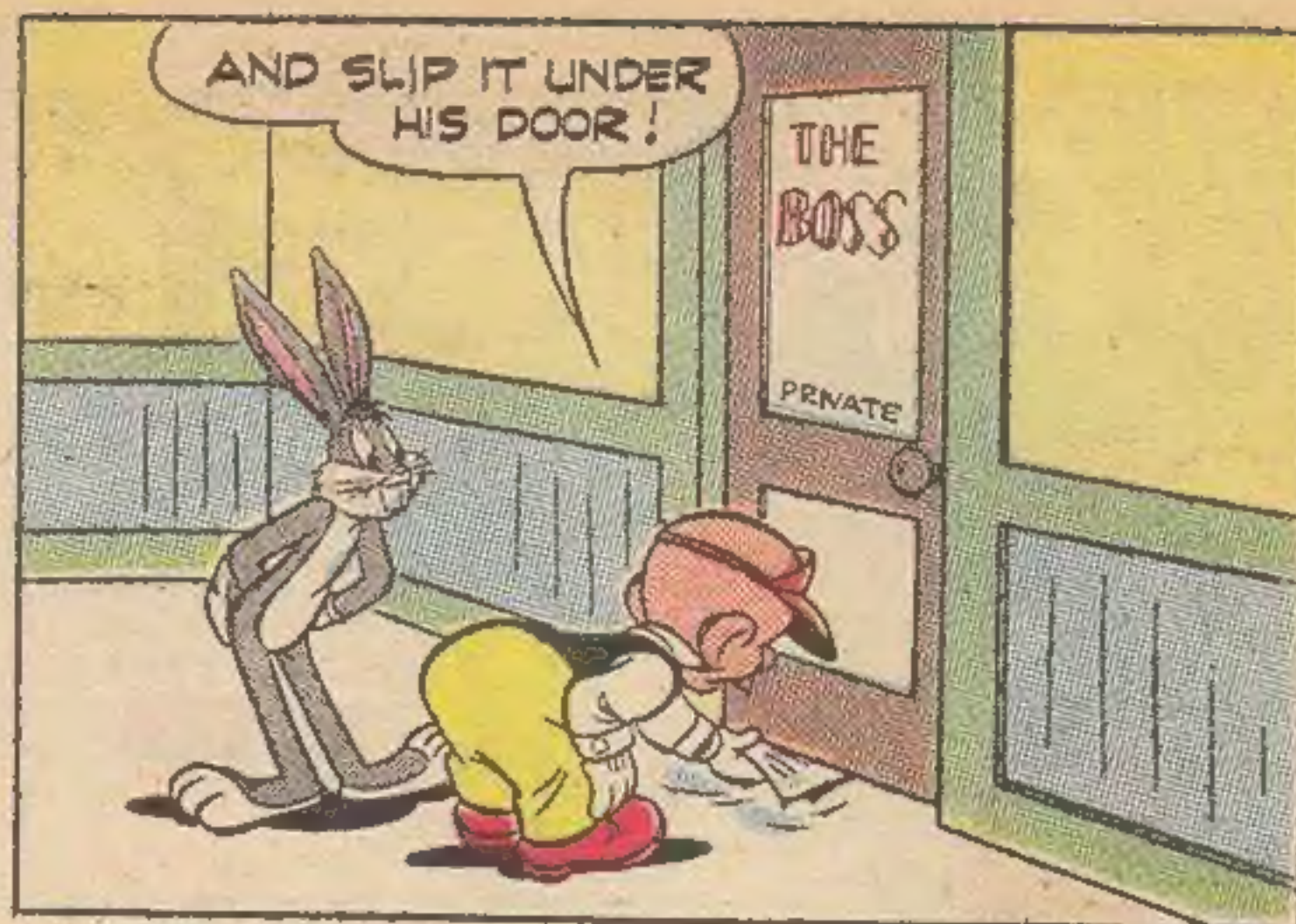


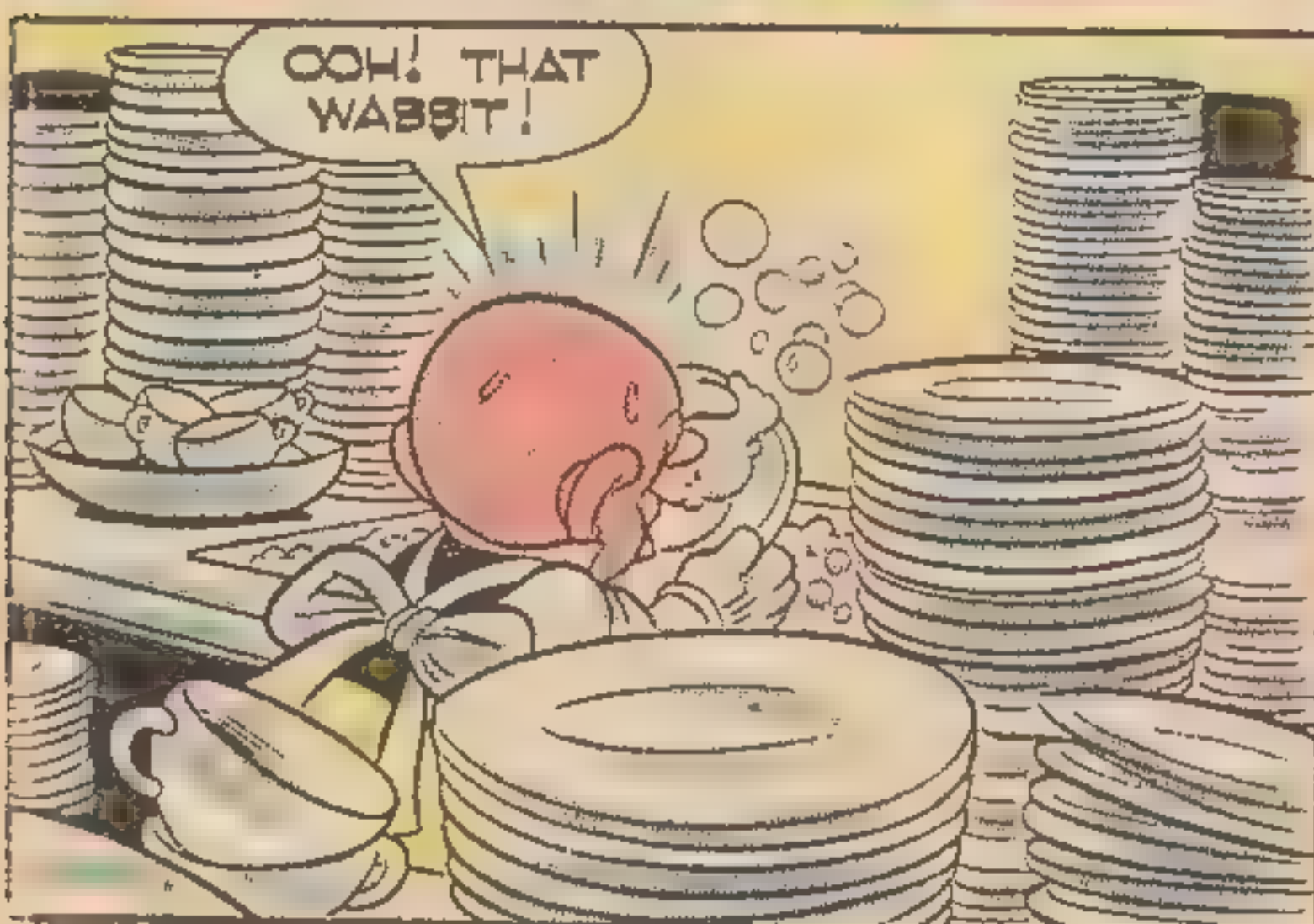
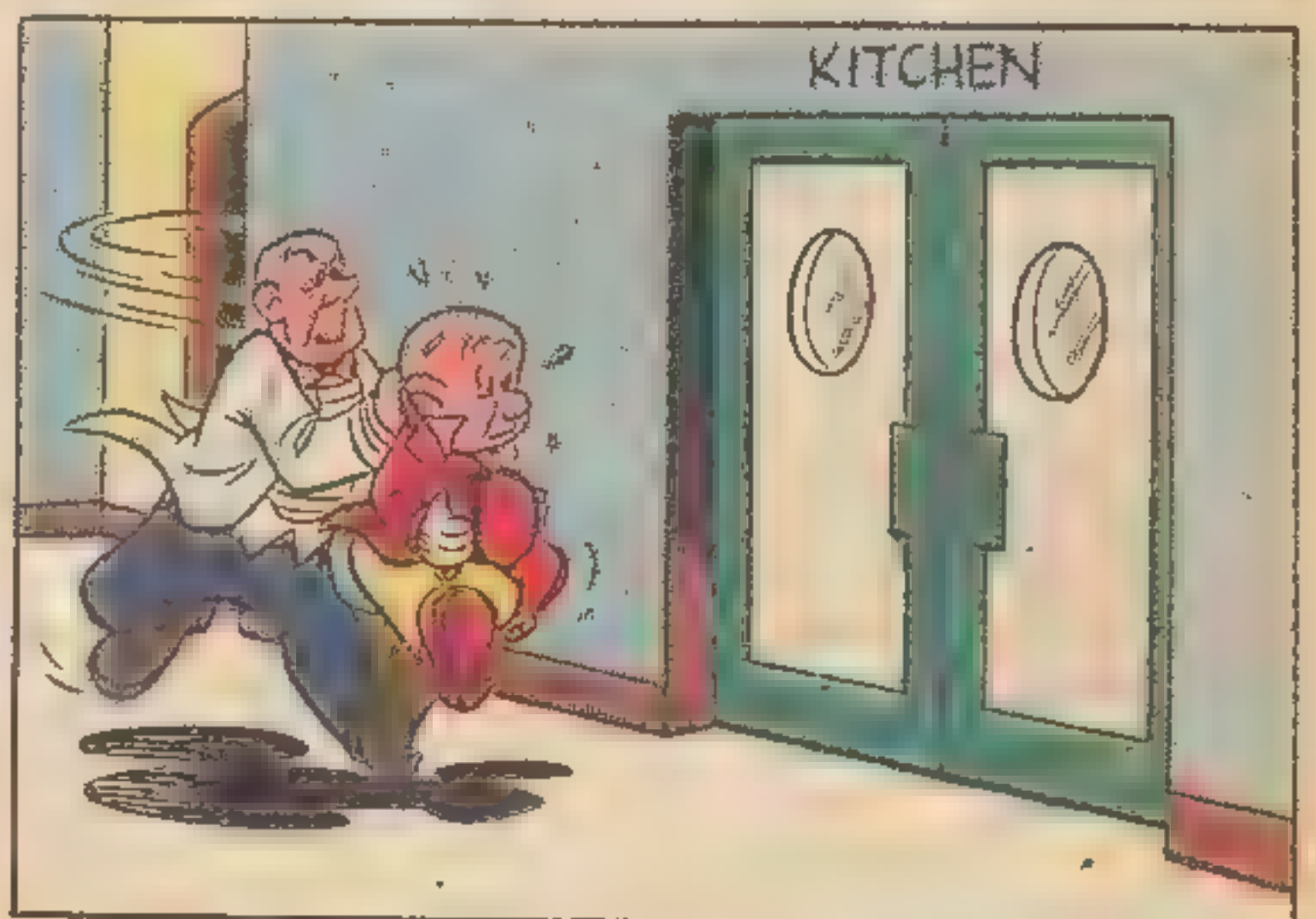
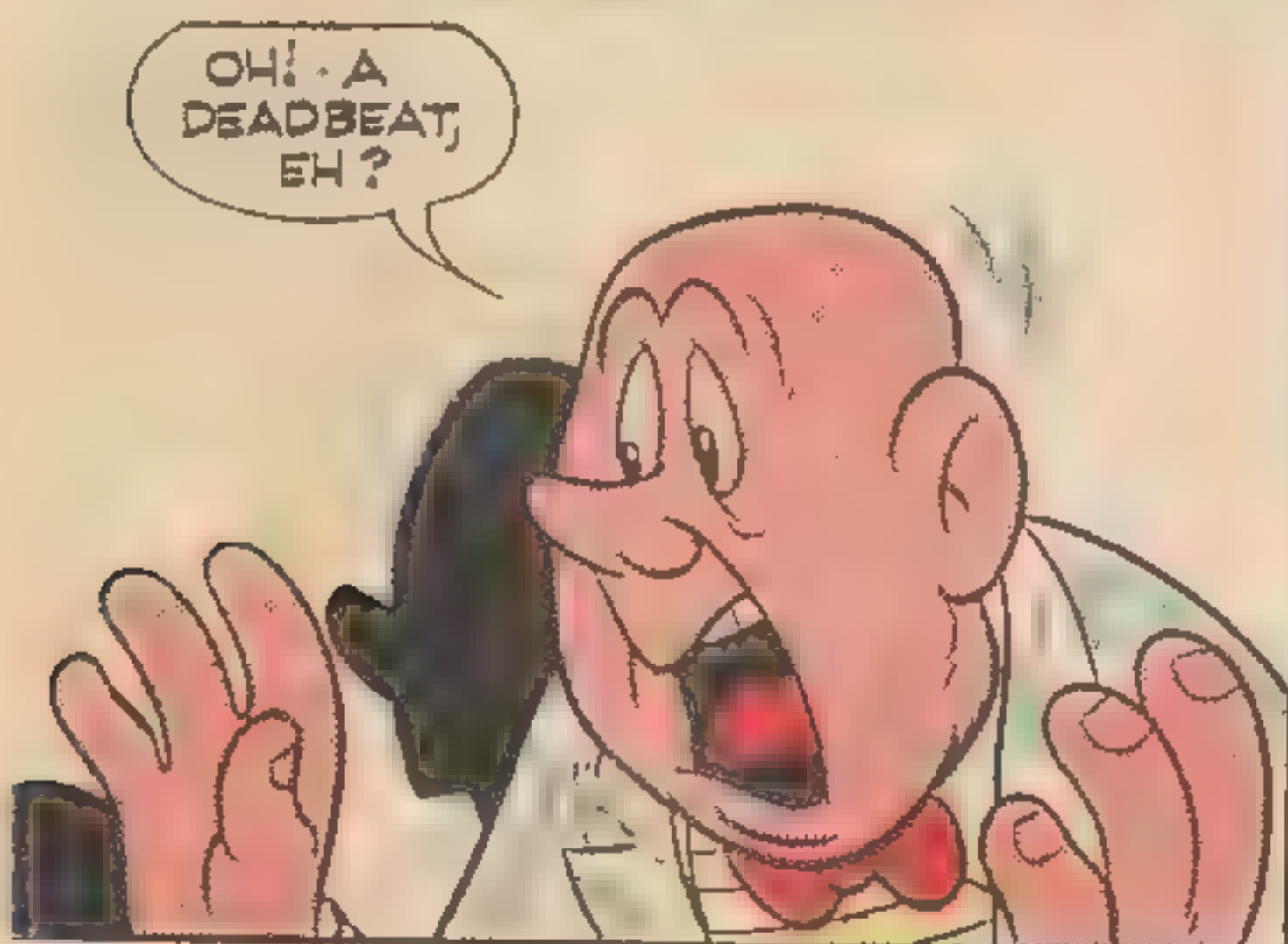
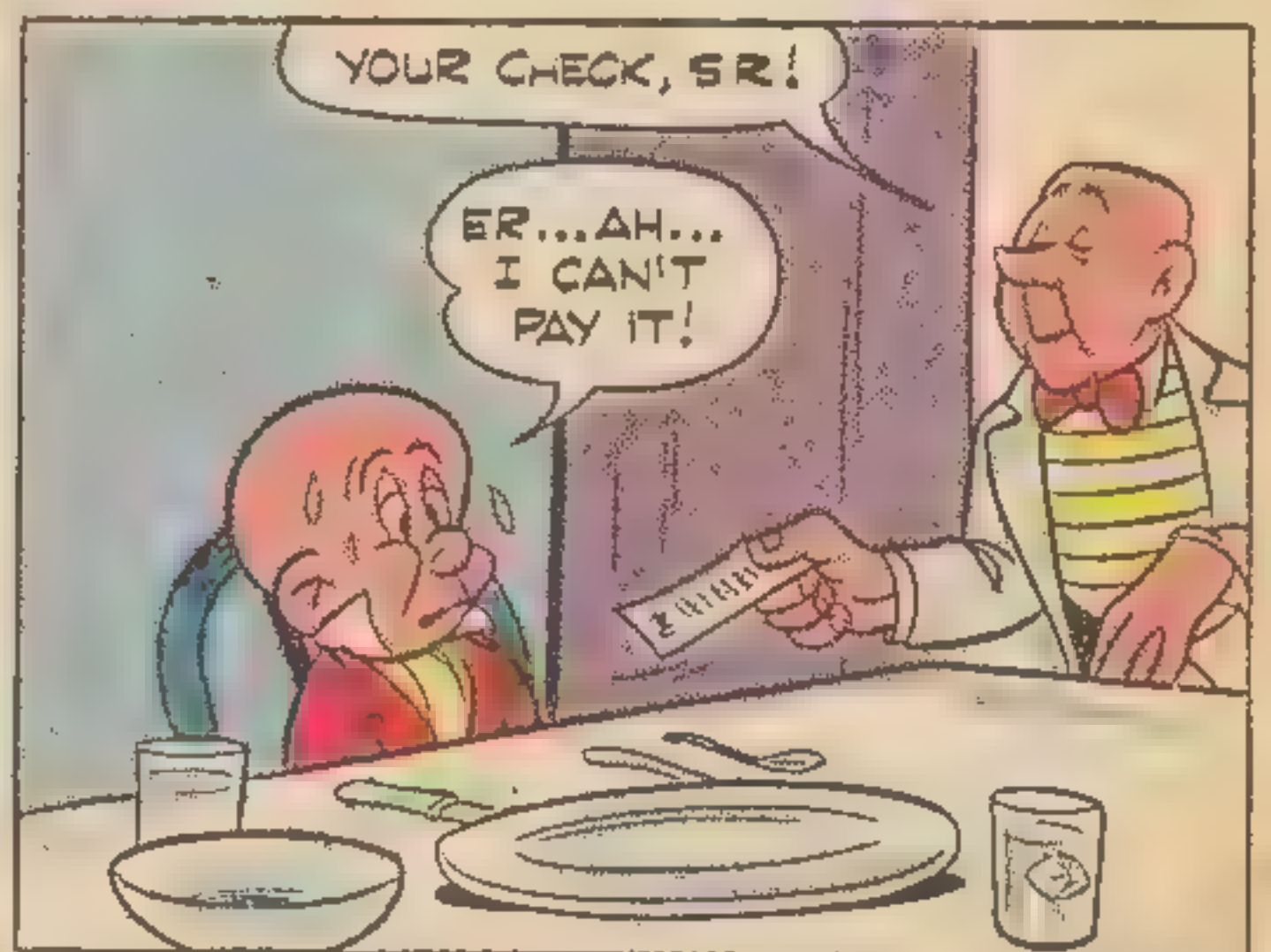
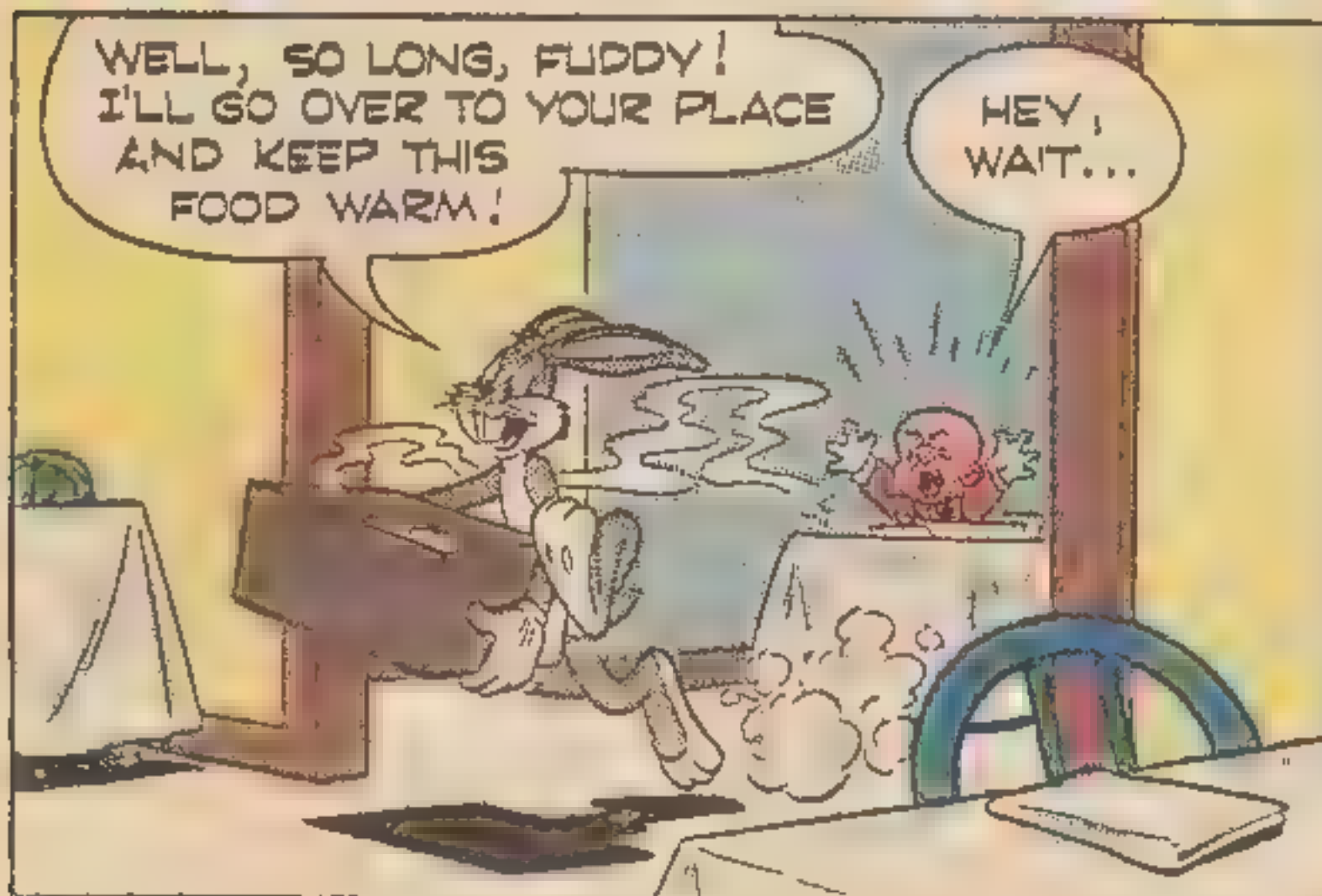
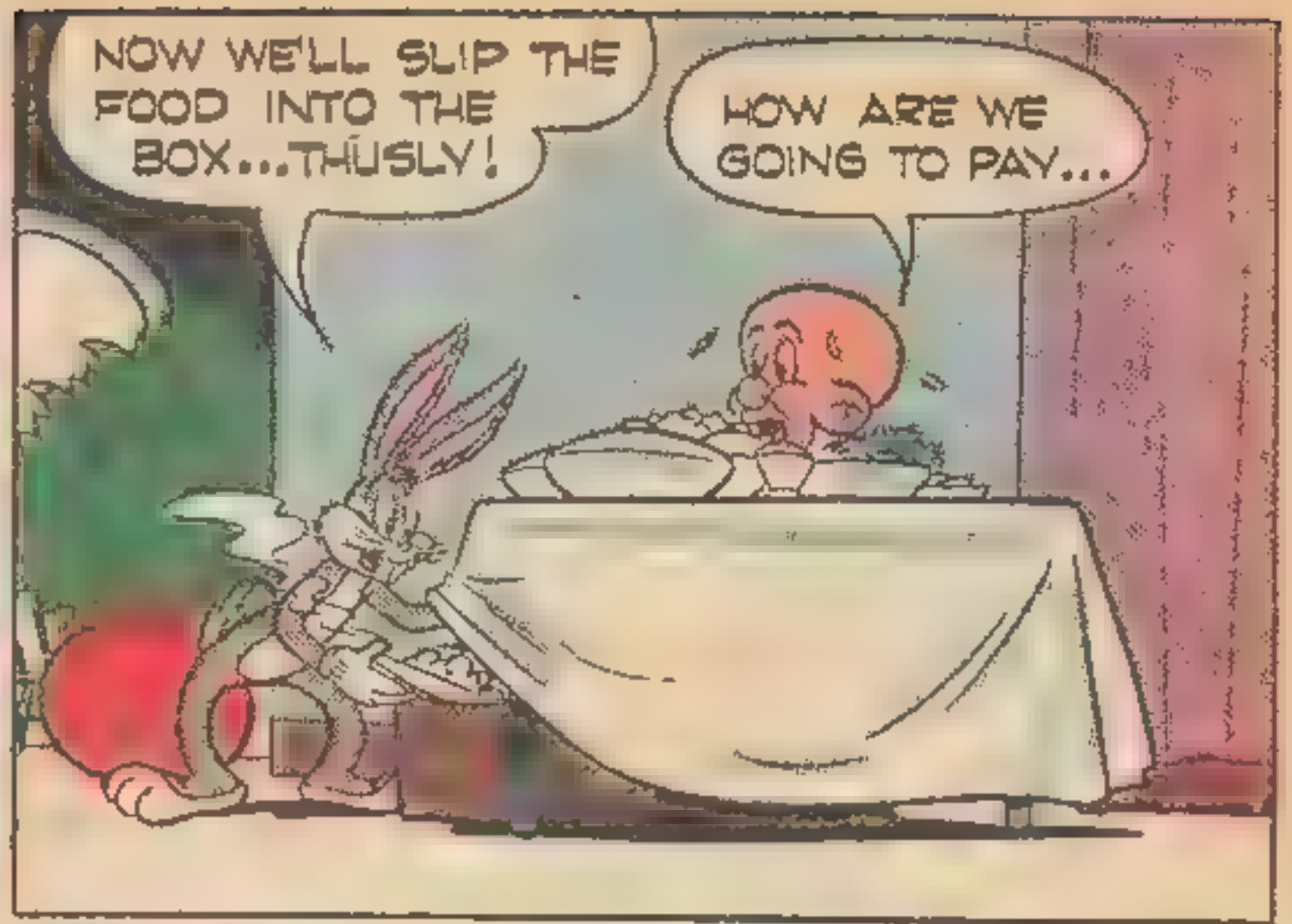
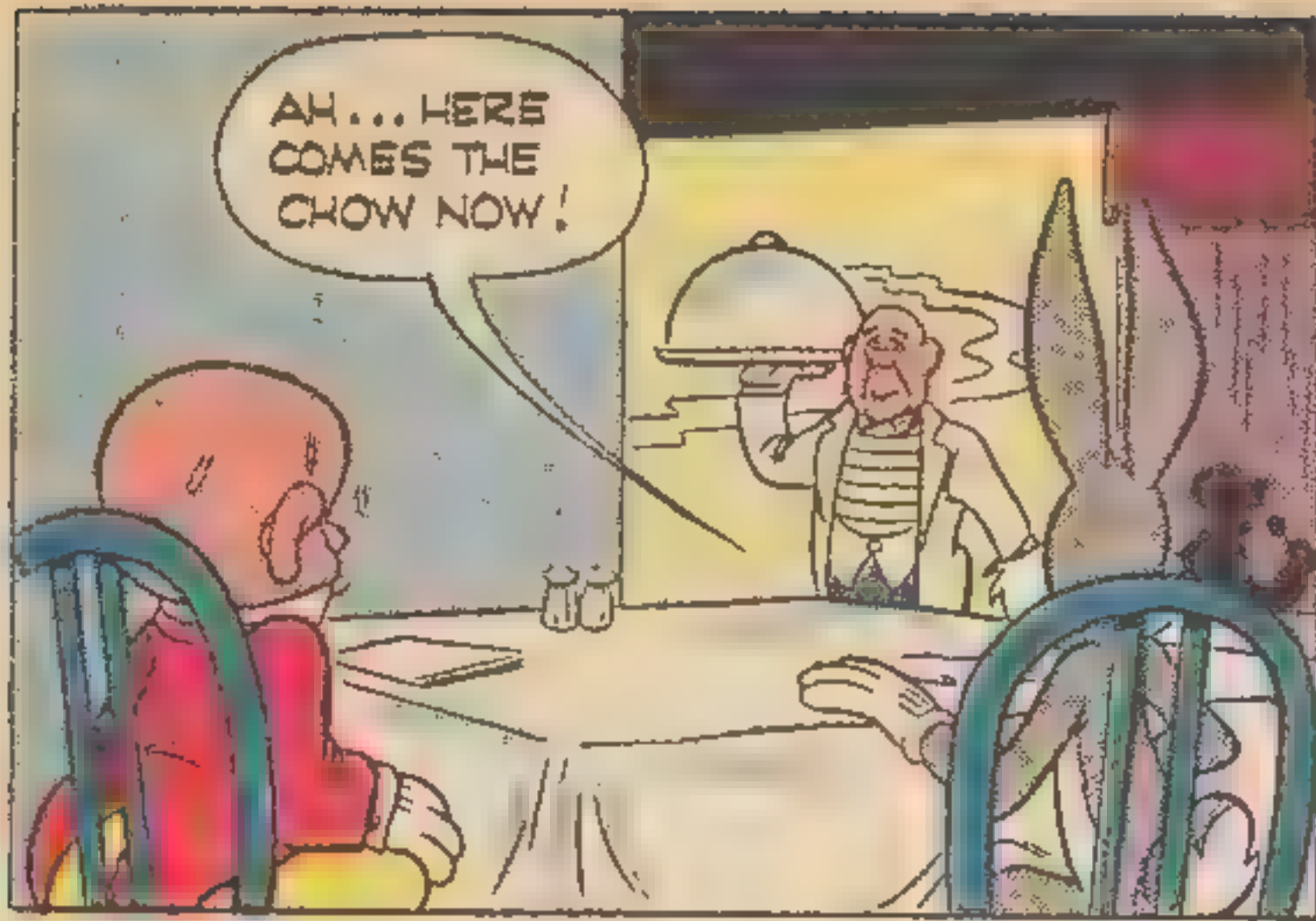


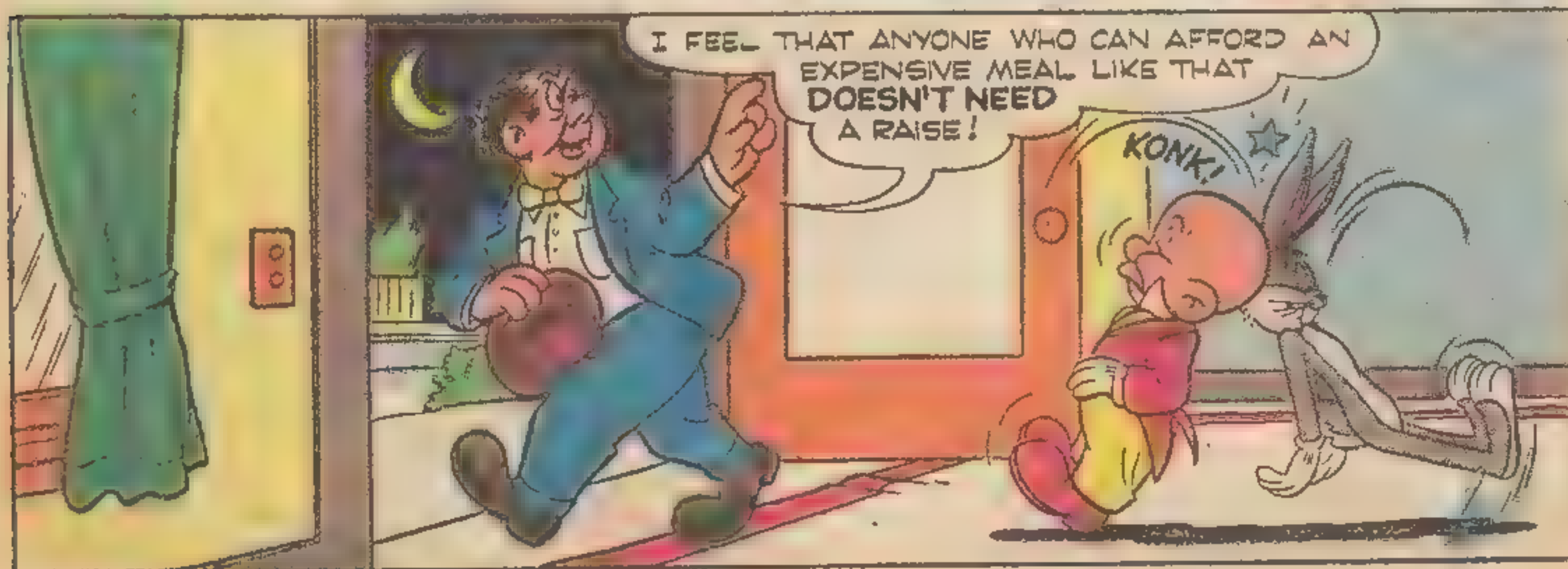
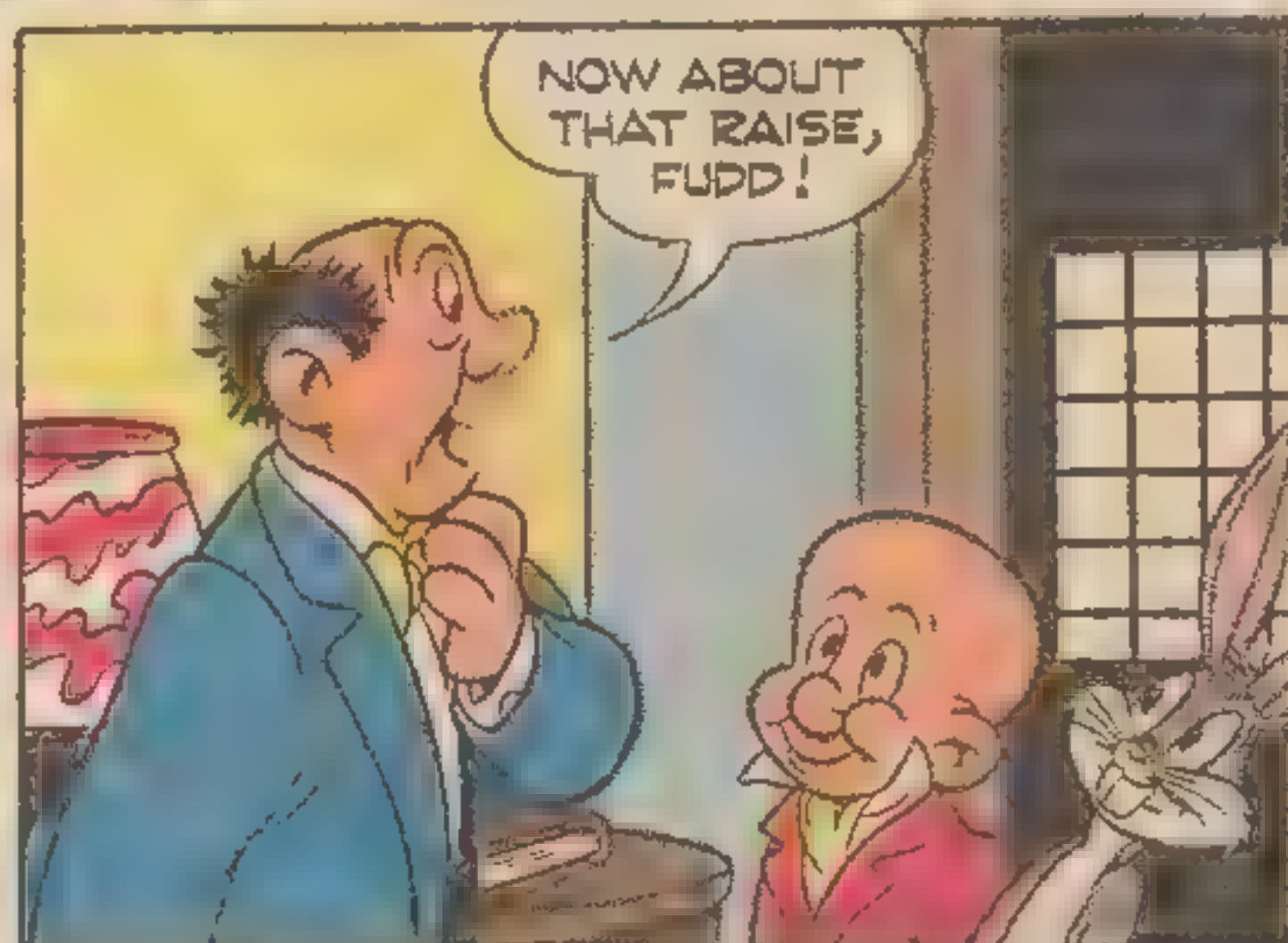
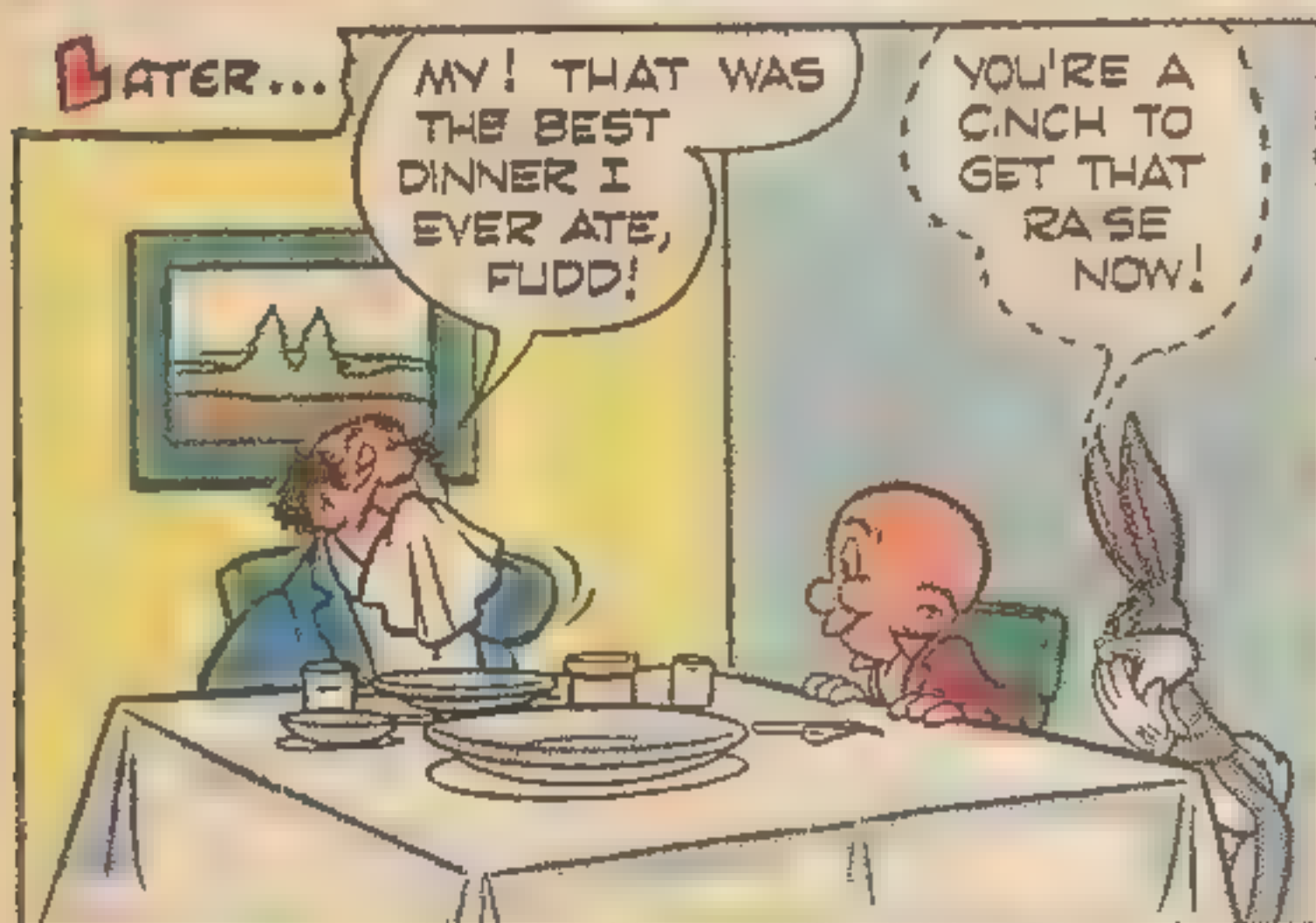
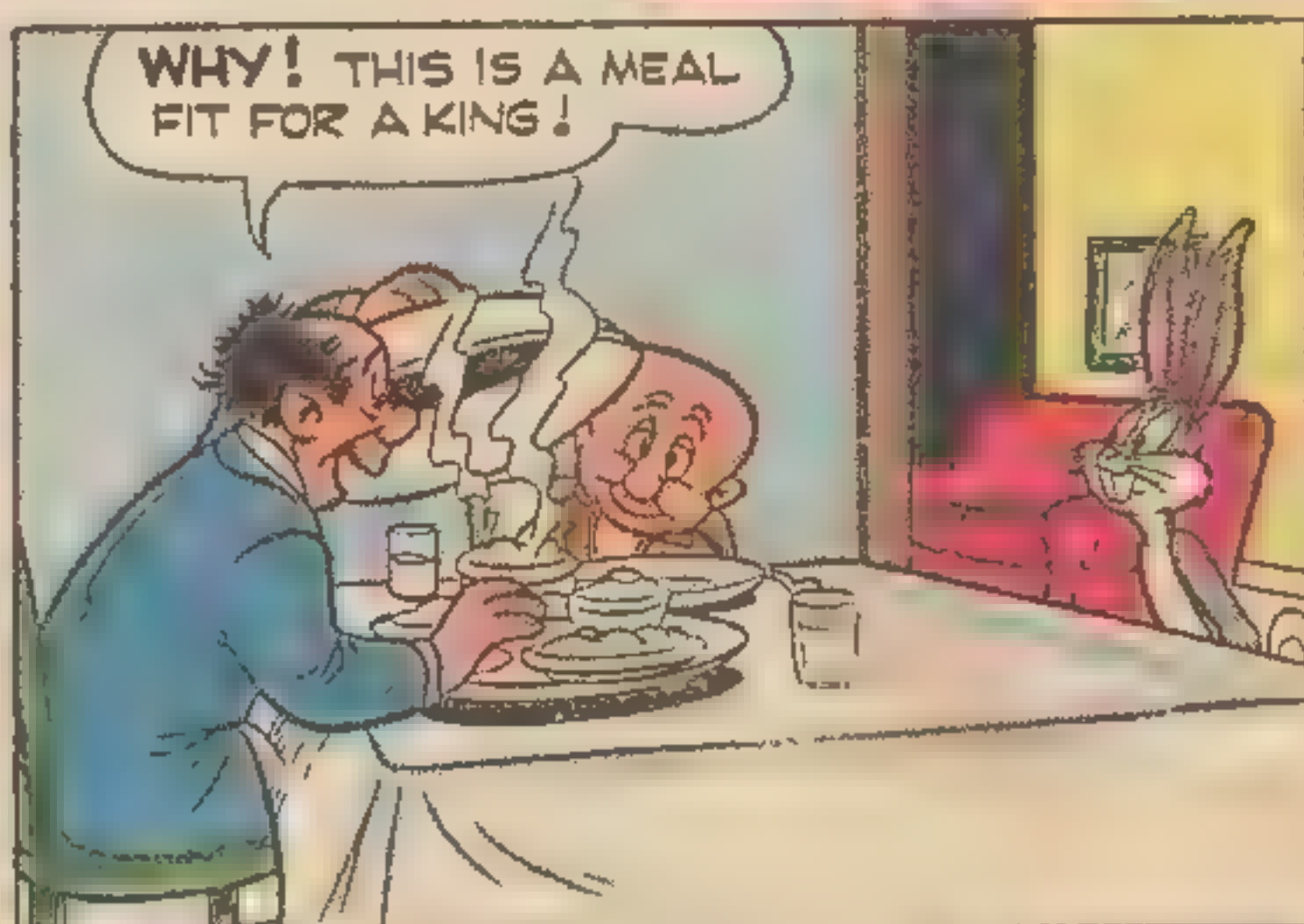
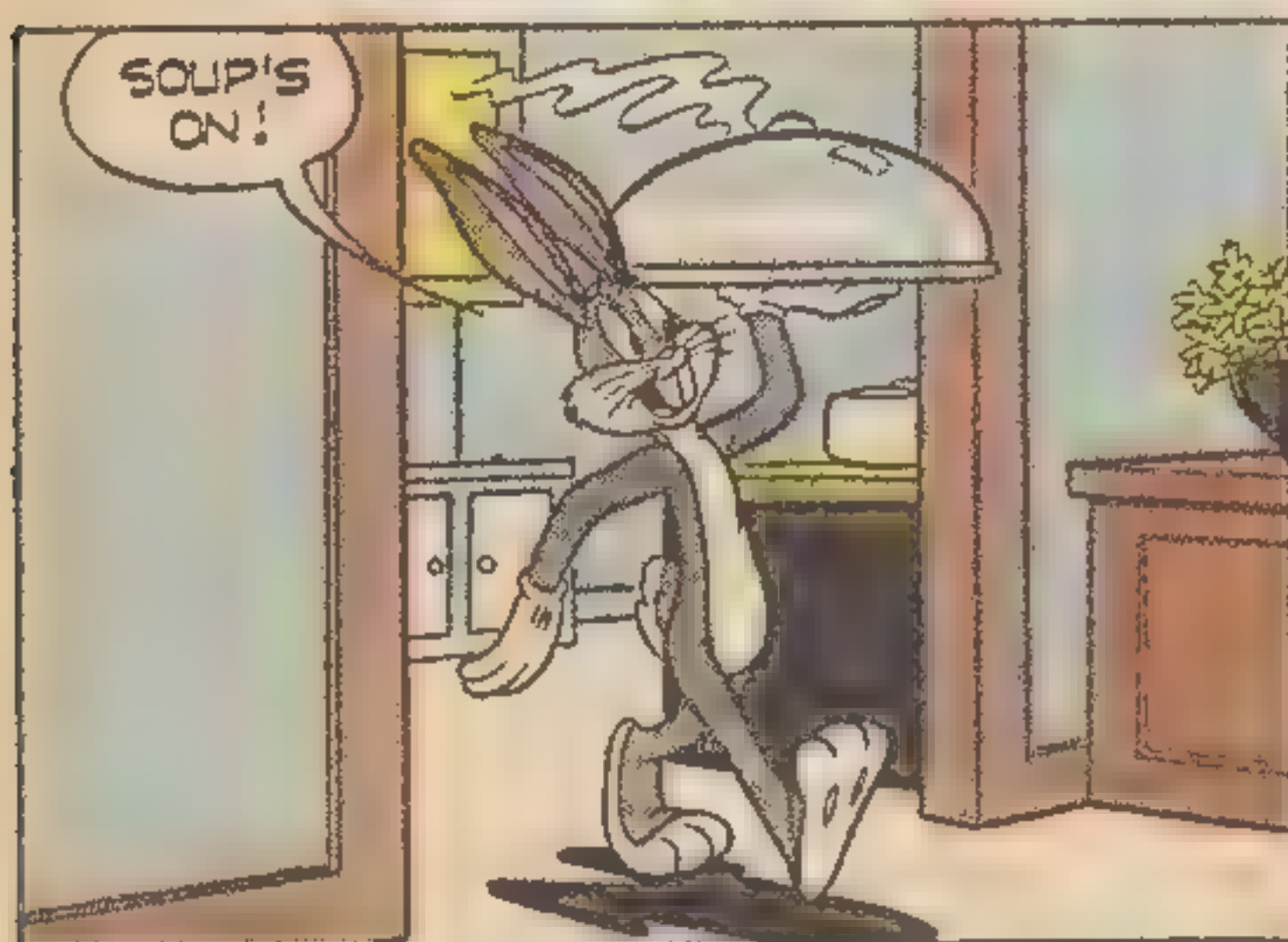
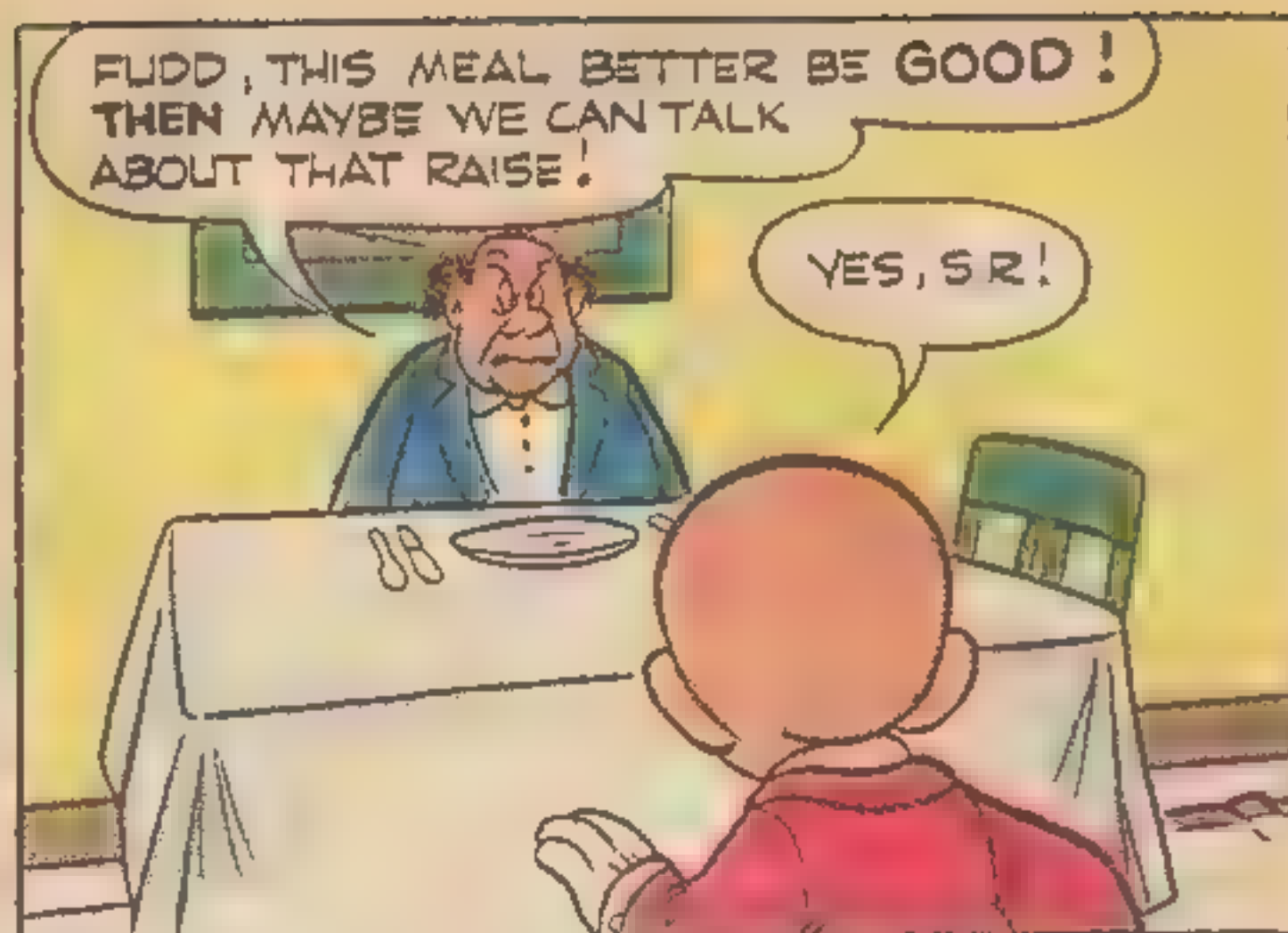
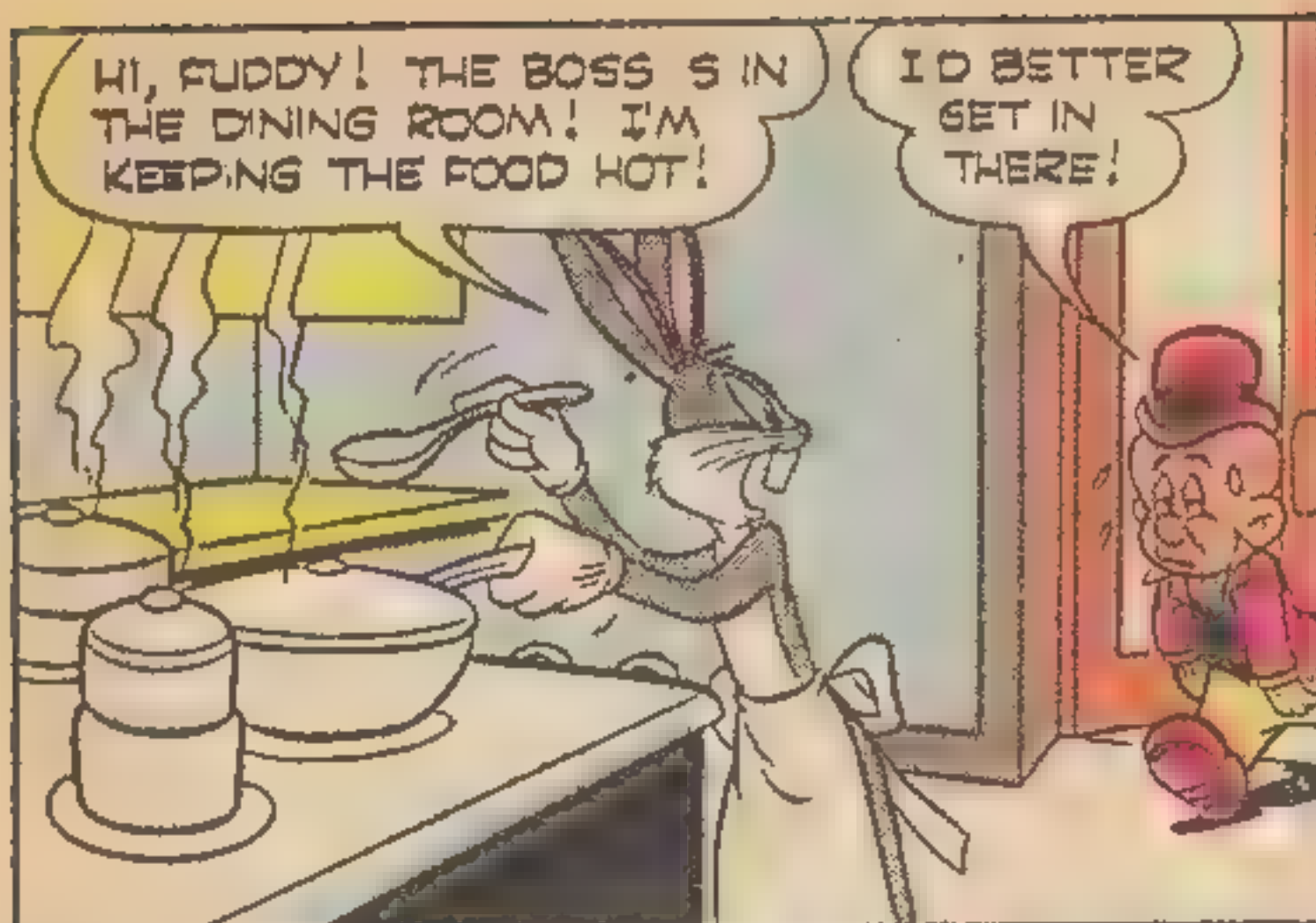












WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

PRESENT

**PORKY
PIC**

HI, PETUNIA!
I THOUGHT I'D
DROP OVER!
WHAT'RE YOU
DOING?

LOOKING AT THE PAPER!
THE DEPARTMENT STORE IS
HAVING A BARGAIN SALE TODAY!

I'D LOVE TO GO AND BUY MYSELF
A DRESS, BUT IT'S TOO TIRING
TO FIGHT THE MOB AT A
BARGAIN SALE!

TIRING? DON'T BE SILLY, PETUNIA
... BARGAIN SALES ARE A CINC
IF YOU KNOW HOW TO GO ABOUT IT!

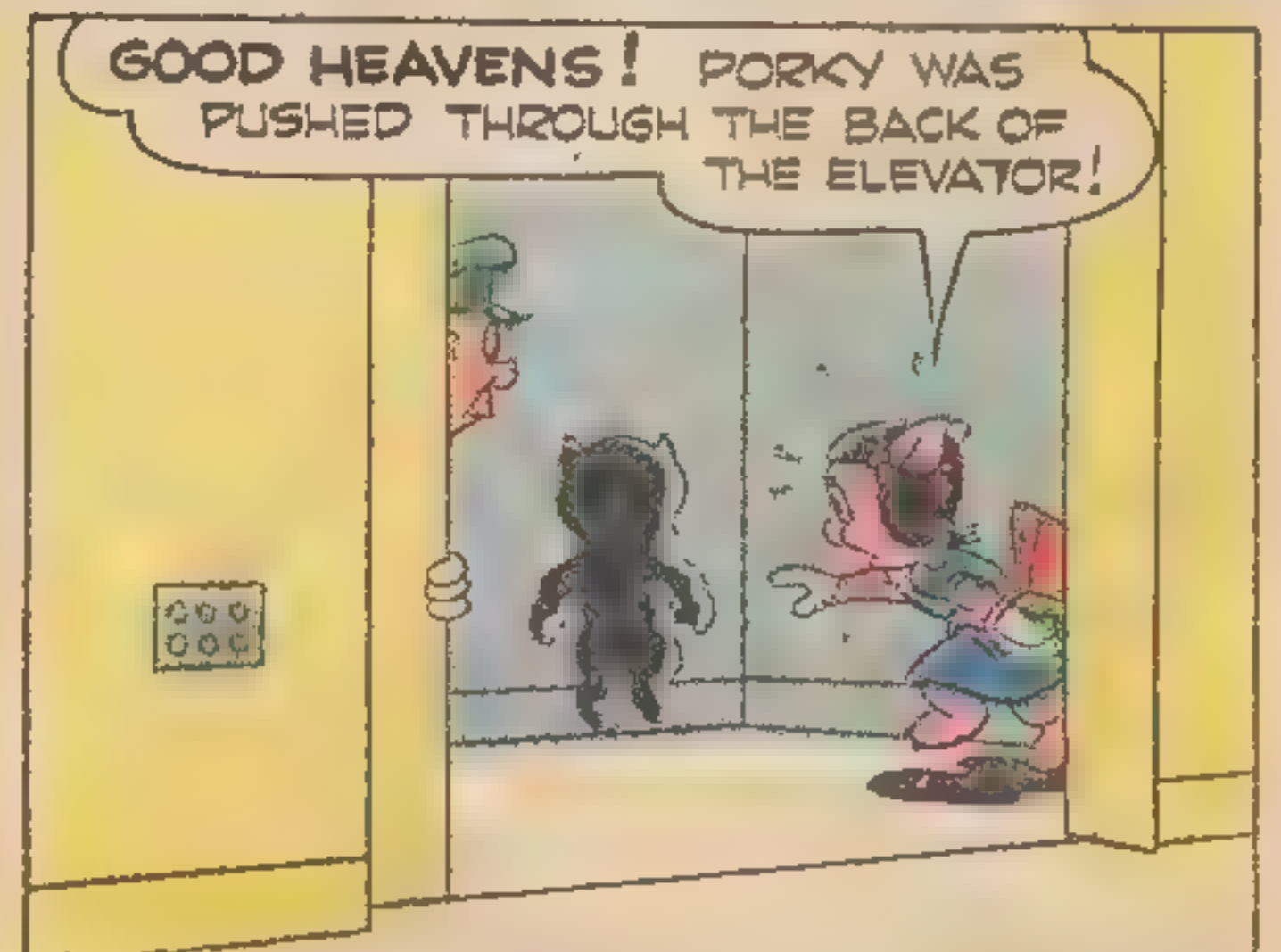
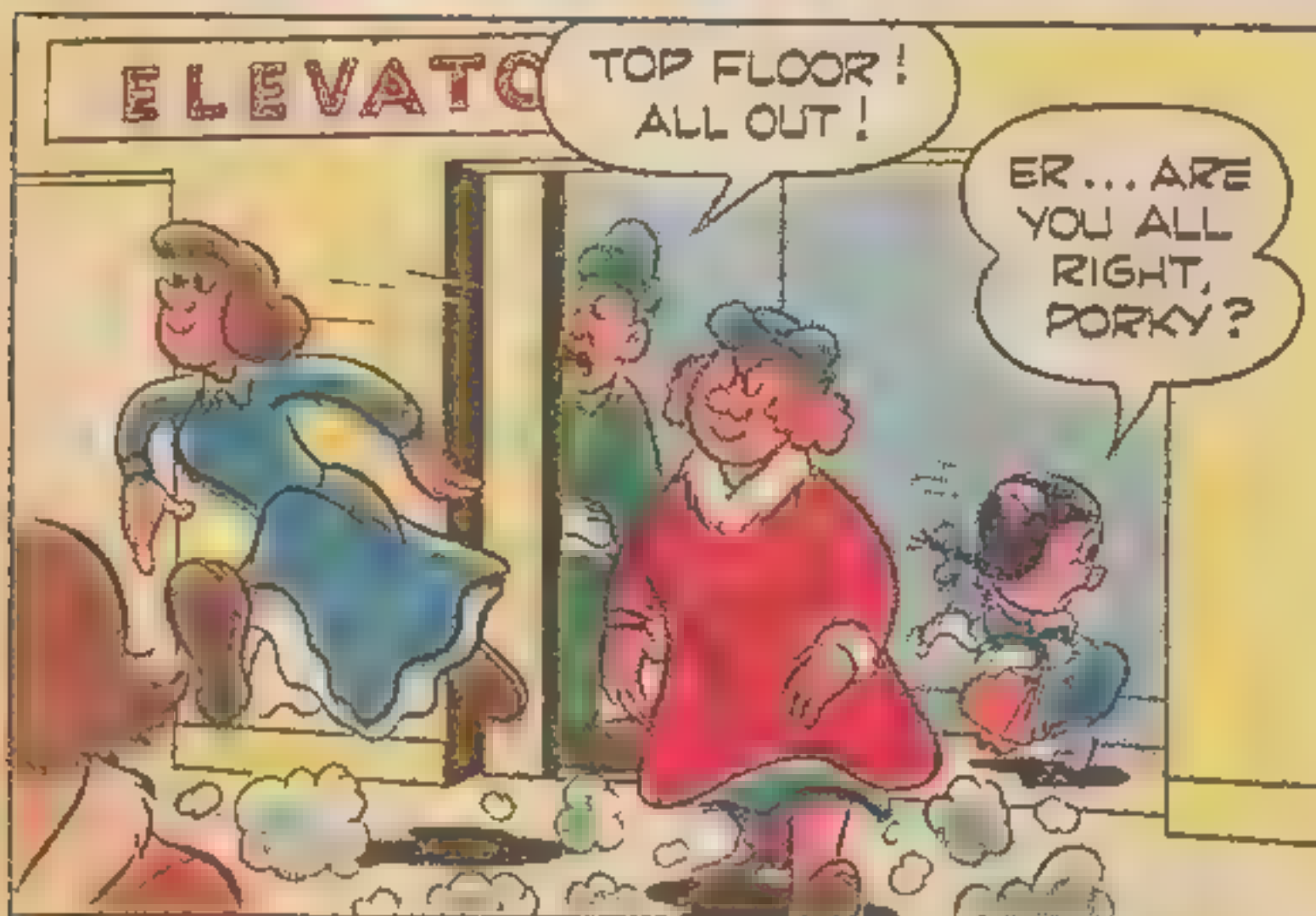
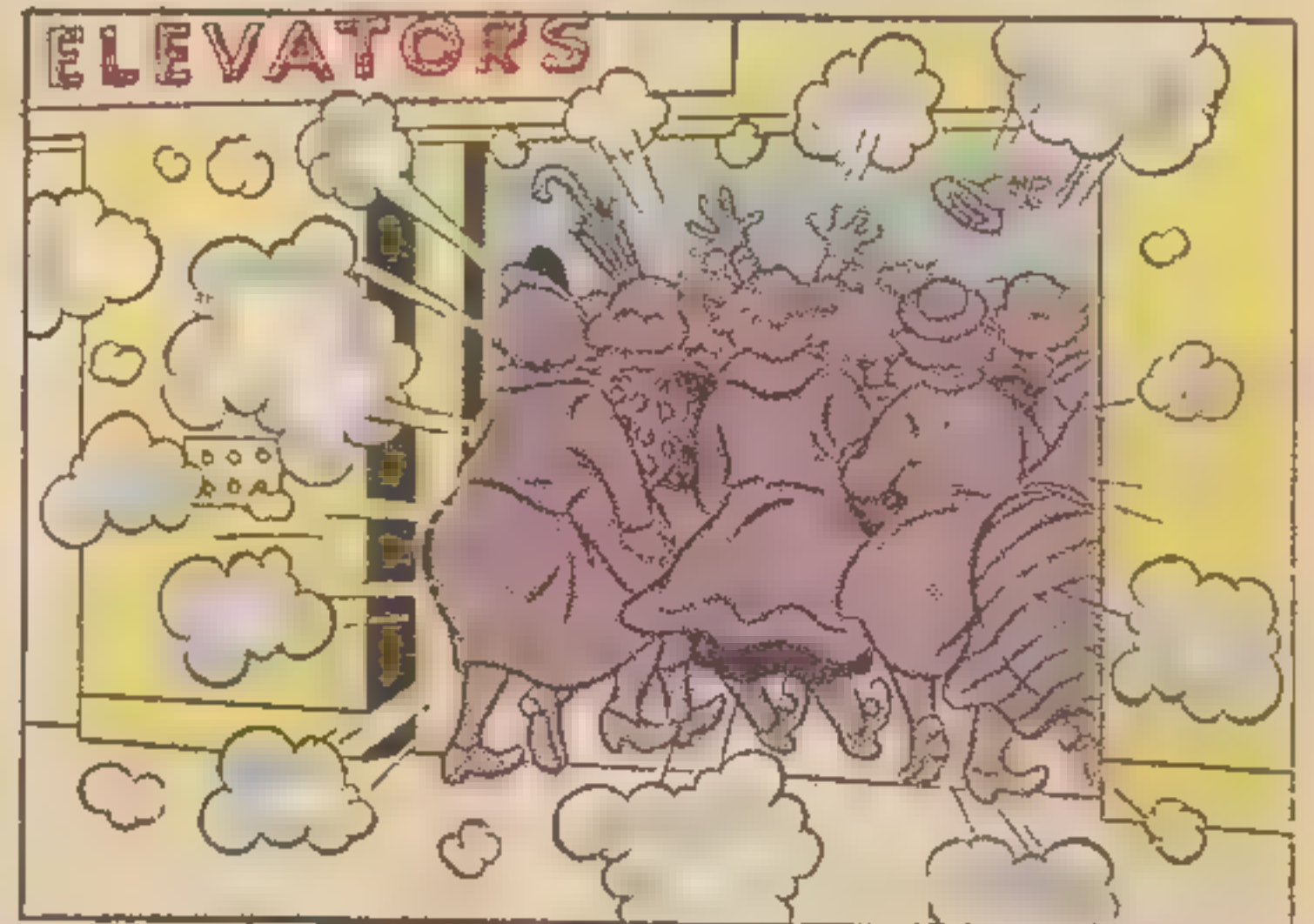
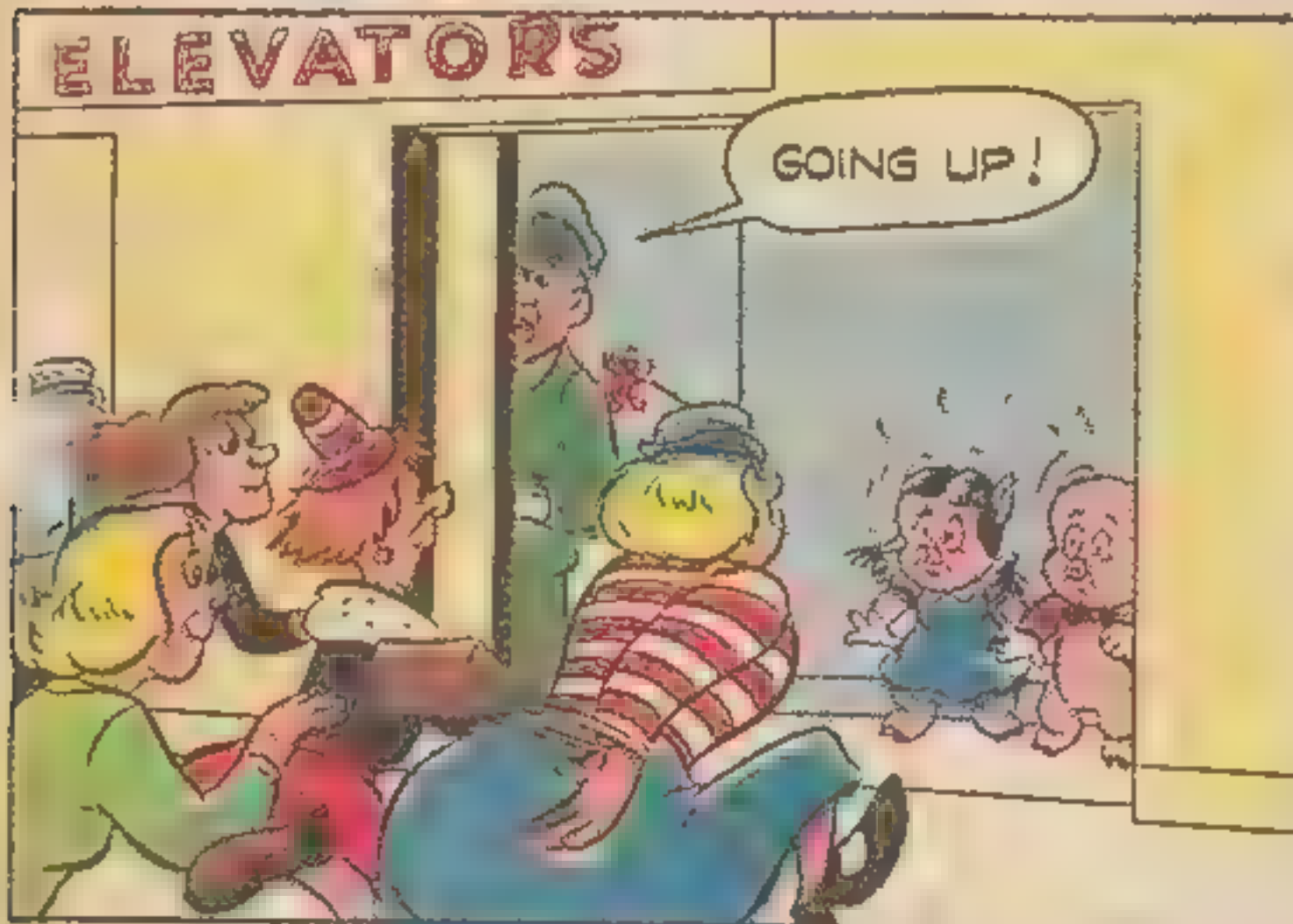
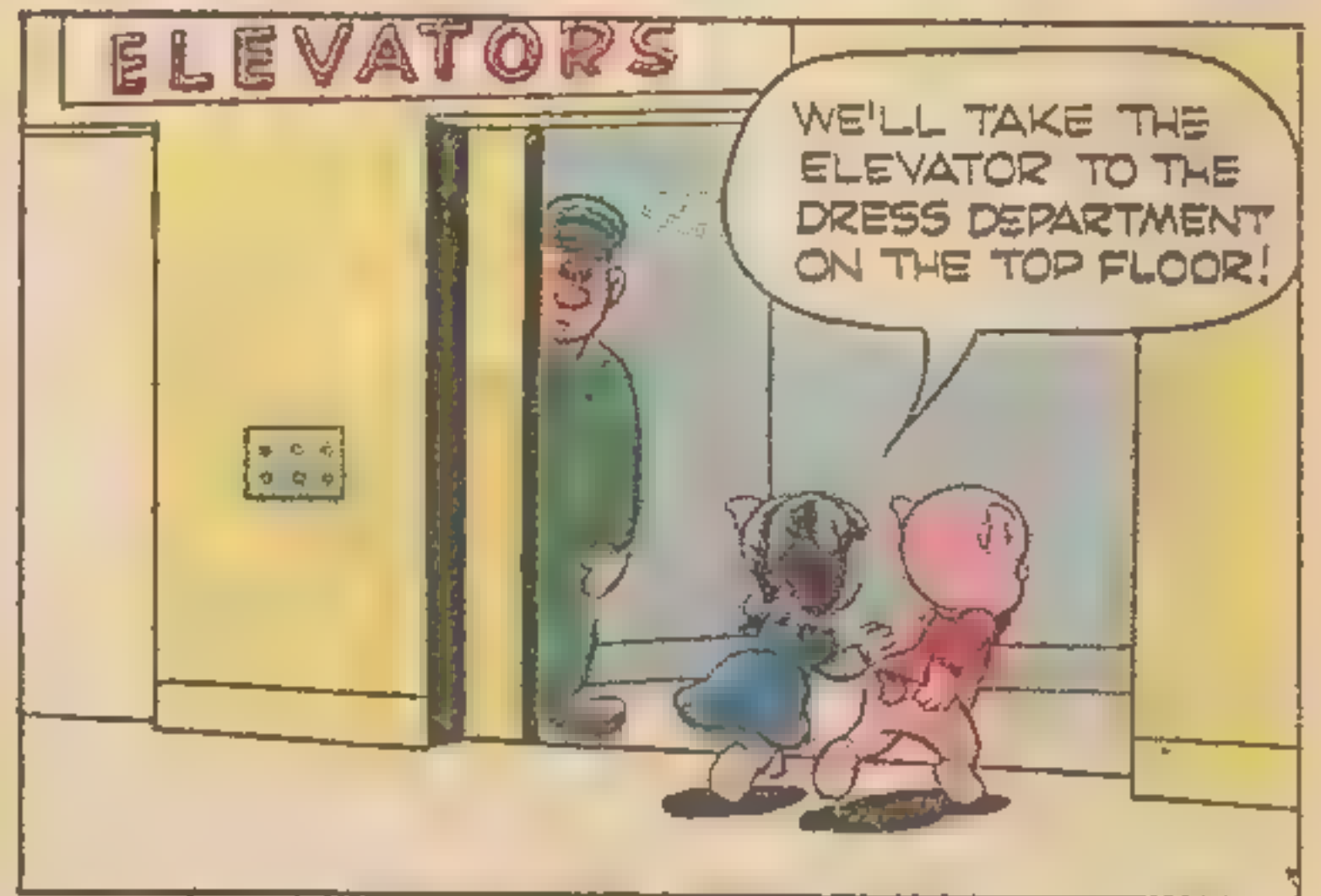
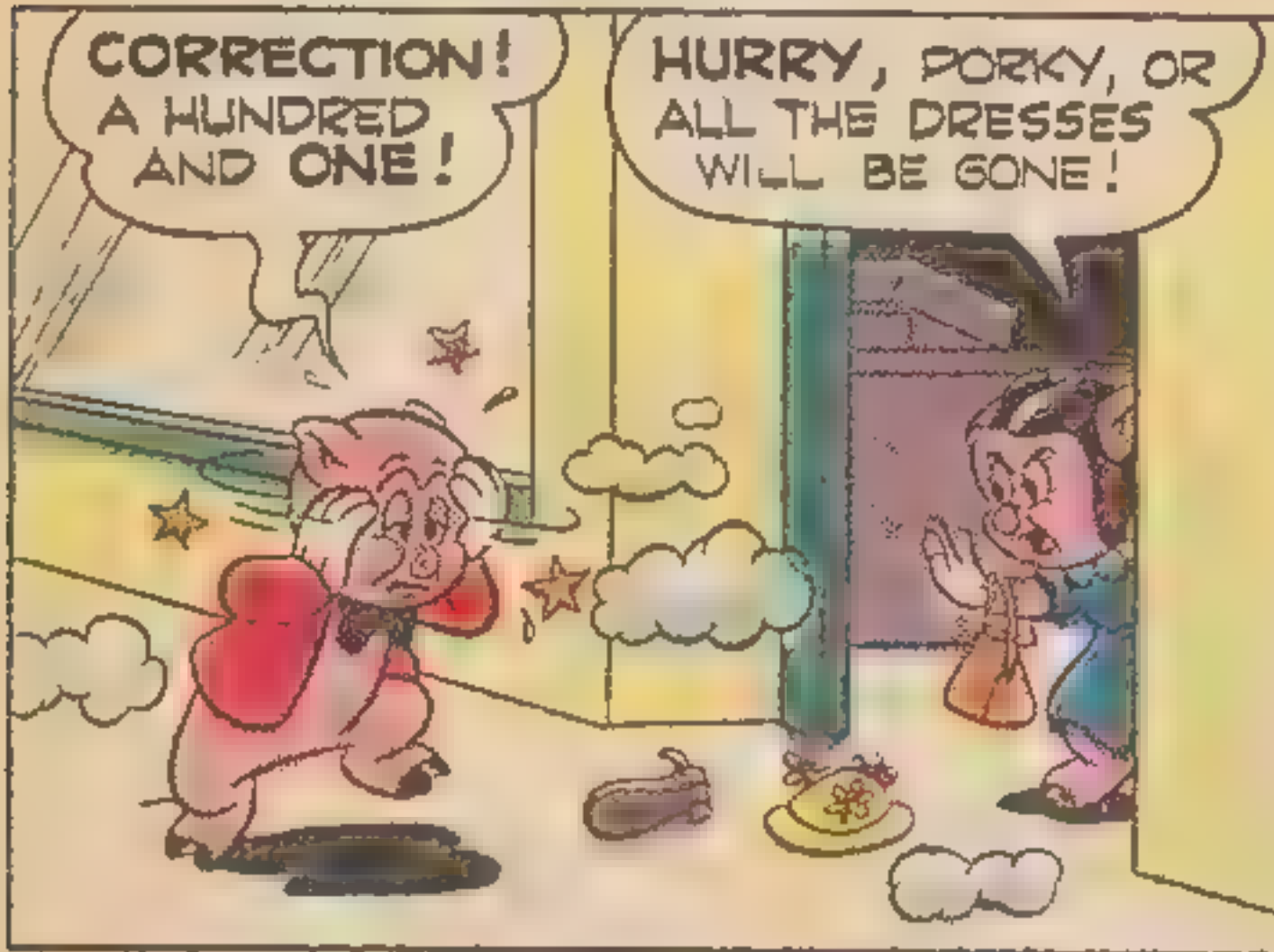
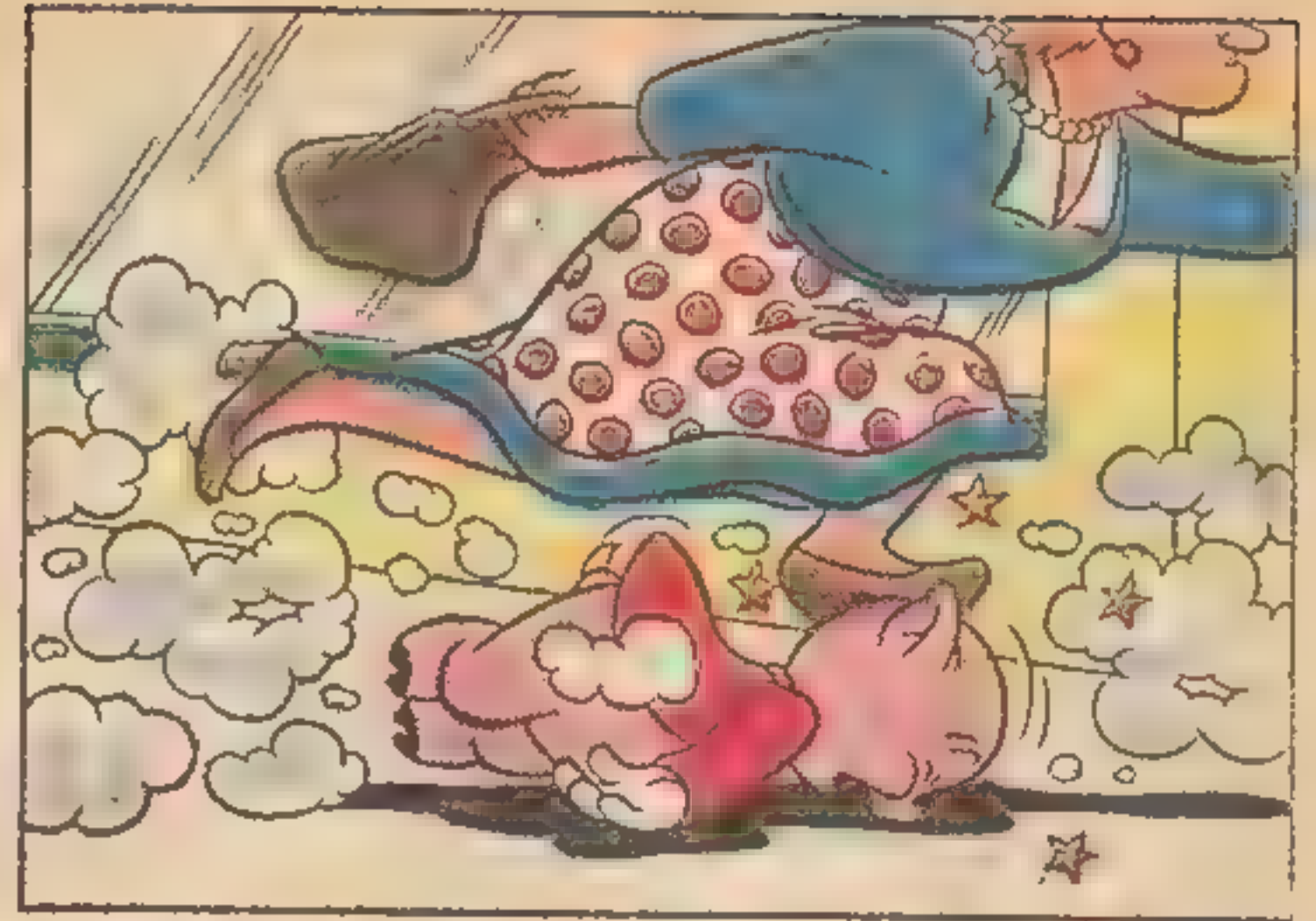
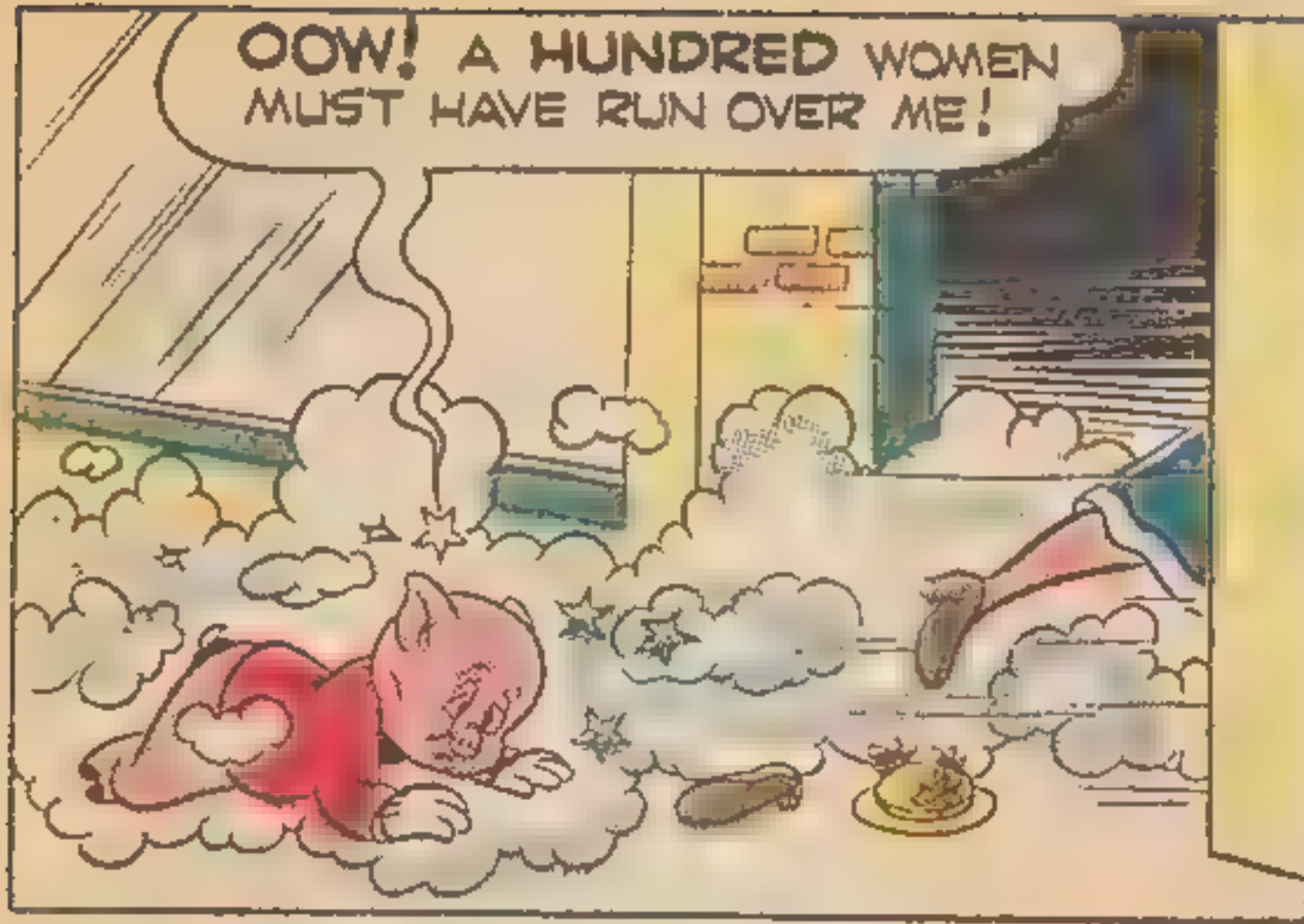
COME ON DOWN
TO THE STORE!
I'LL SHOW YOU!

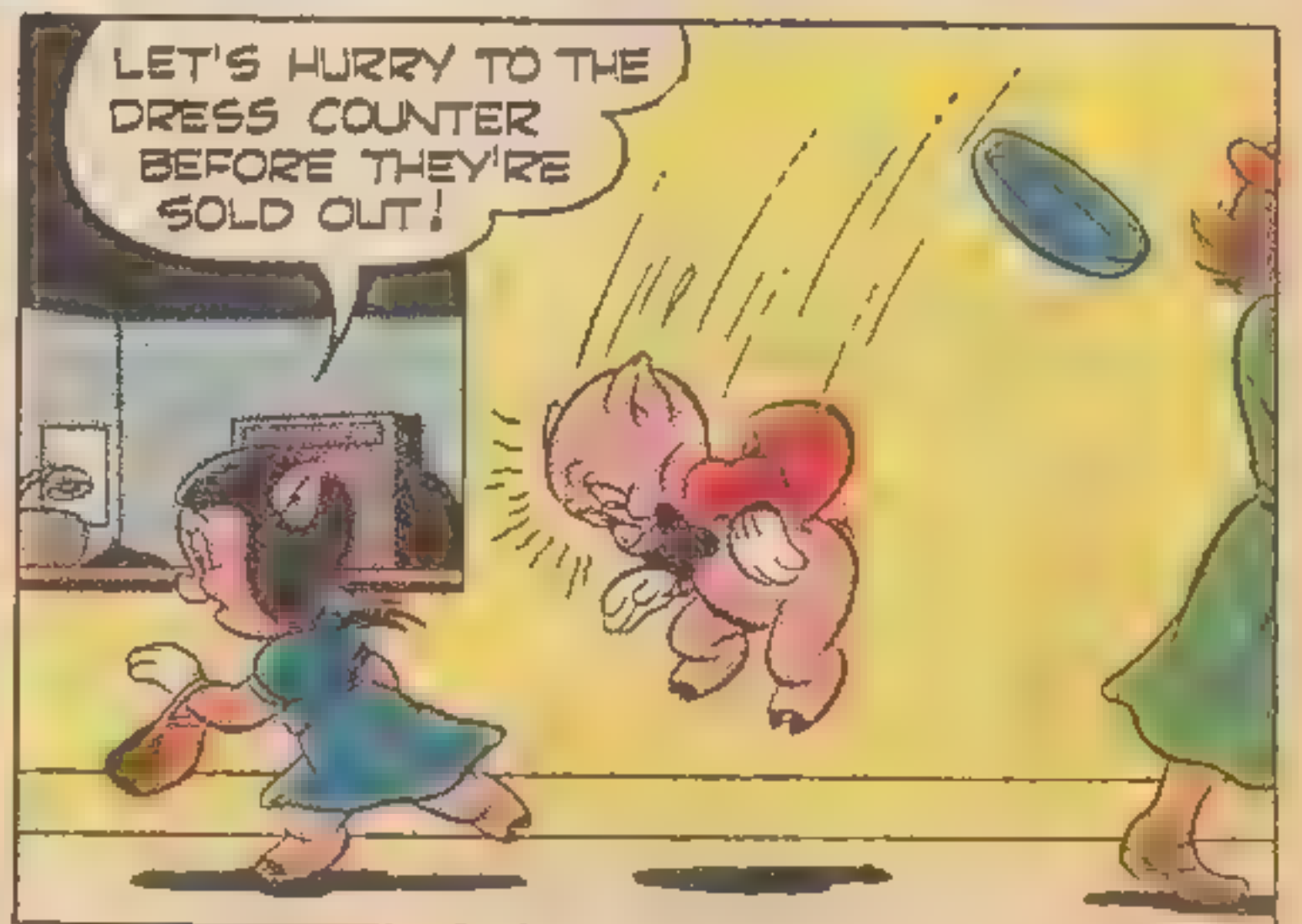
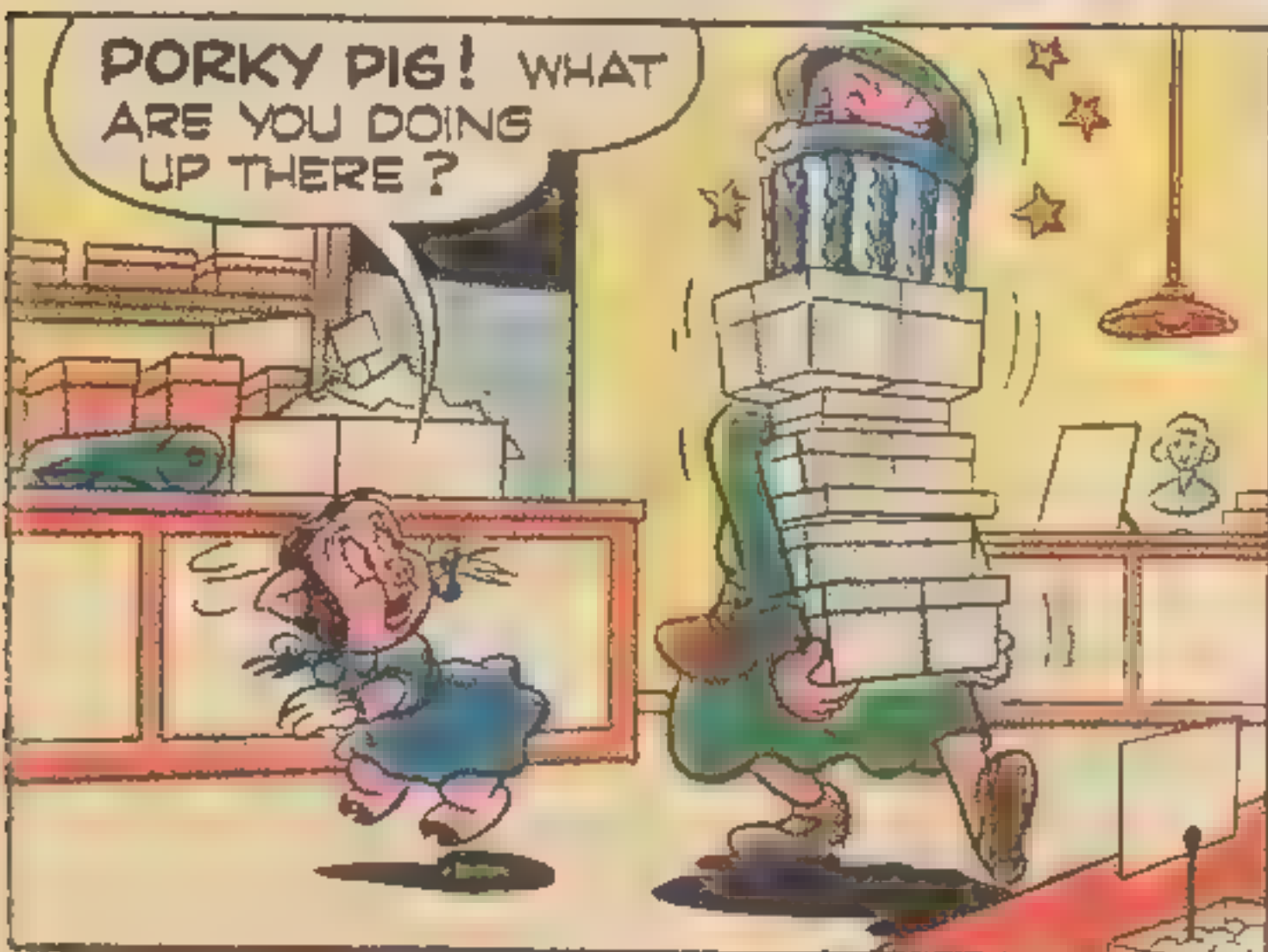
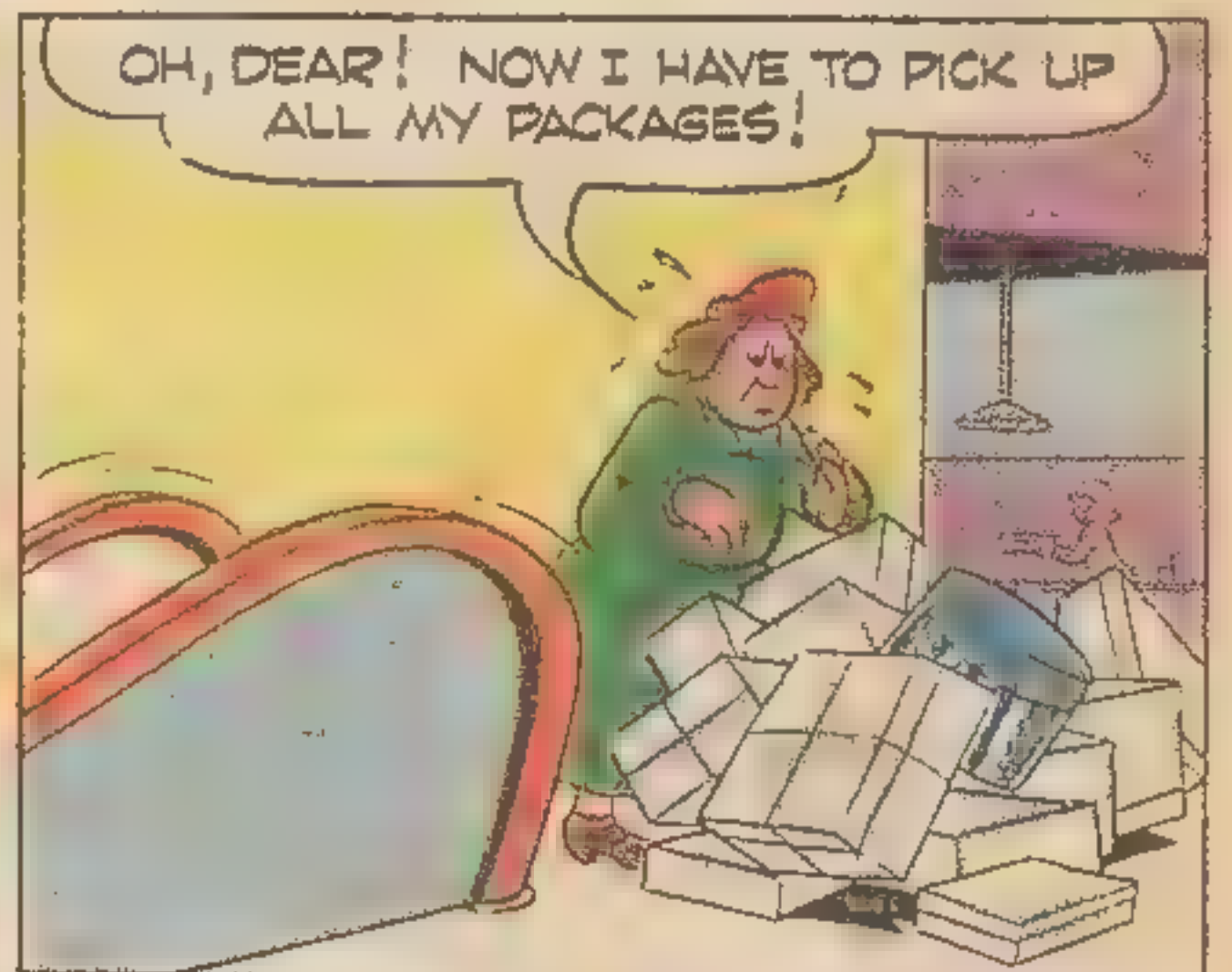
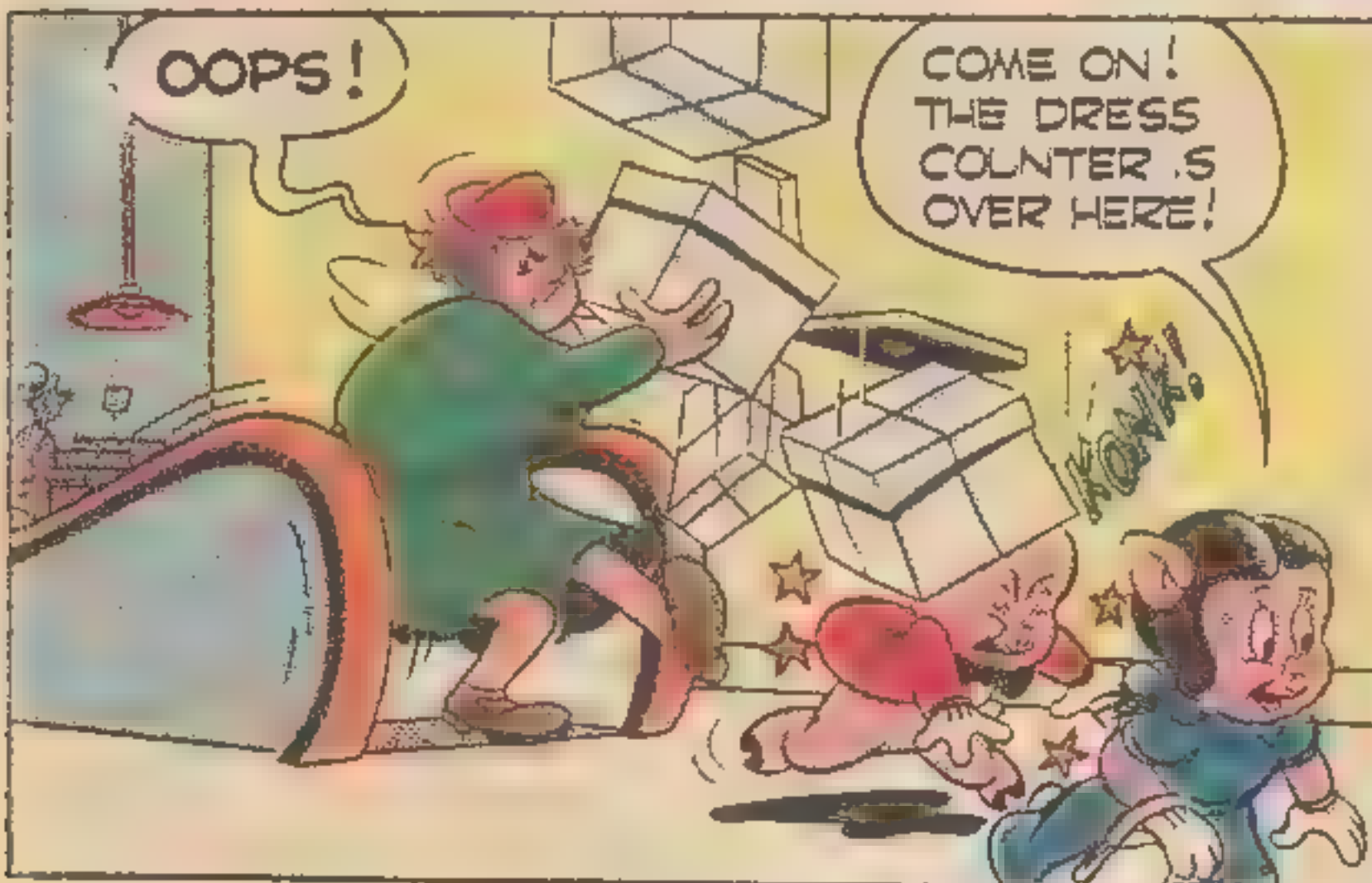
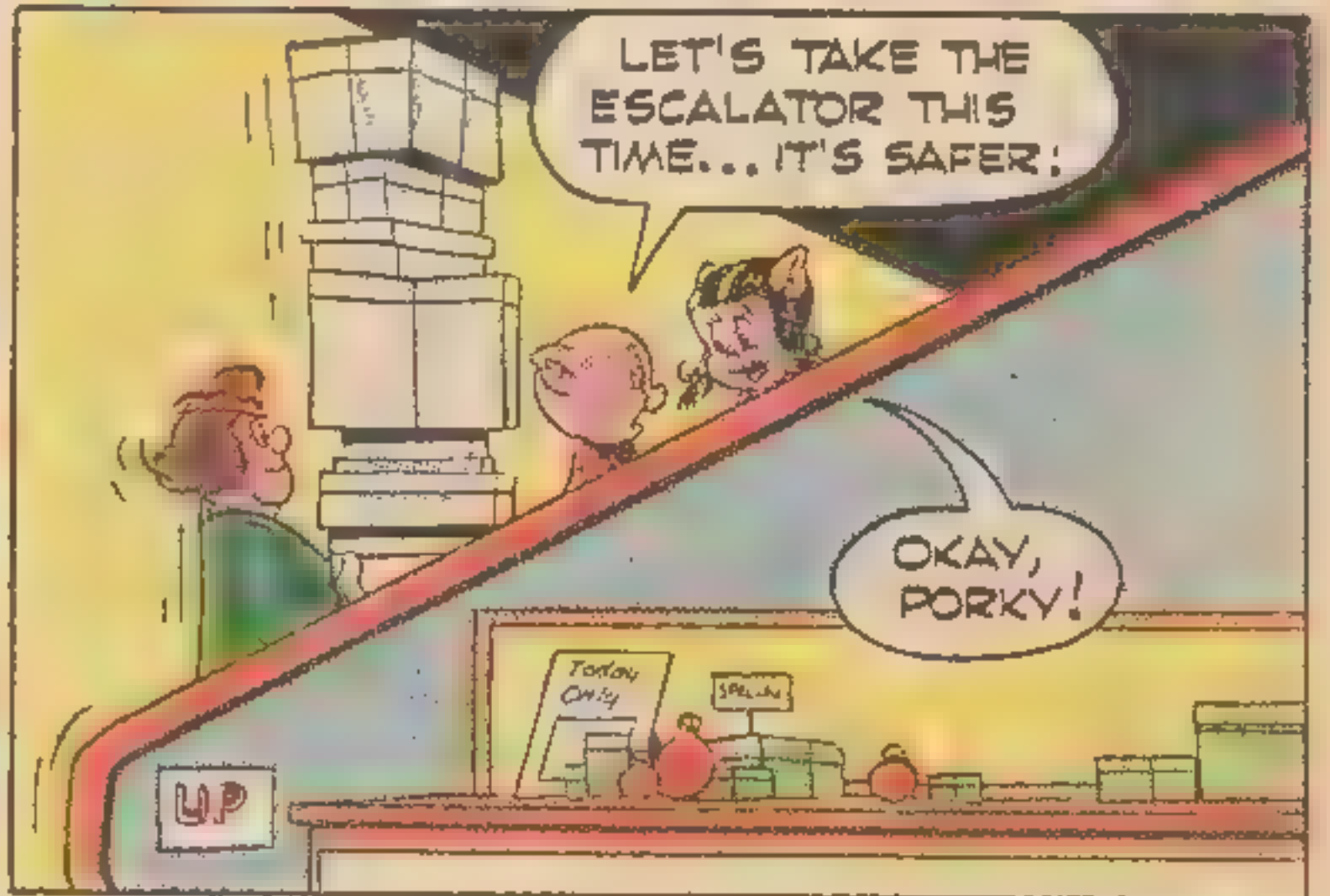
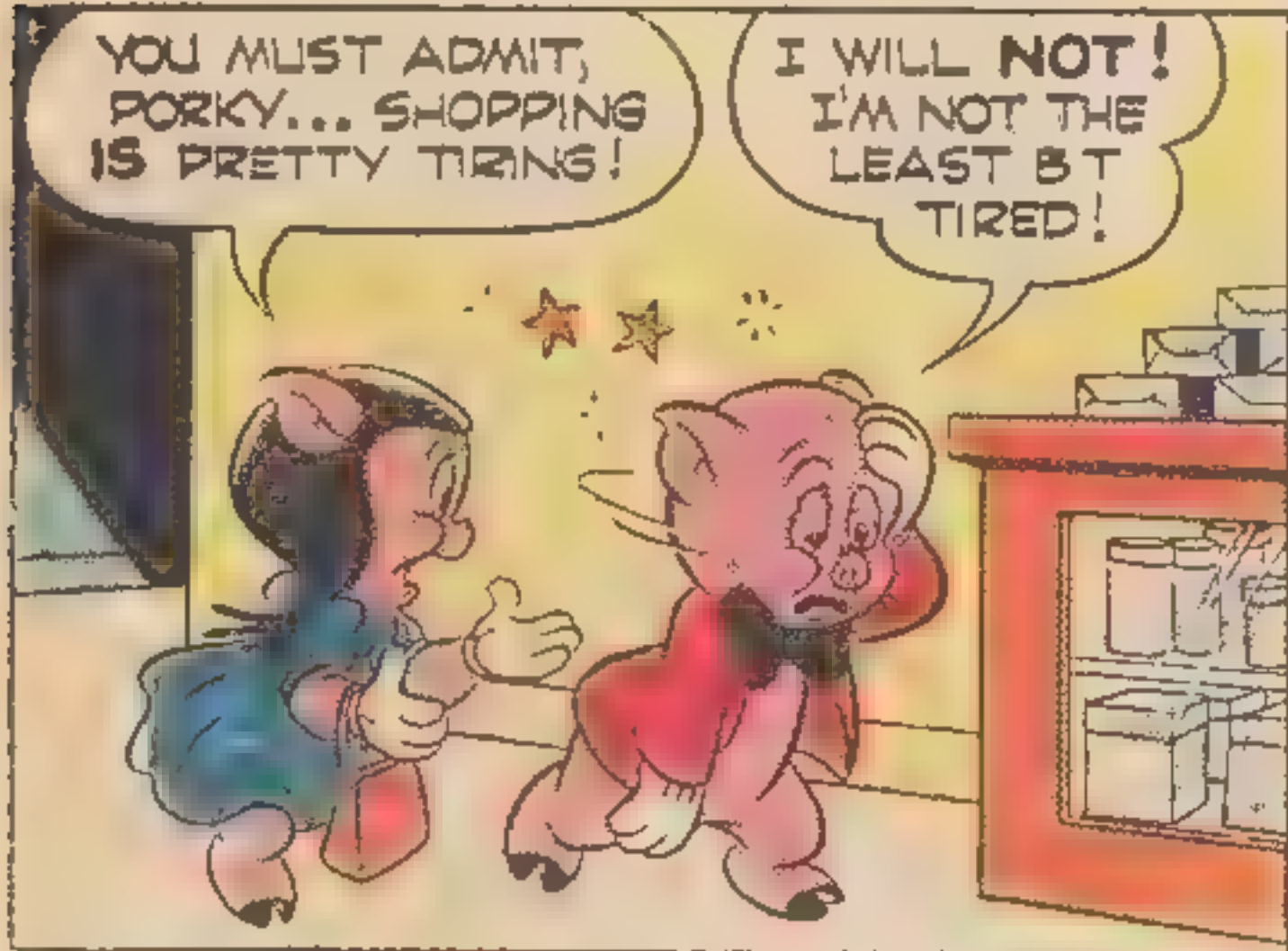
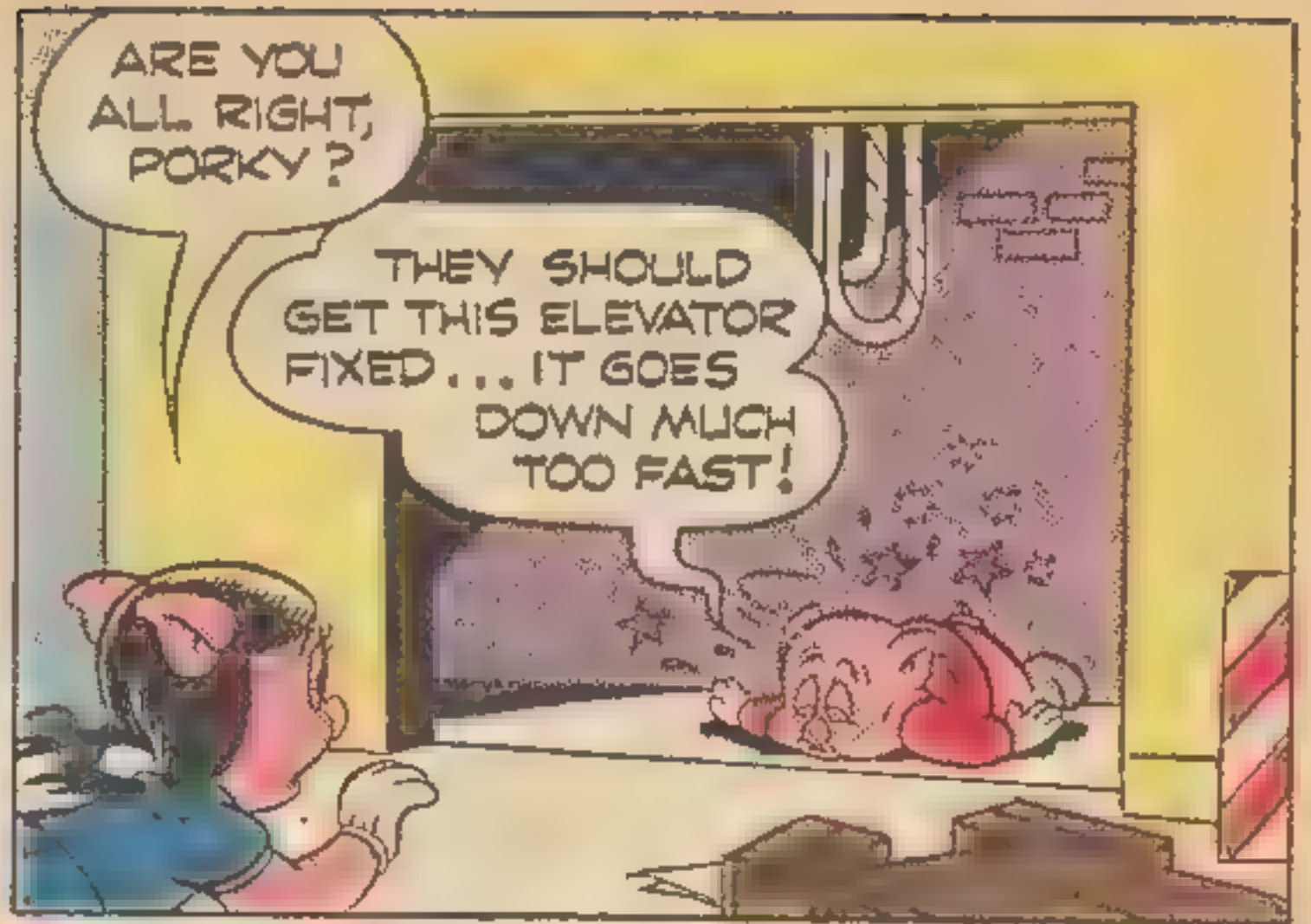
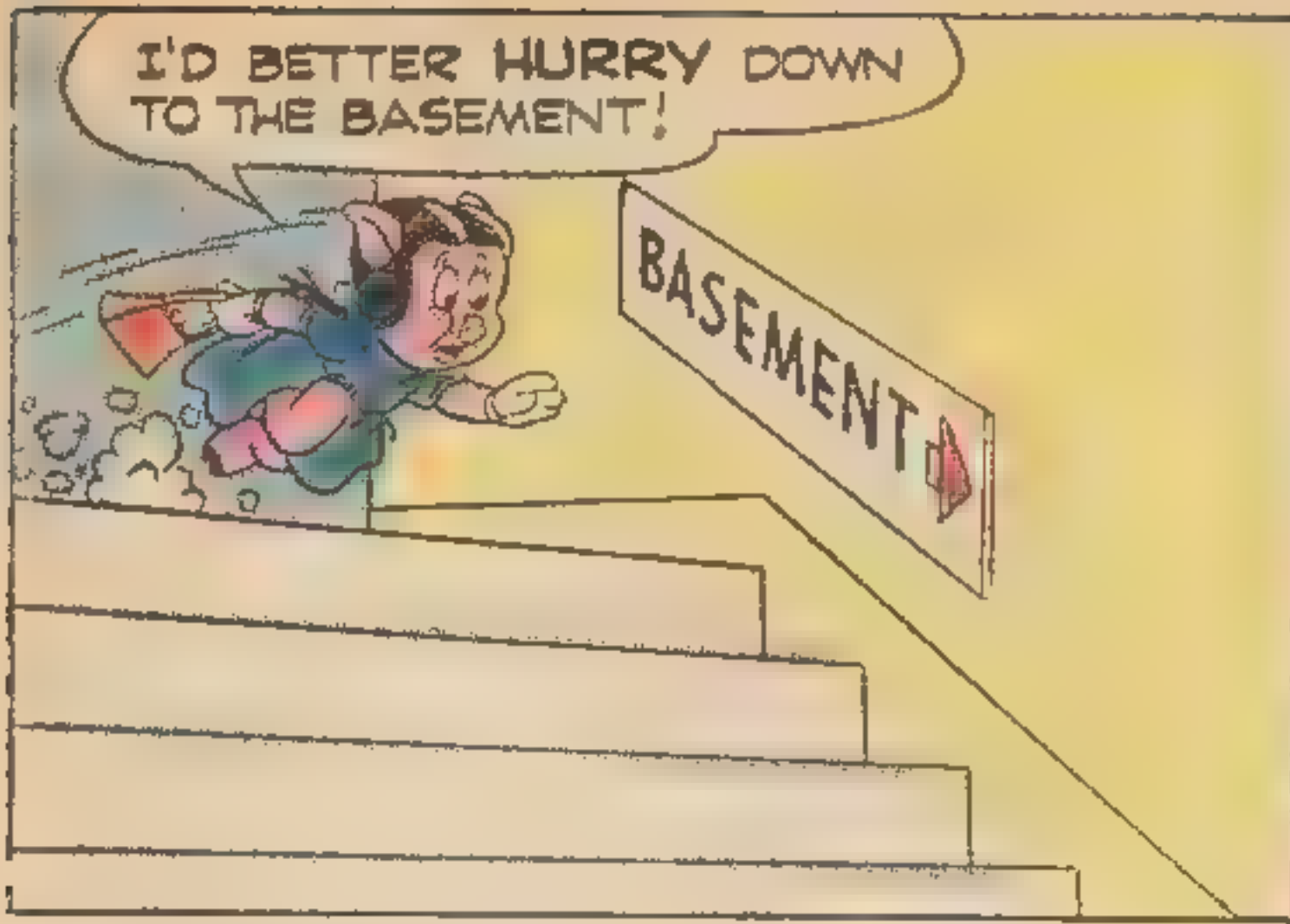
I'M TIRED JUST
THINKING
ABOUT IT!

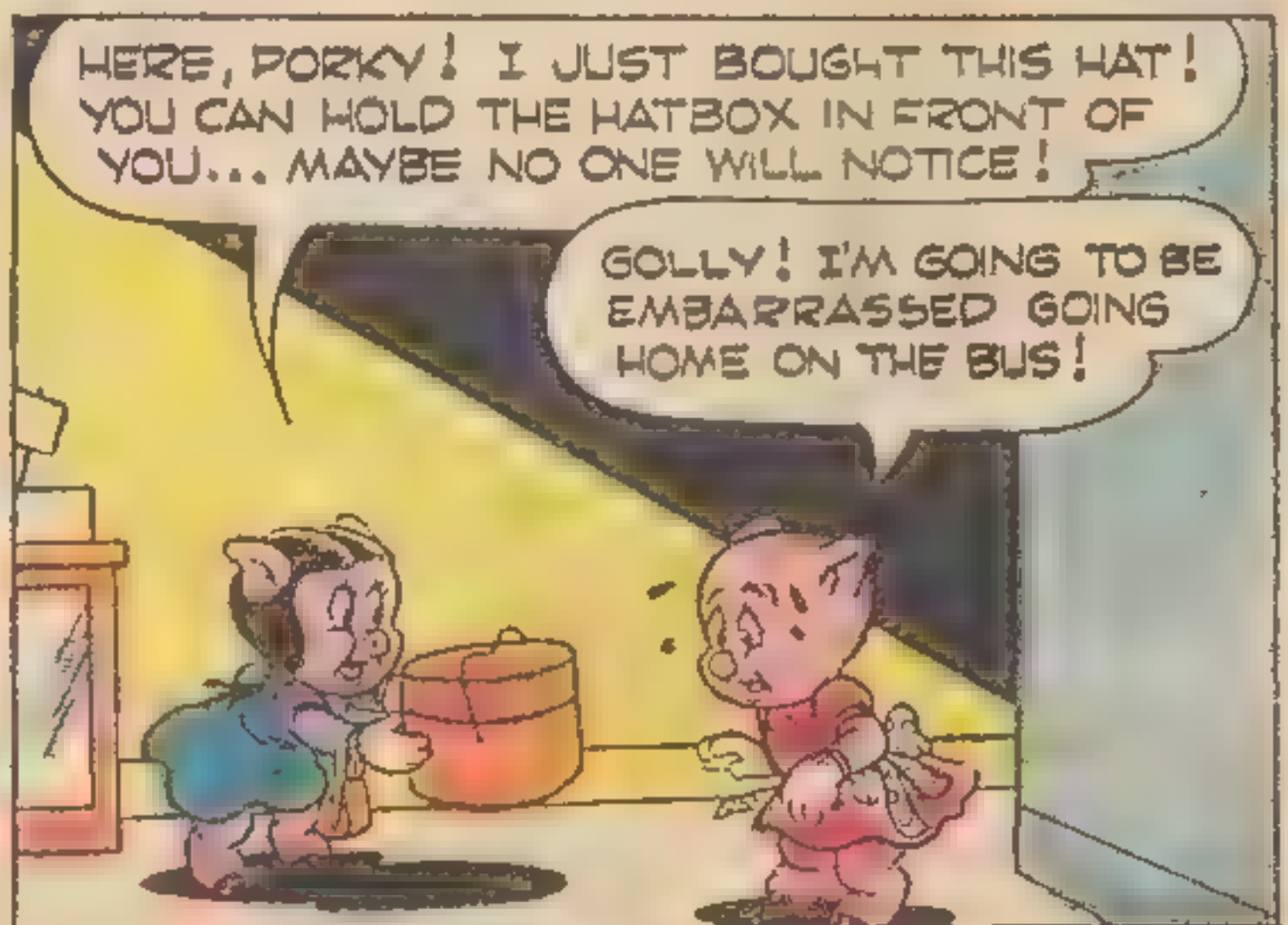
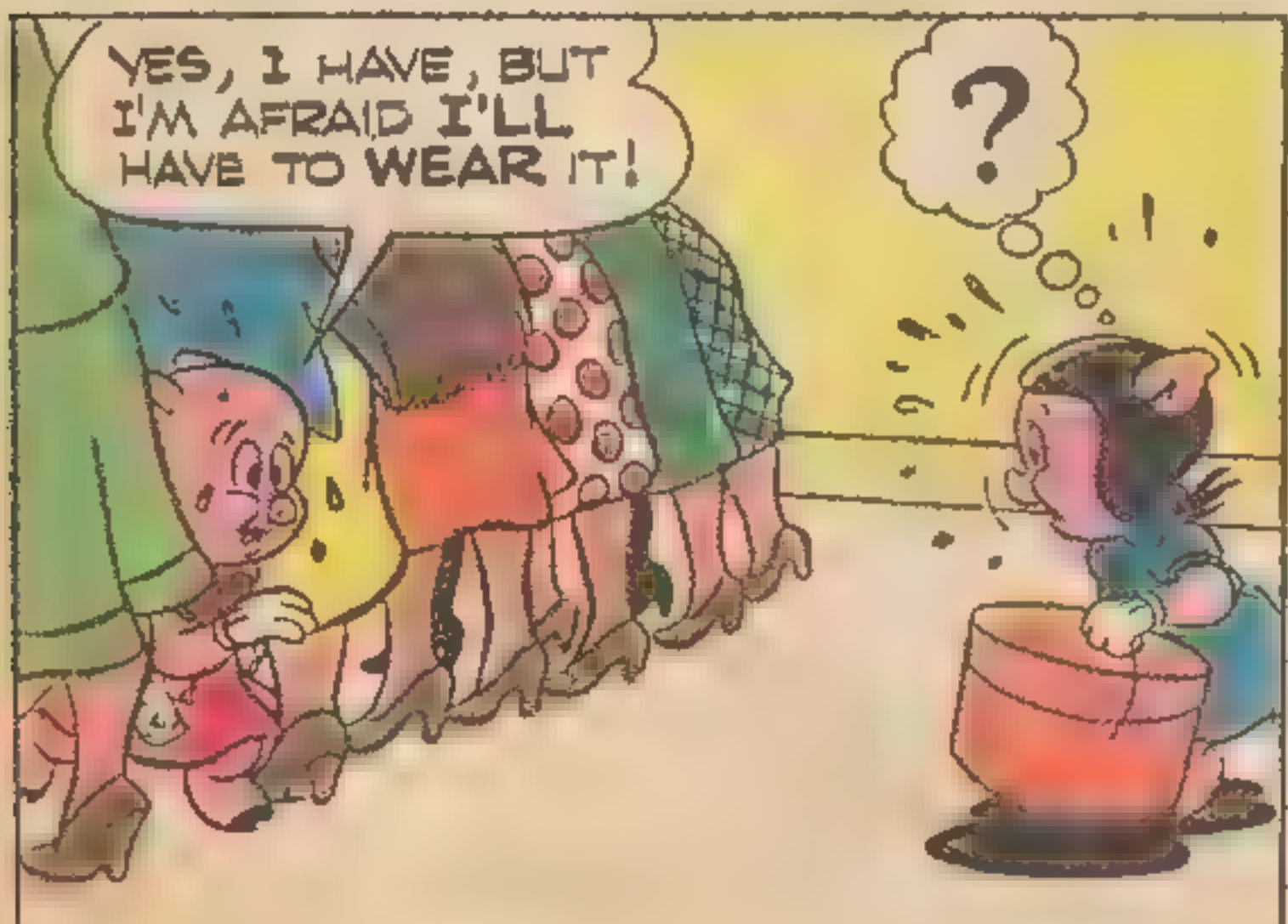
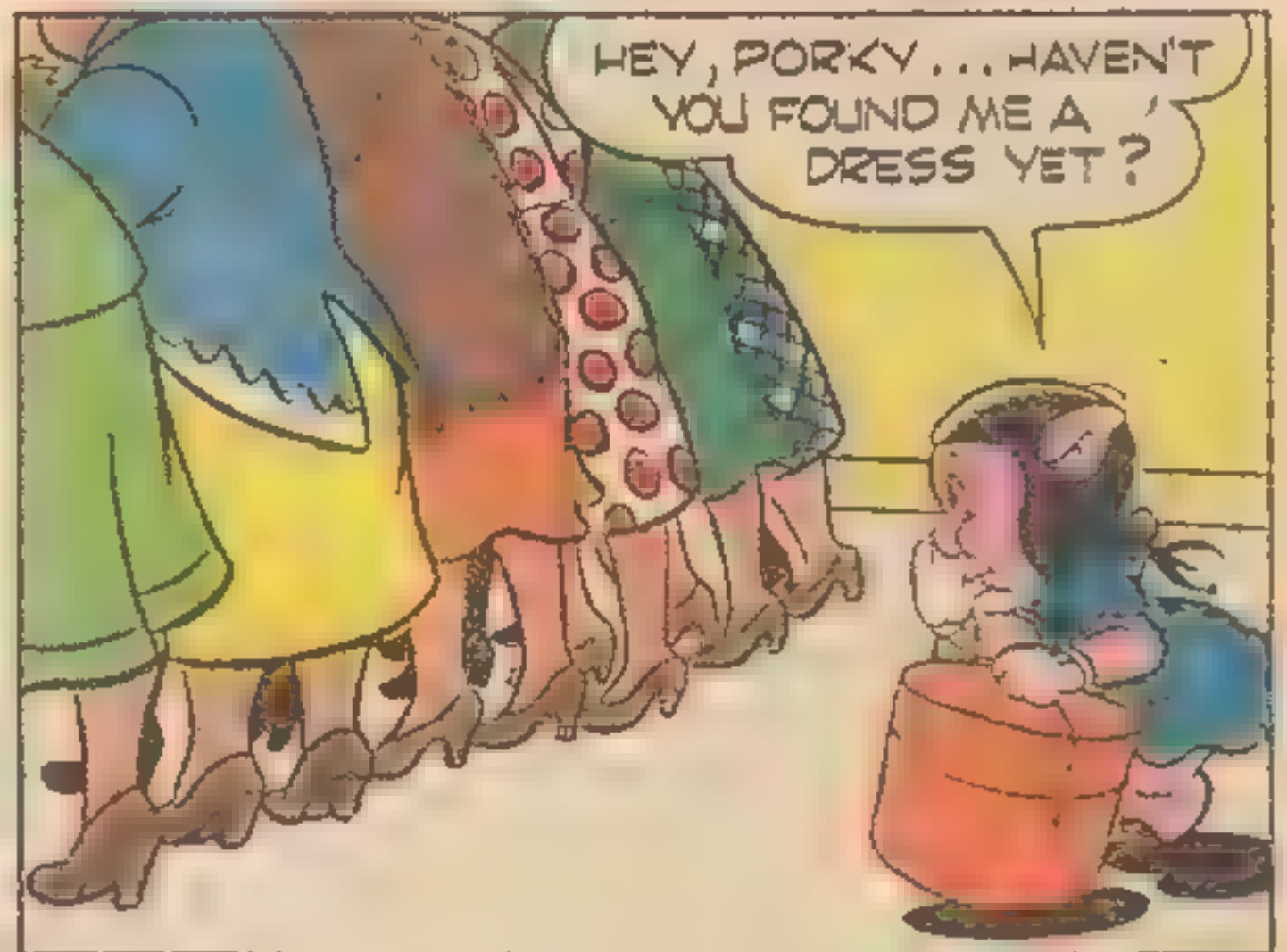
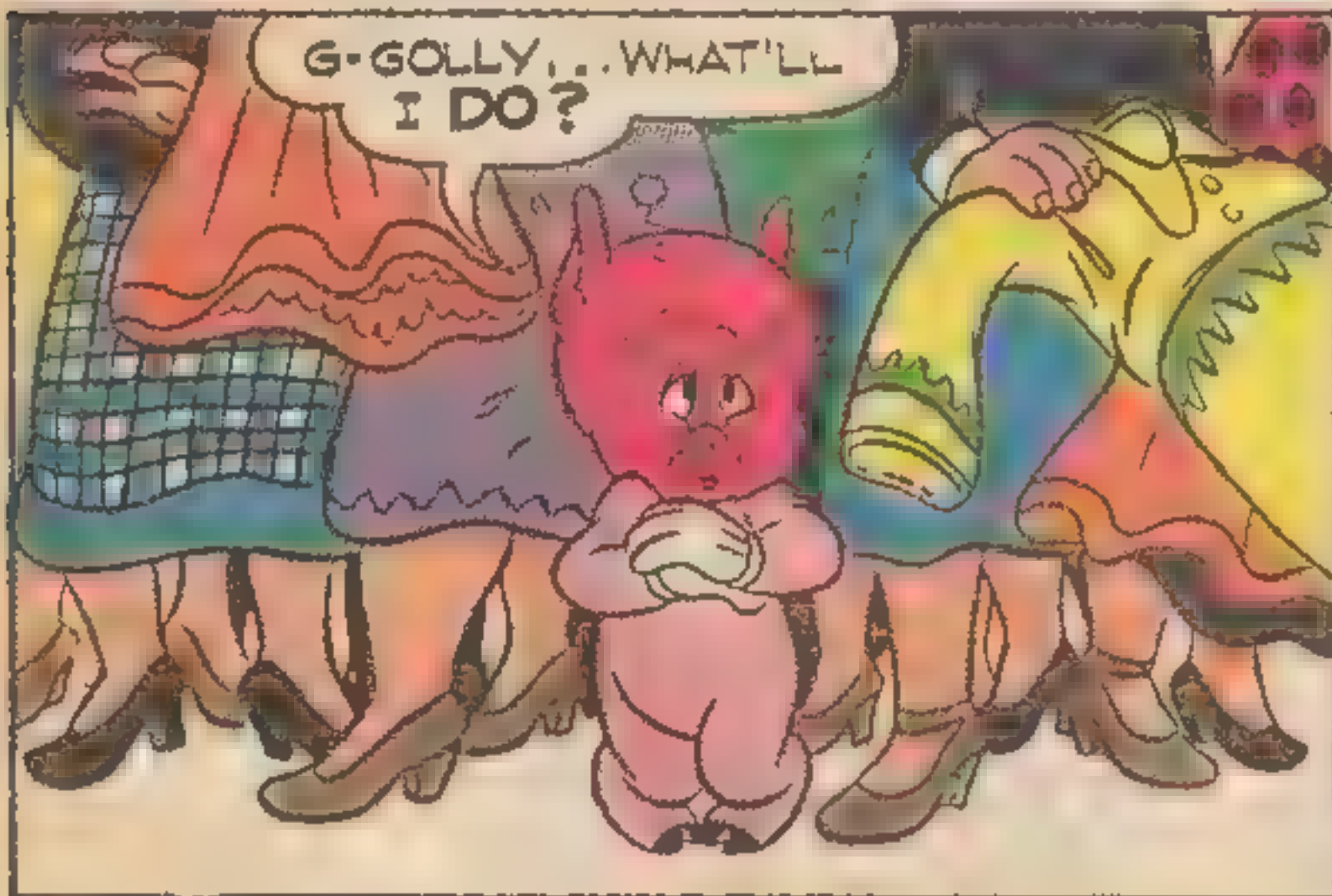
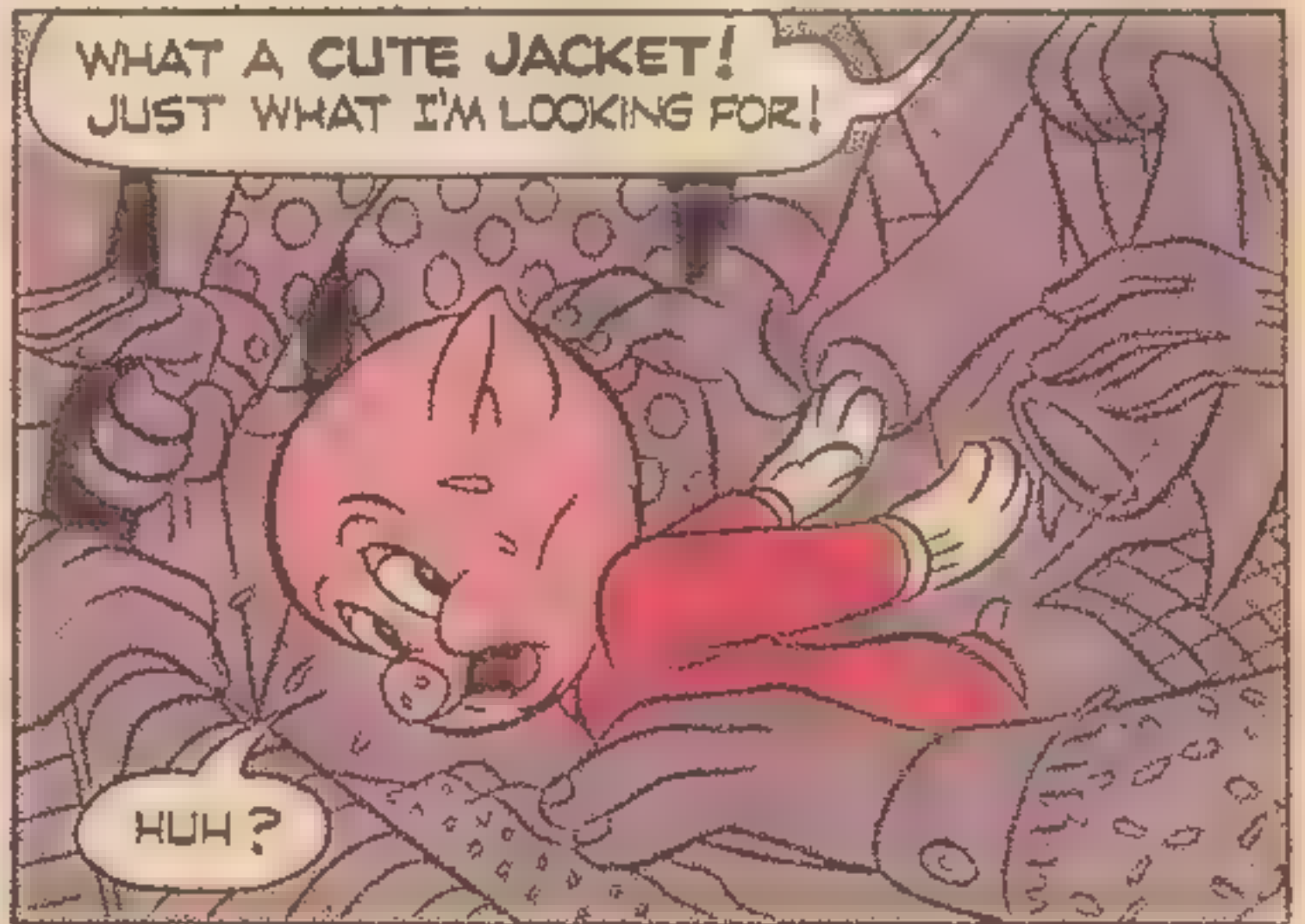
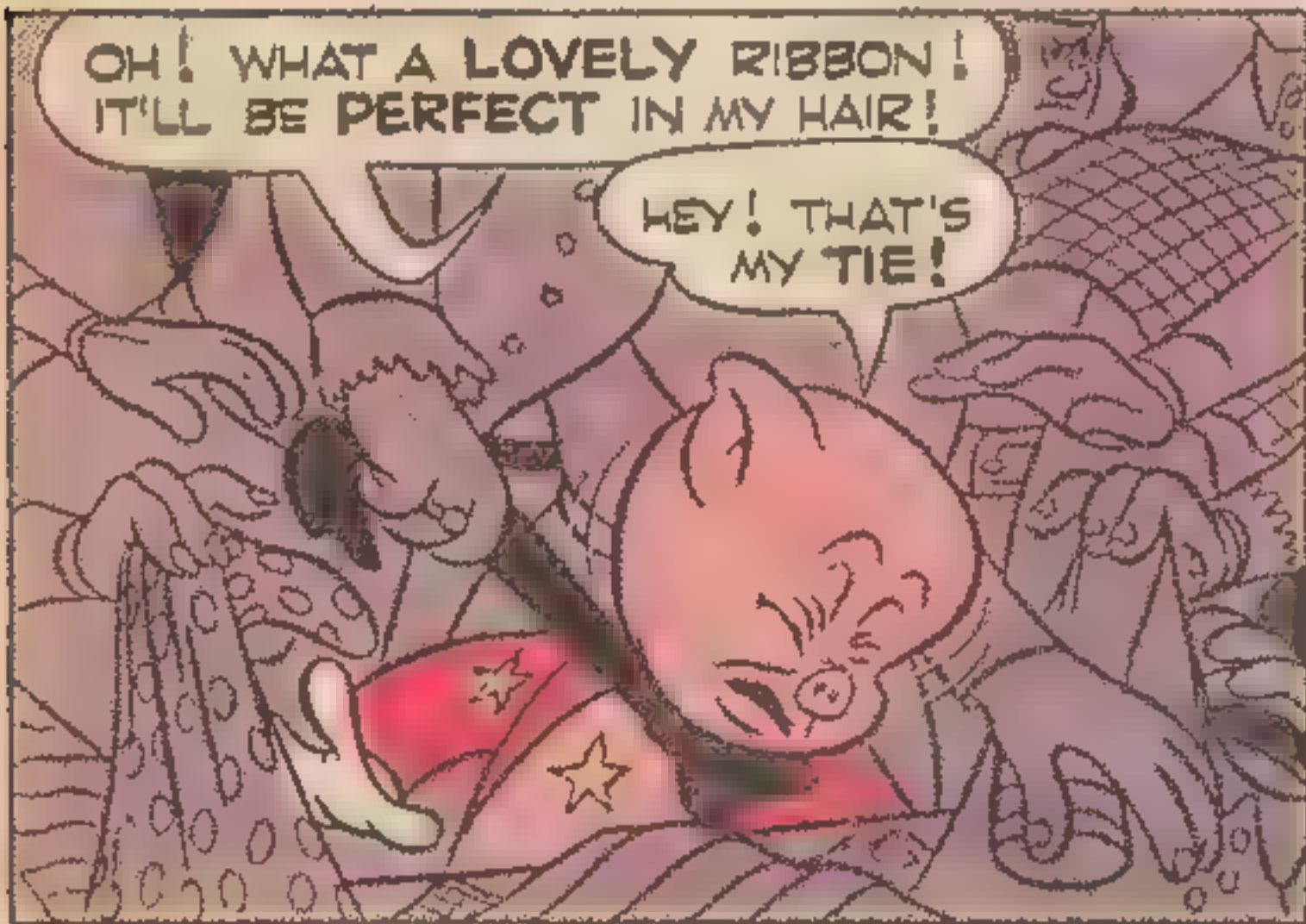
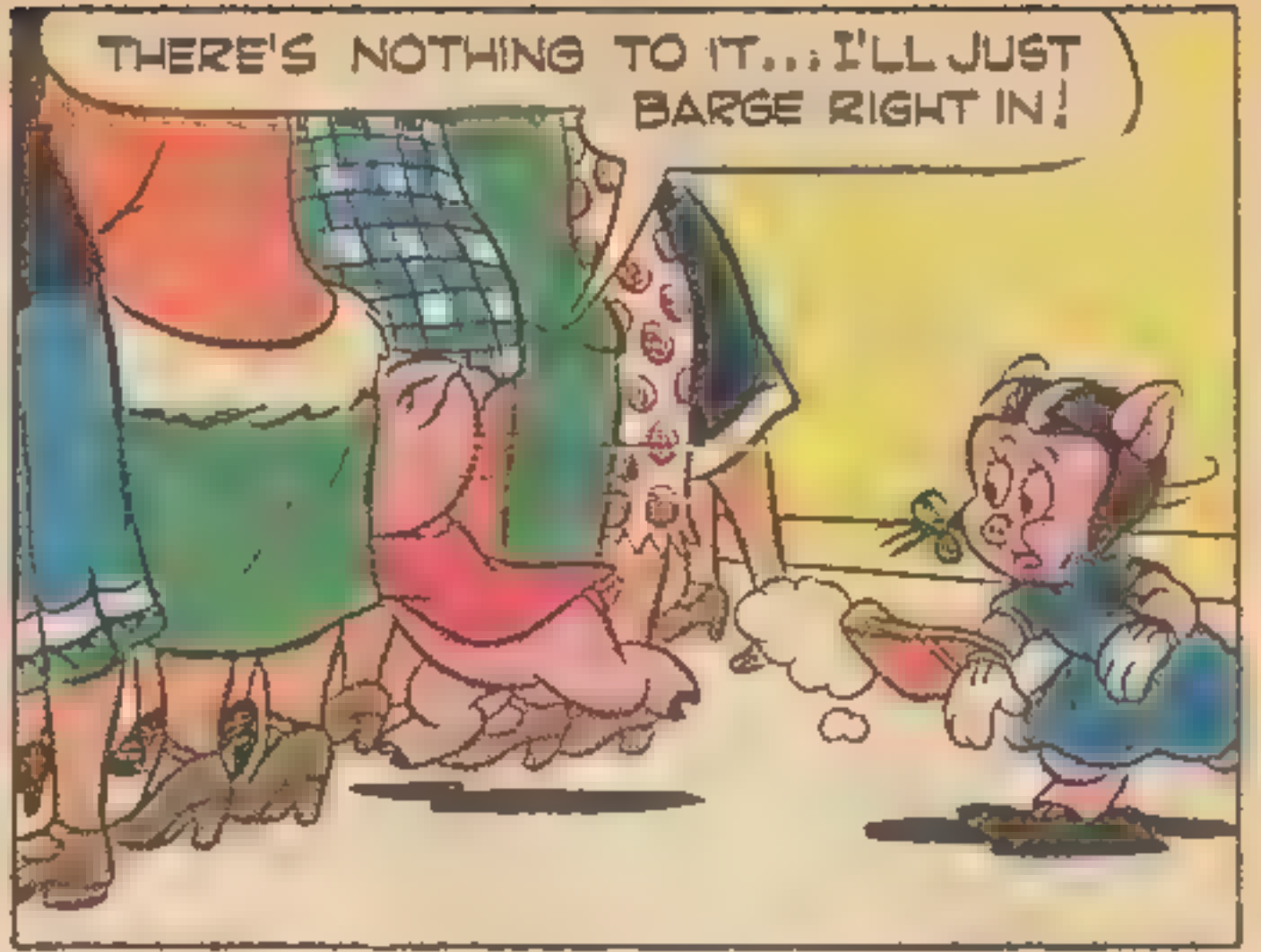
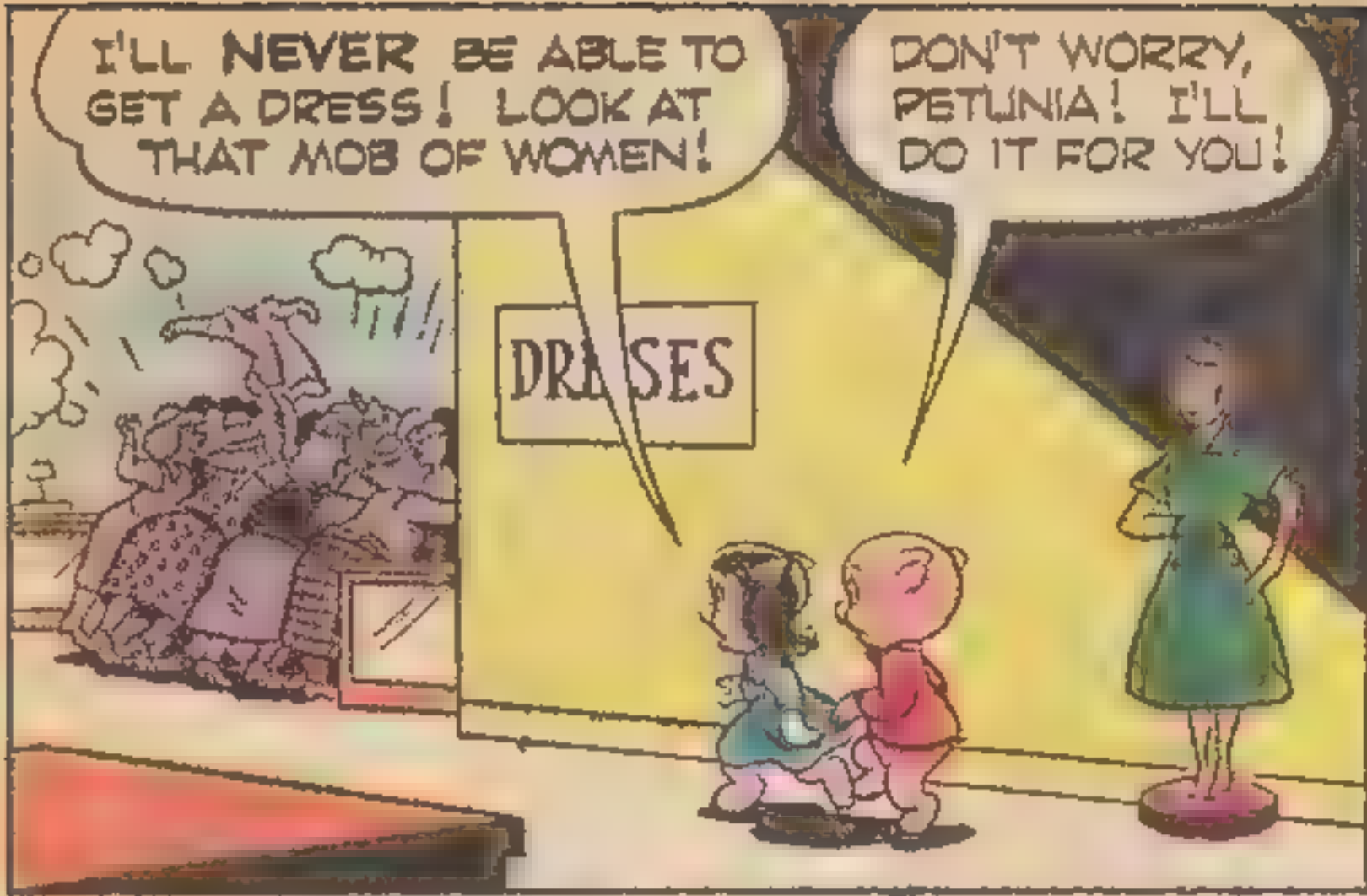
THE STORE ISN'T OPEN YET!

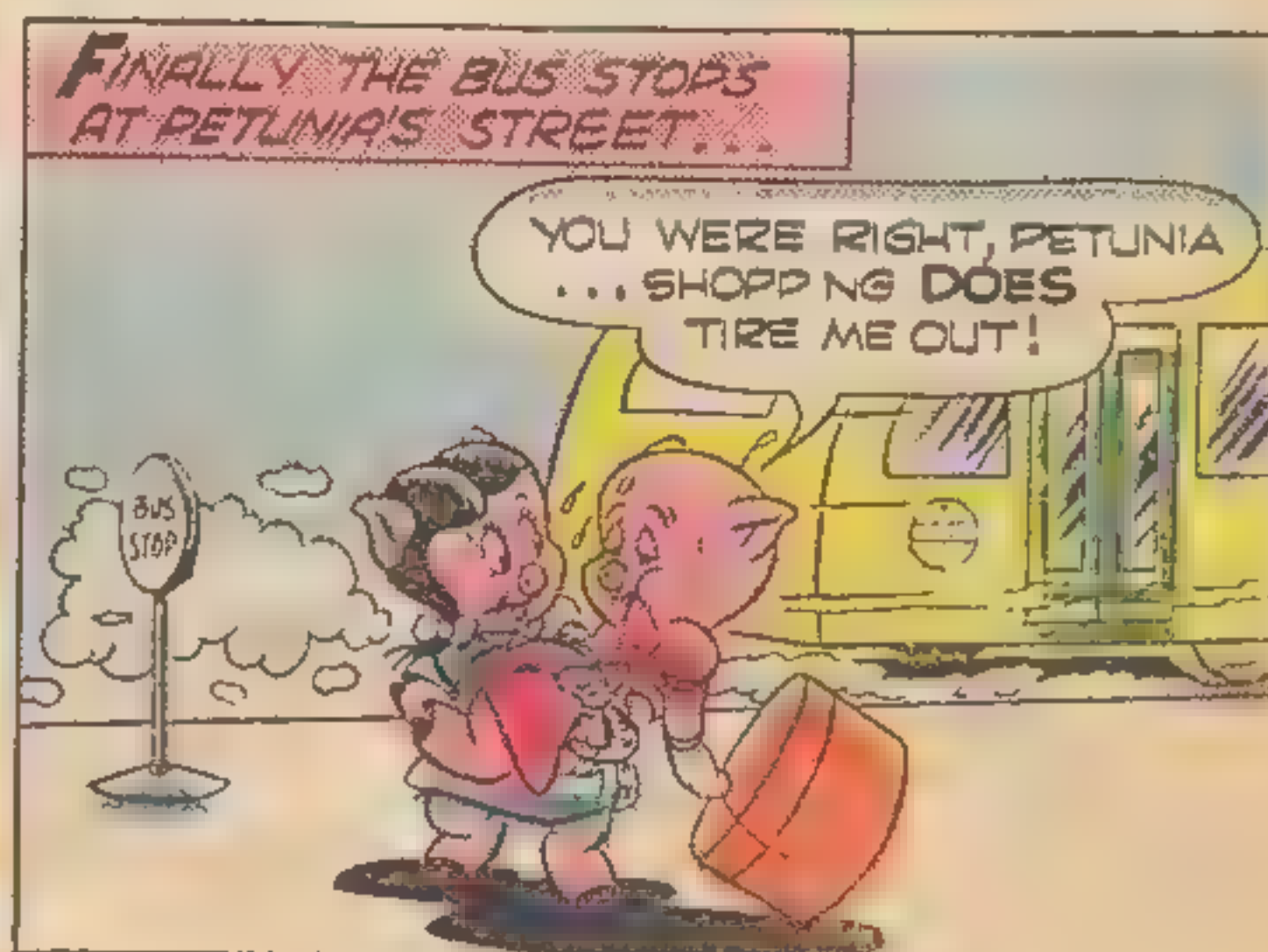
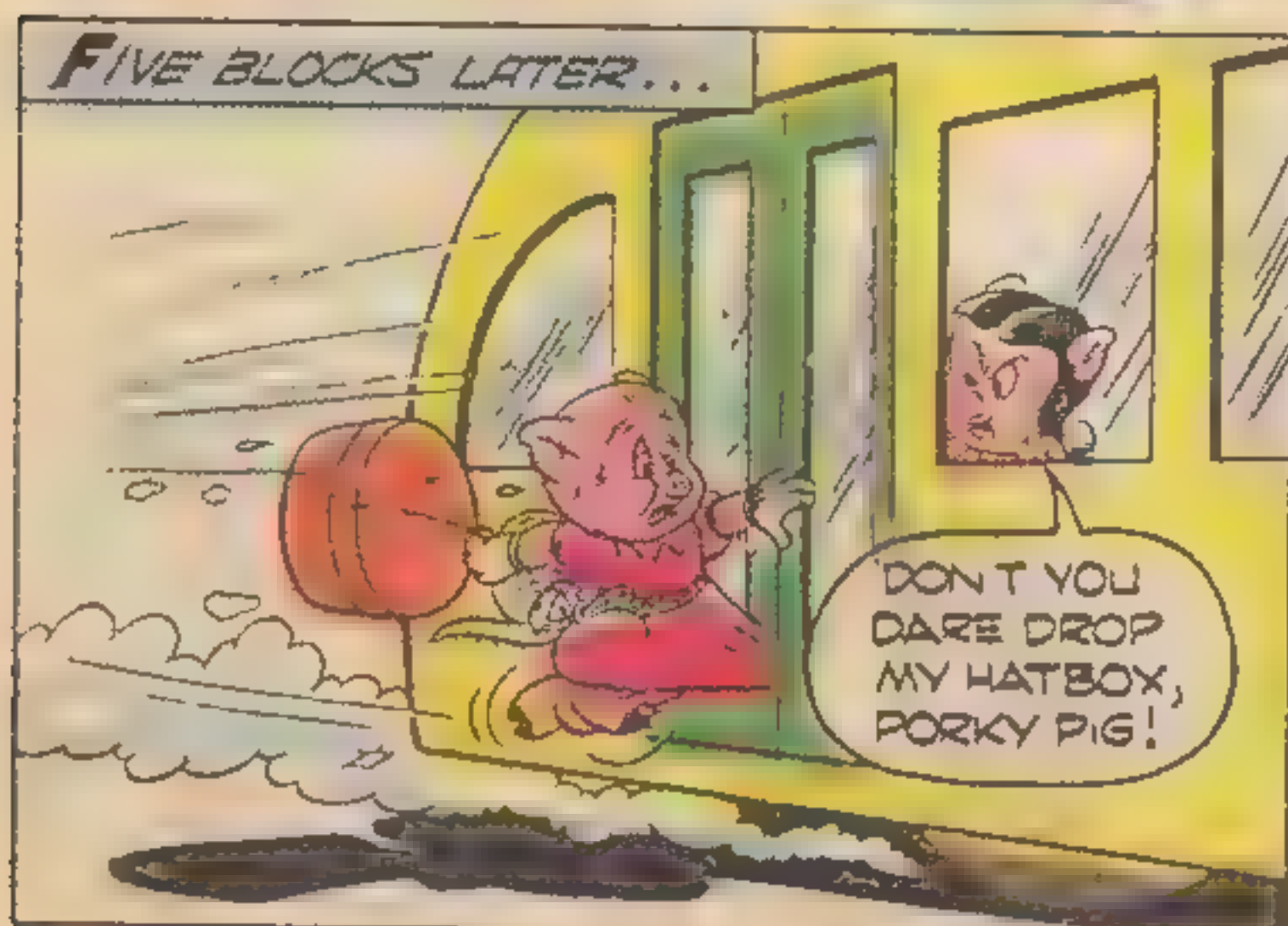
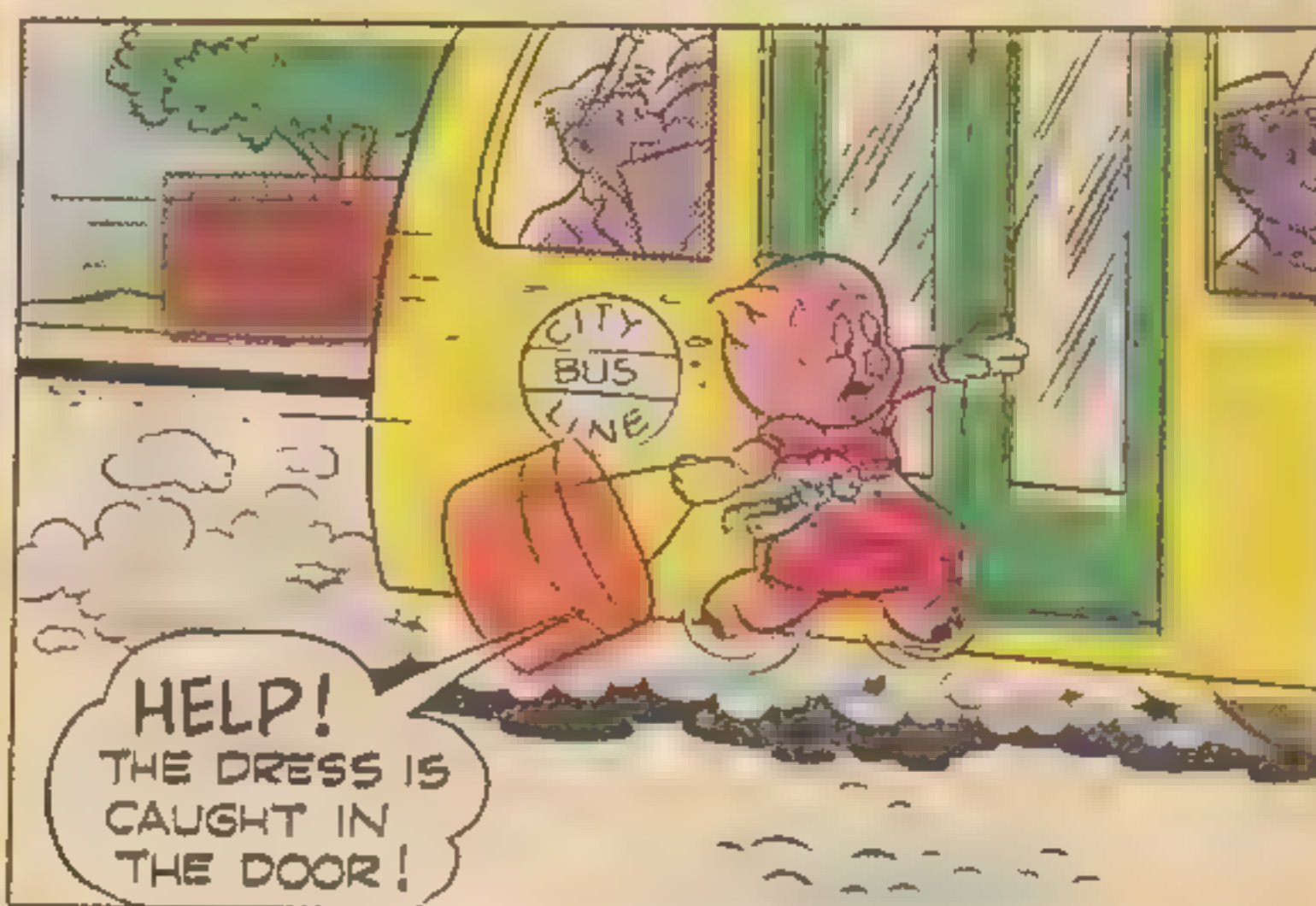
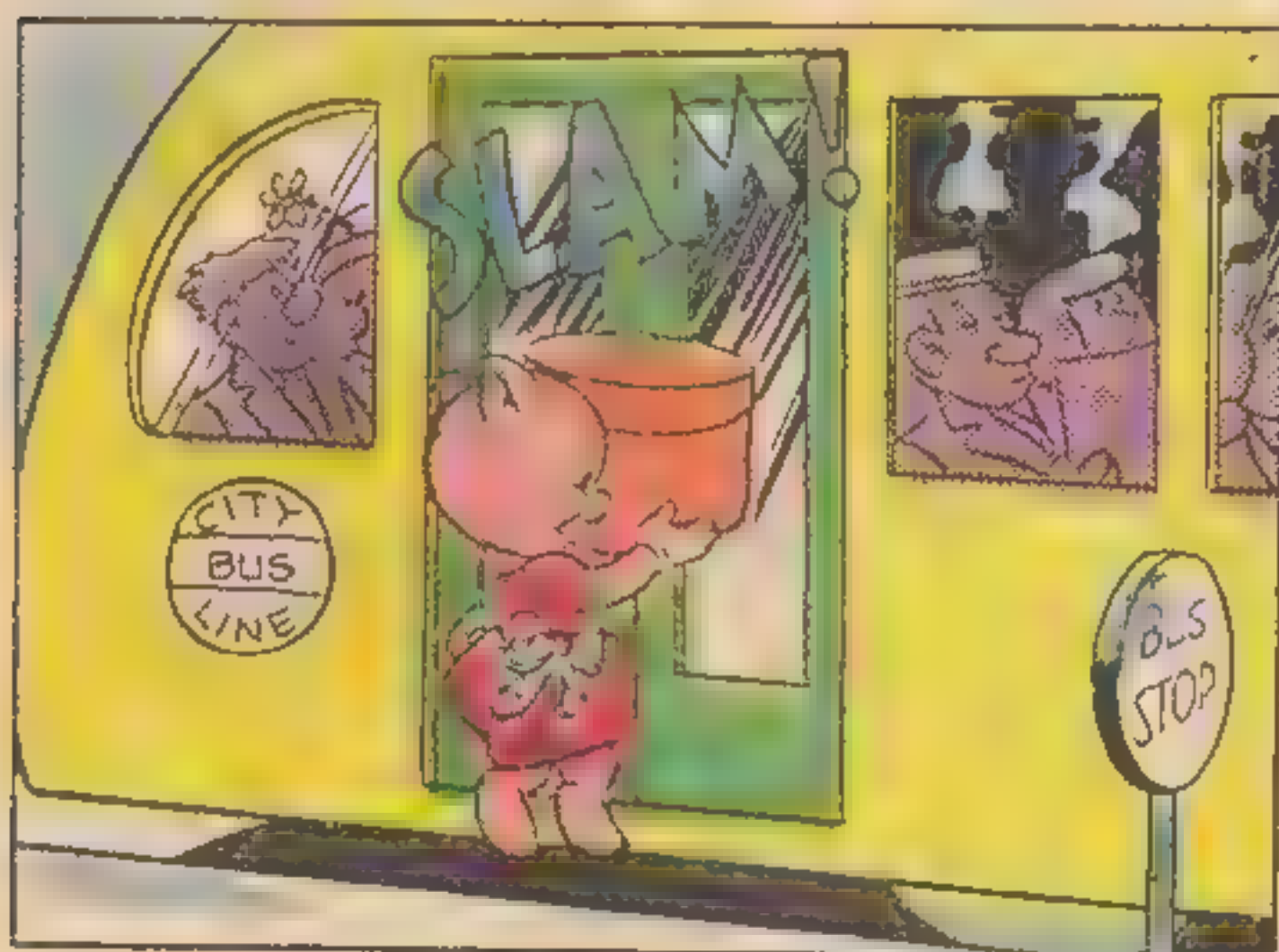
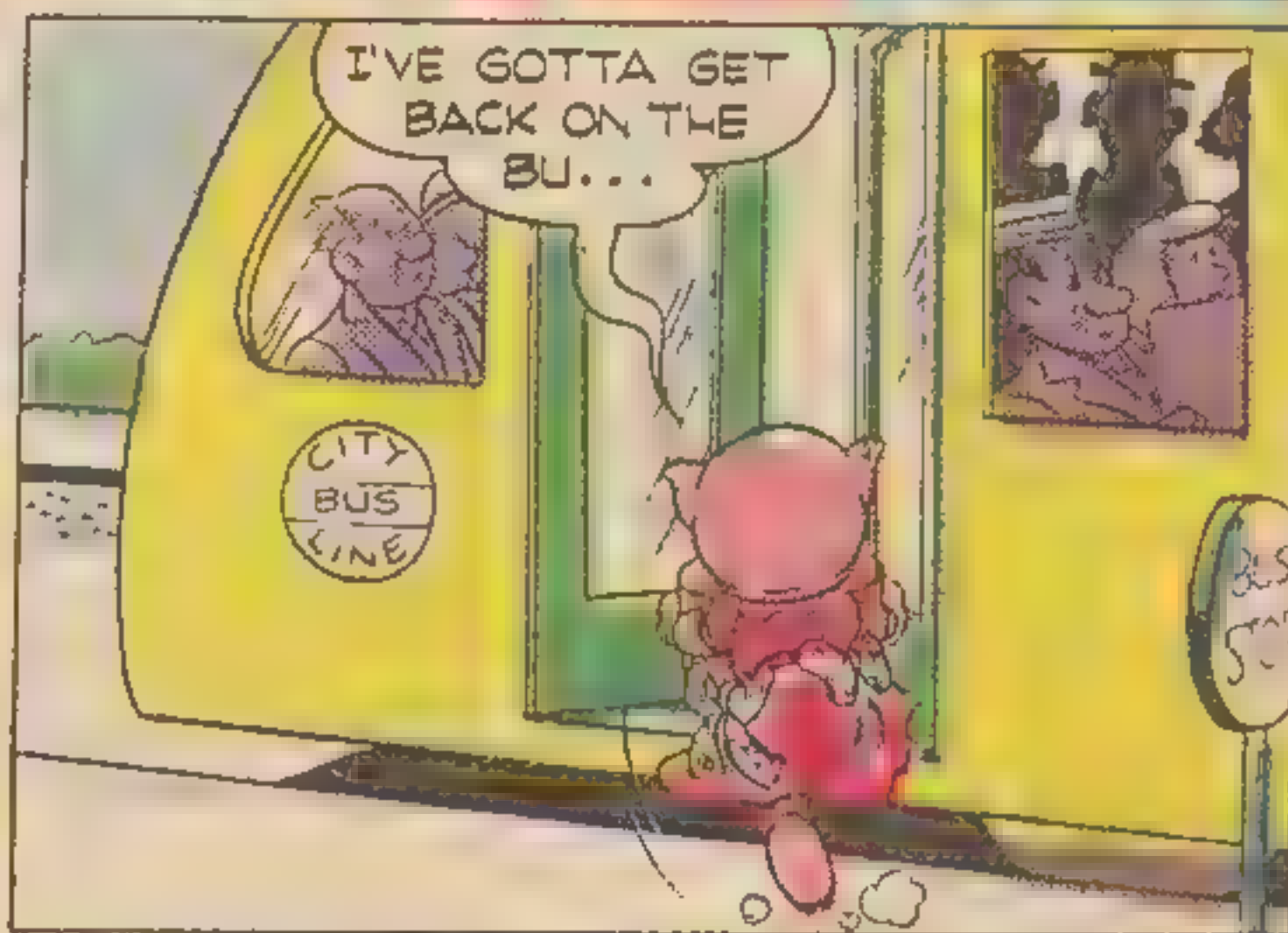
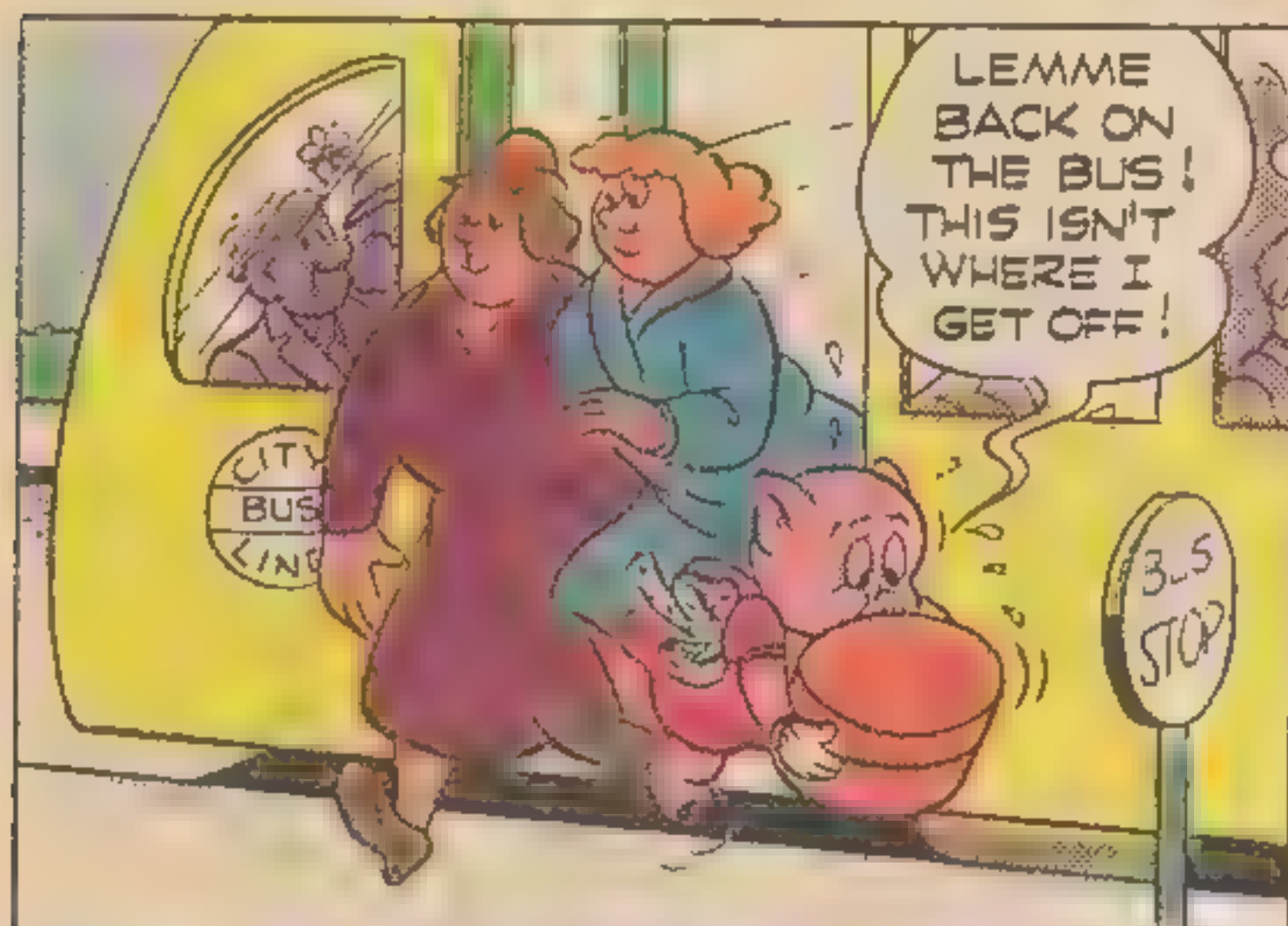
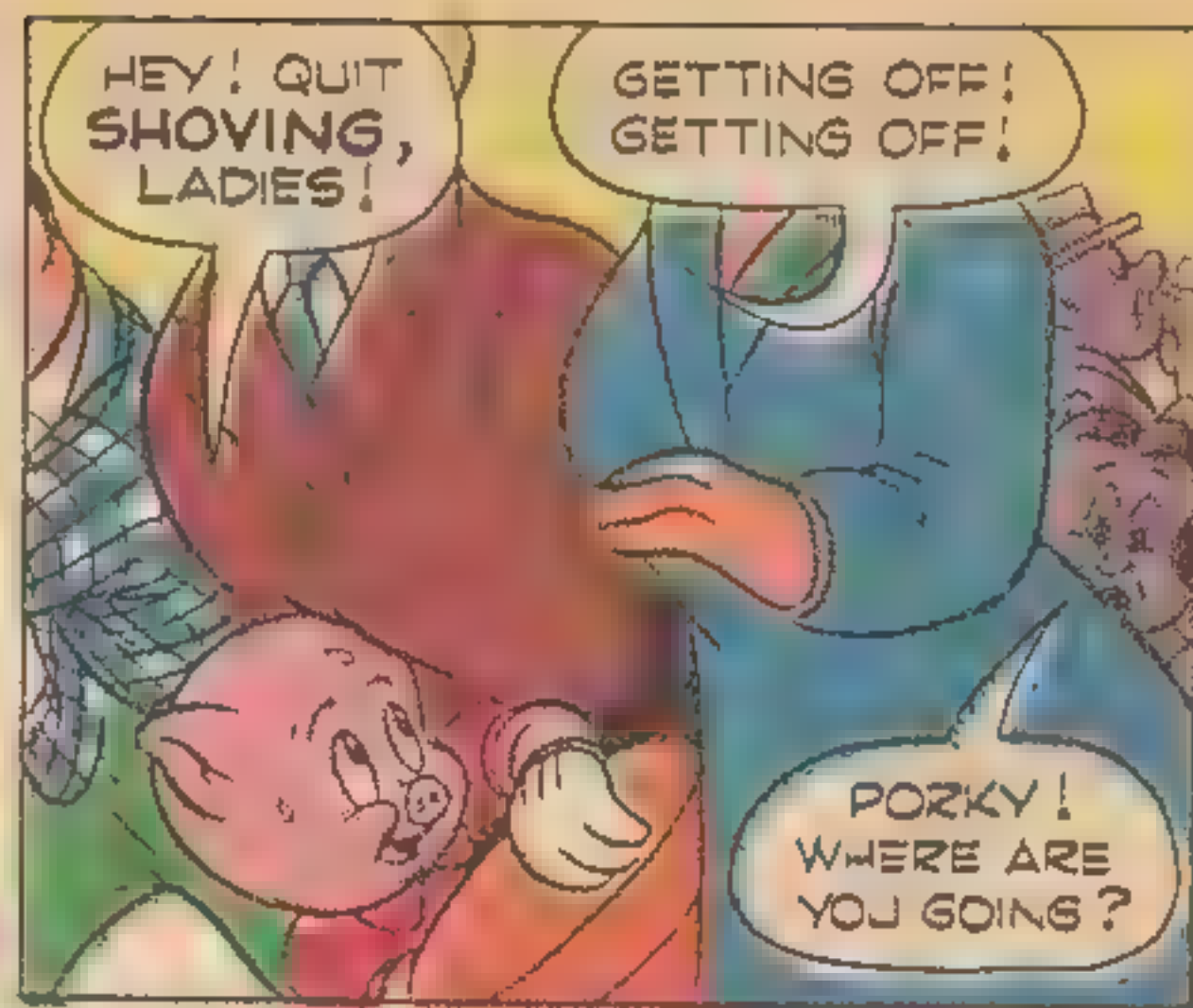
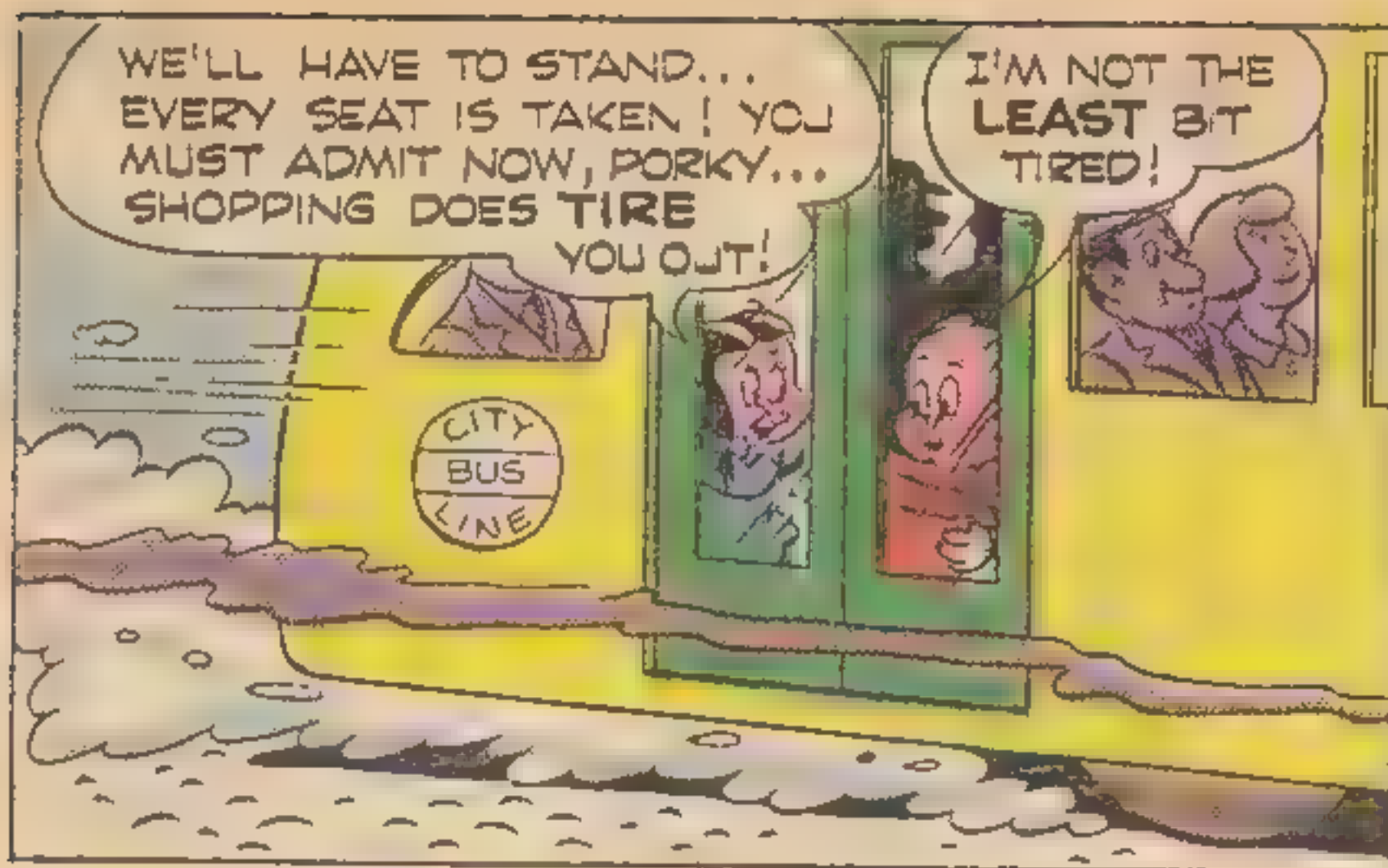
GOLLY! THERE
SURE IS A
MOB HERE!

THEY'RE OPENING
THE DOORS NOW,
PORKY!









DAFFY HENERY HAWK

OH, THAT CHICKEN HAWK! HE KEEPS ME SO ON EDGE!

ME, TOO! I'VE LOST TEN POUNDS IN THE LAST TEN MINUTES!

SUFFERING SASSAFRAS! WHERE IS THIS TERROR, GALS?

SH-H-H! THERE HE IS...SEE?

WHAT? YOU MEAN LI'L OL' HENERY HAWK?

HA! HA! ~~WELL~~ IMAGINE BEING SCARED OF A LITTLE UPSTART LIKE THAT!

WELL, HE IS A CHICKEN HAWK!

YOU'RE JUST LUCKY HE DOESN'T PREY ON DUCKS!

LET'S SEE NOW... ROPES... TRAPS... SNARES...

THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT CHICKEN-CATCHING SCHEME HE'S HATCHING RIGHT NOW!

OKAY! OKAY! IF IT'LL HELP ANY I'LL SCOUT AROUND AND SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO!

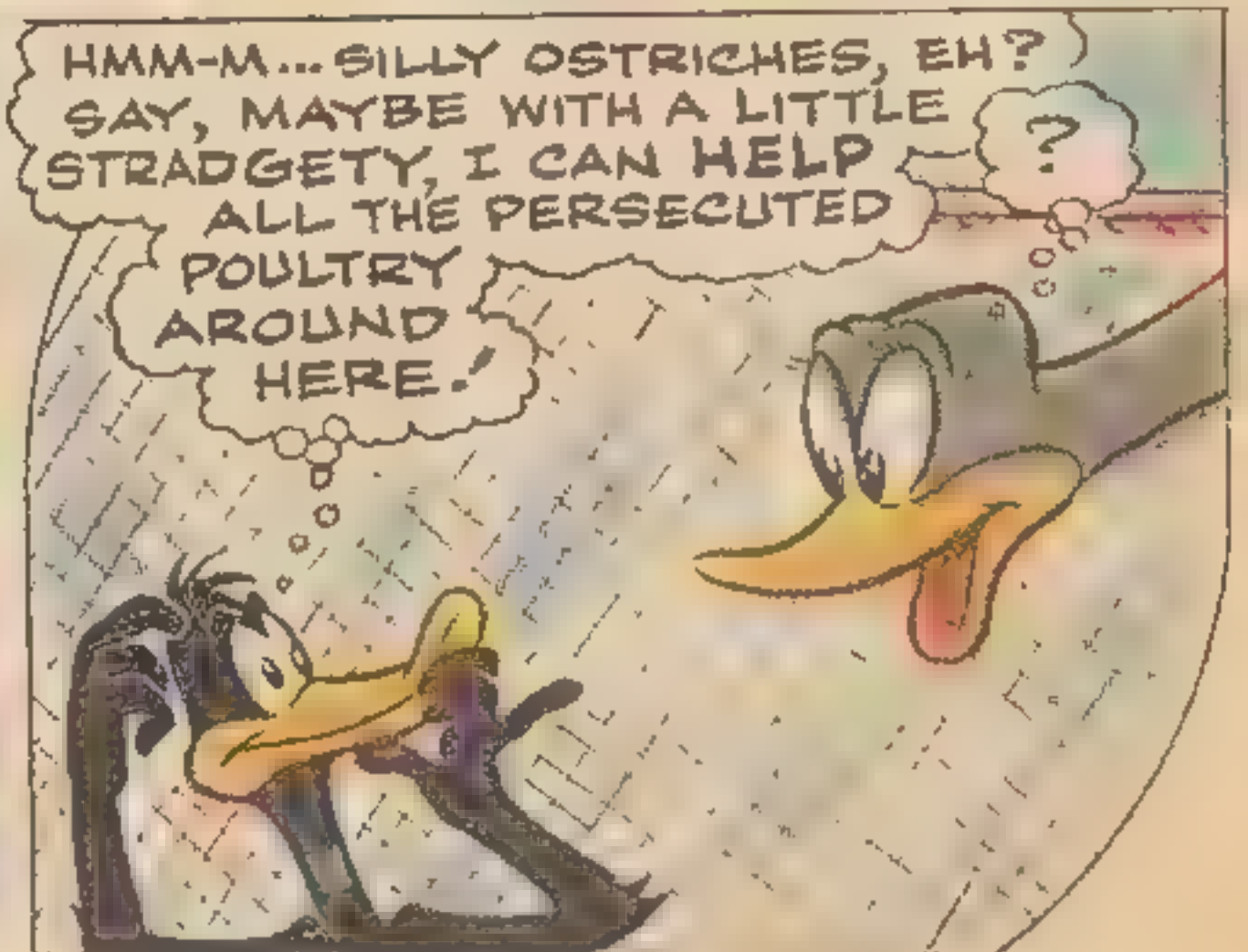
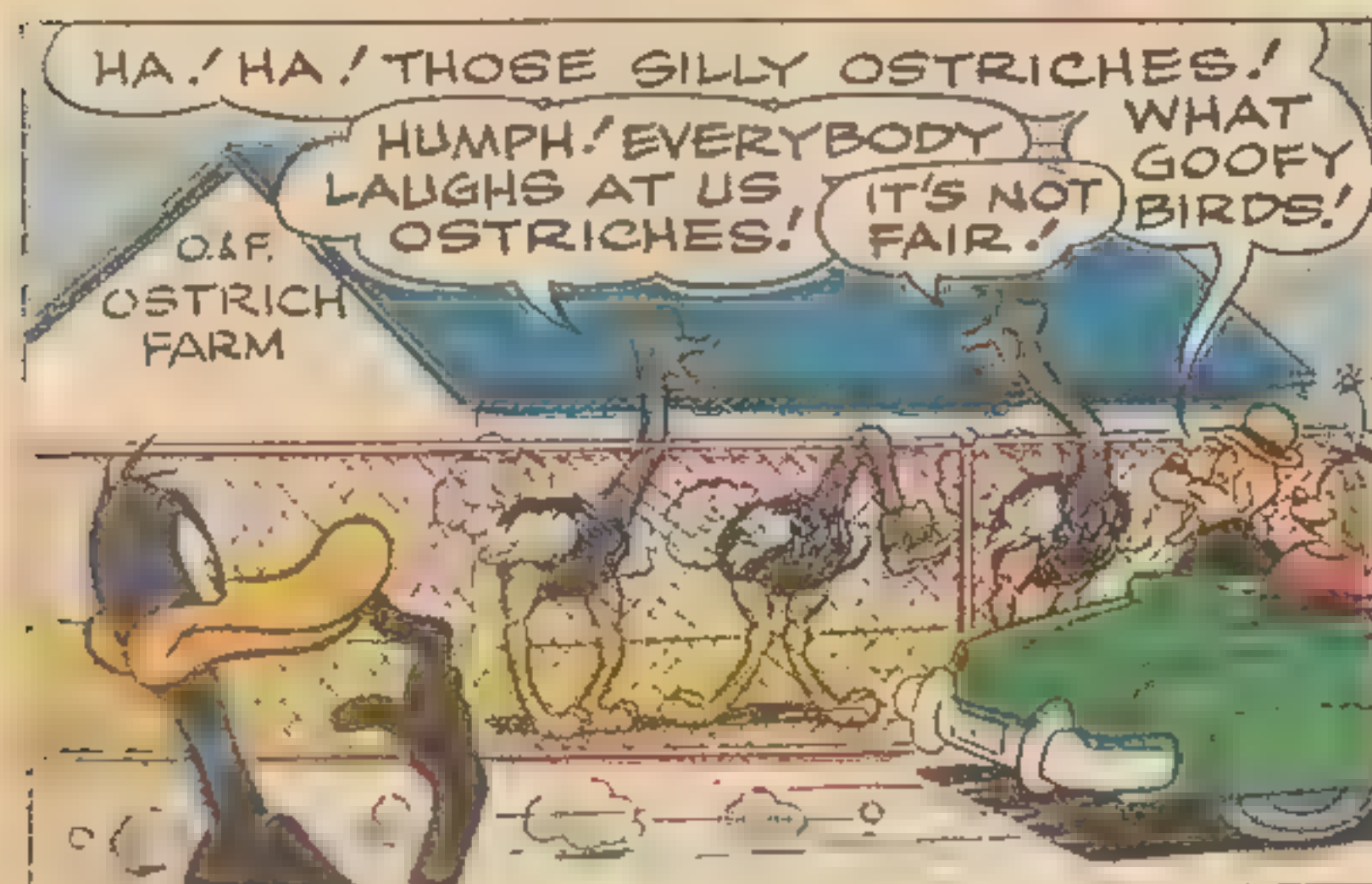
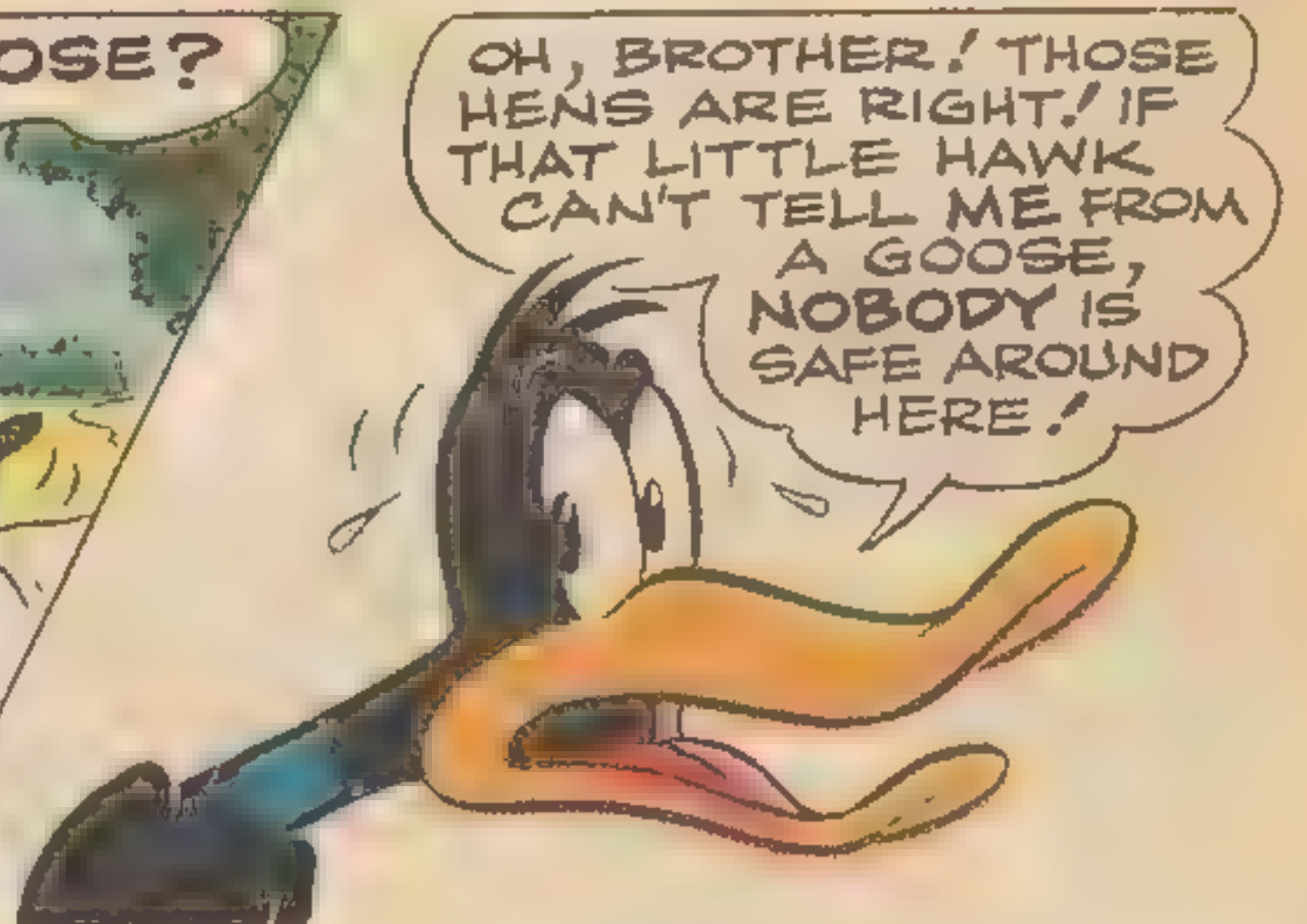
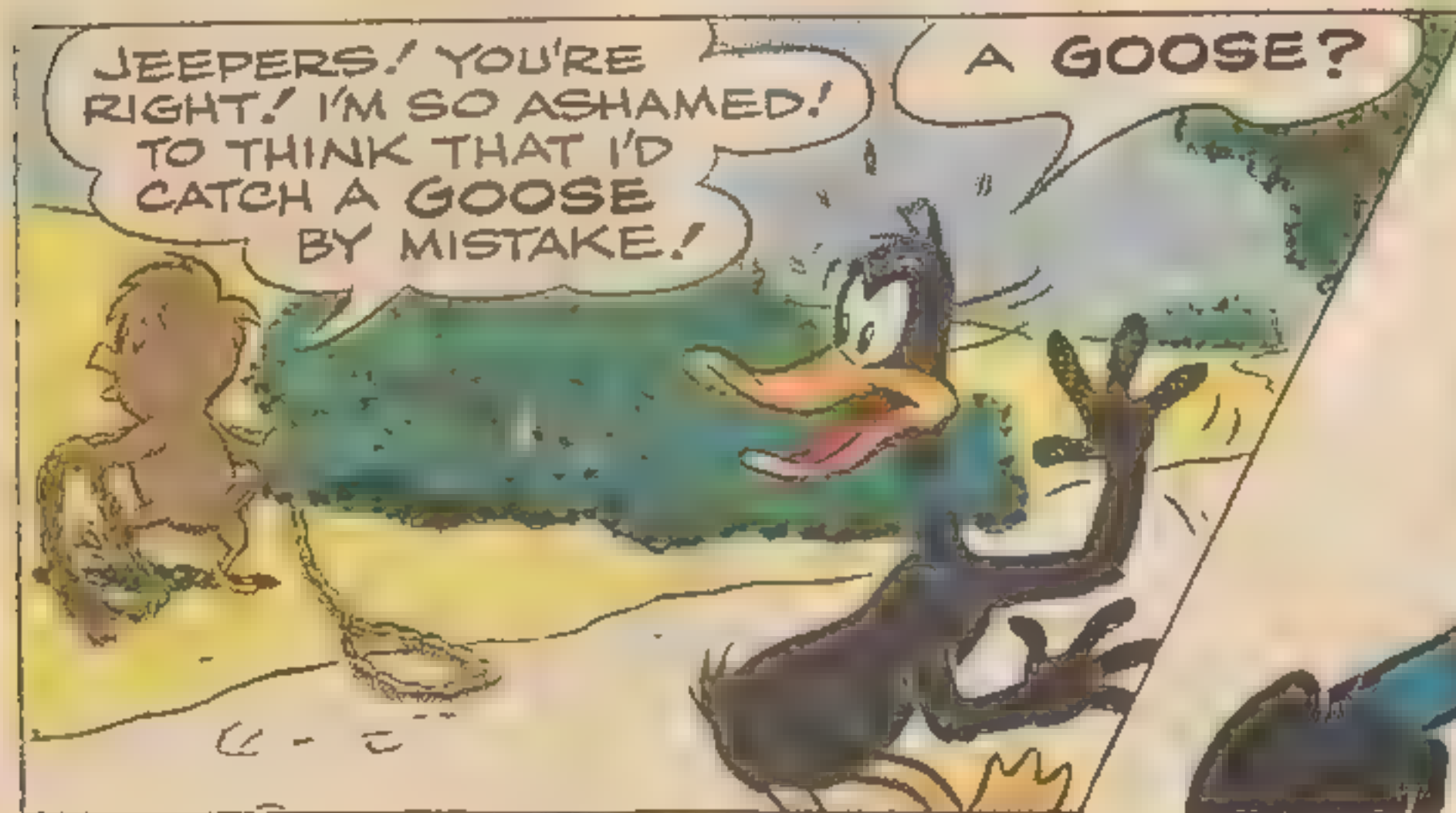
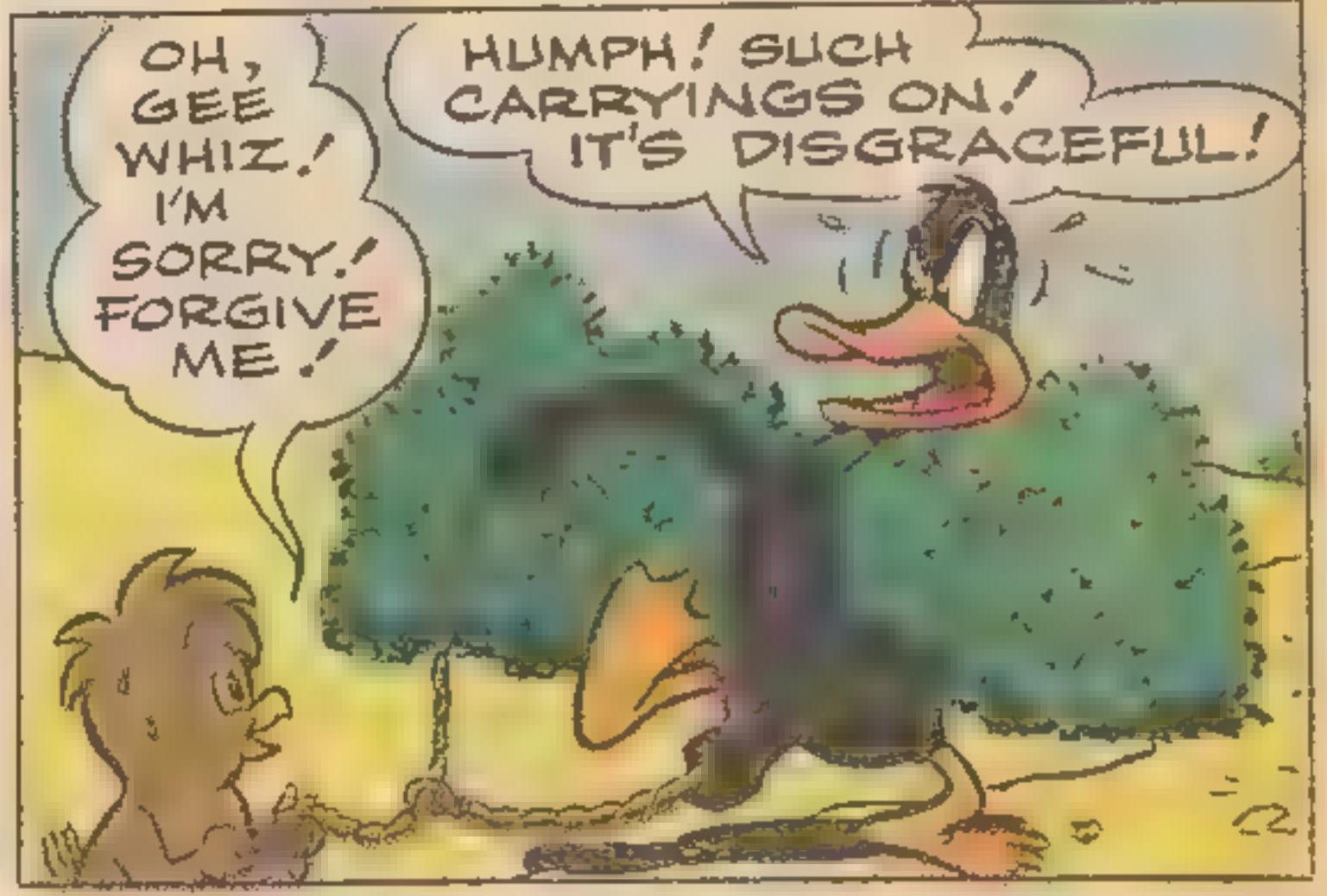
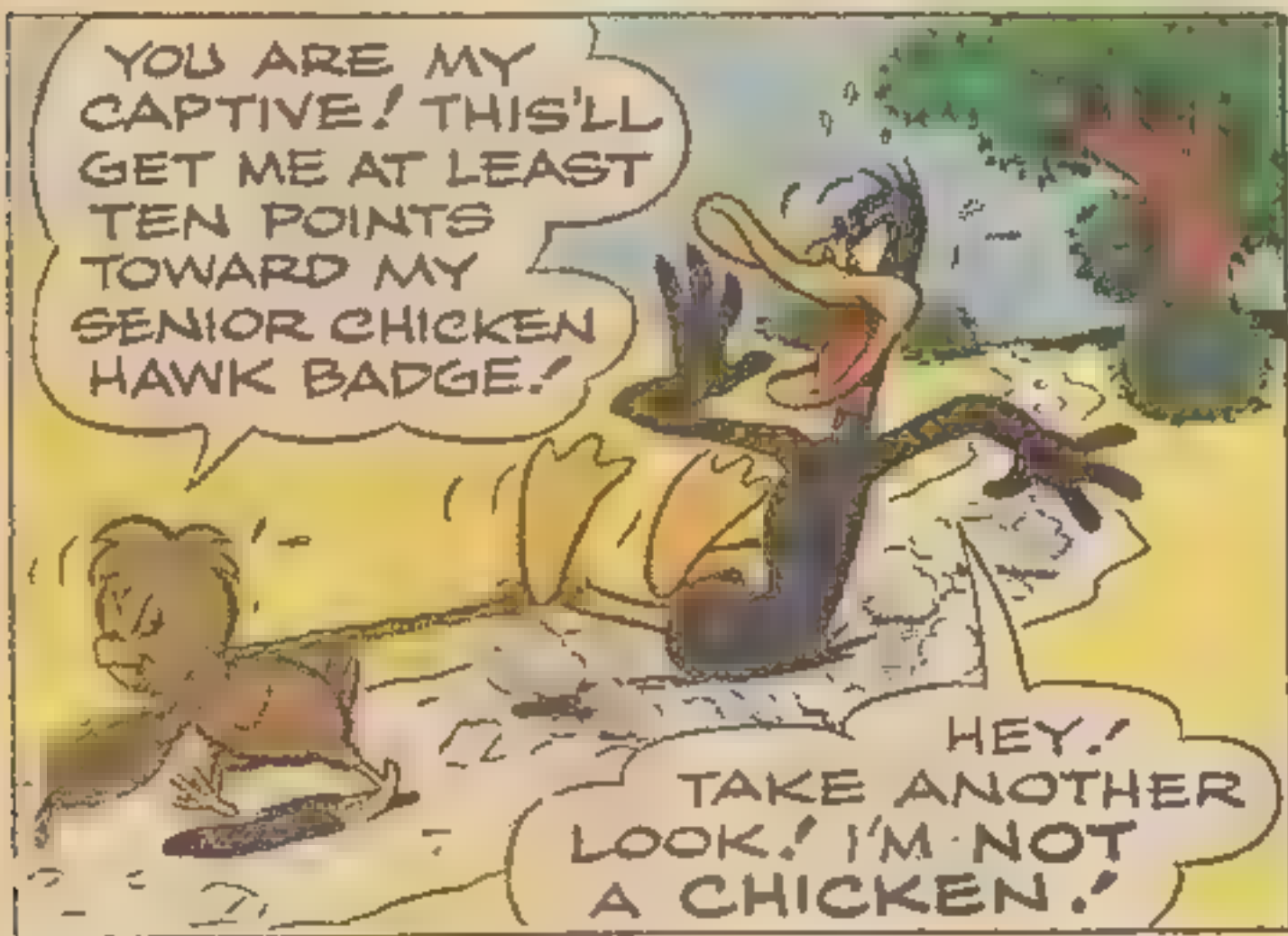
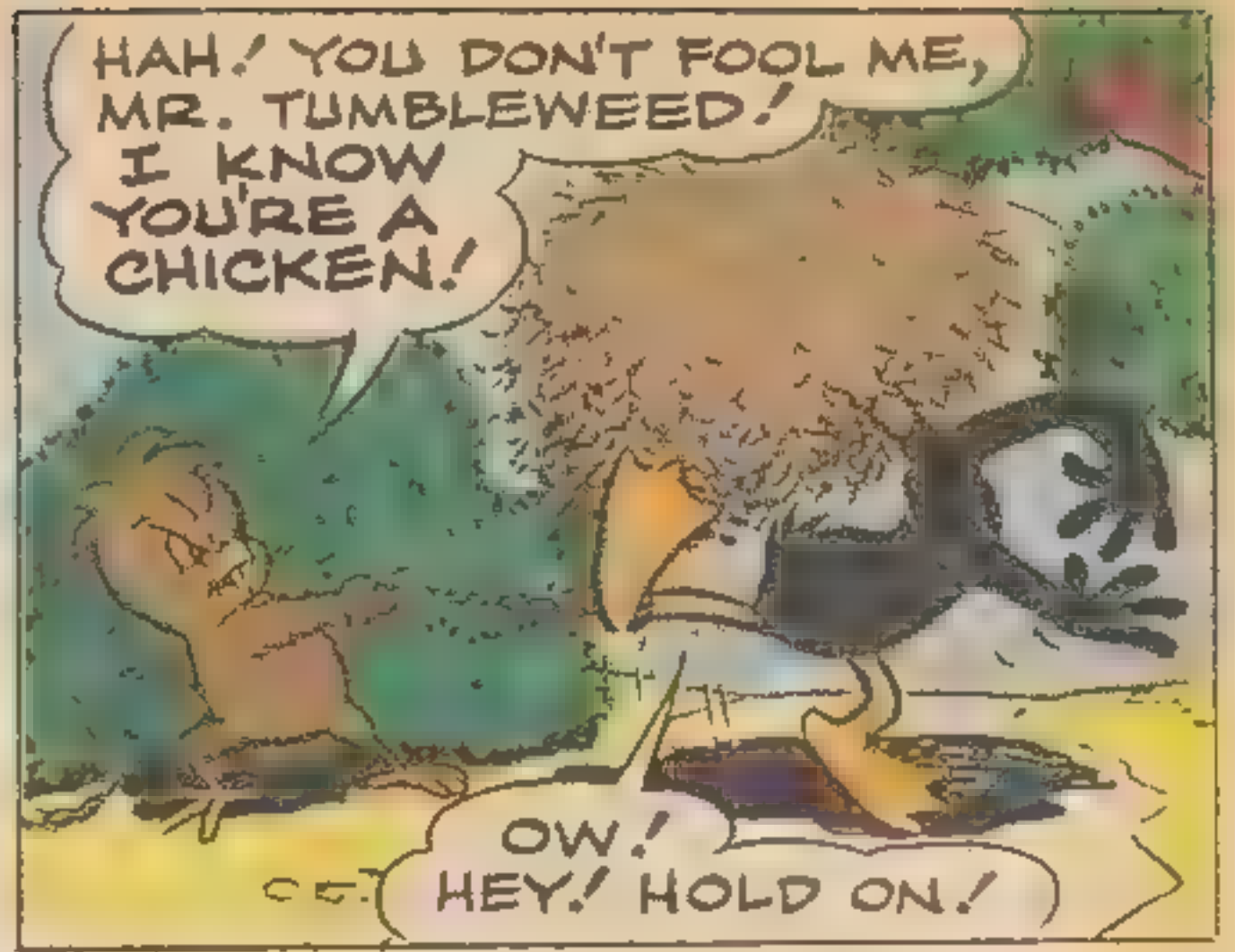
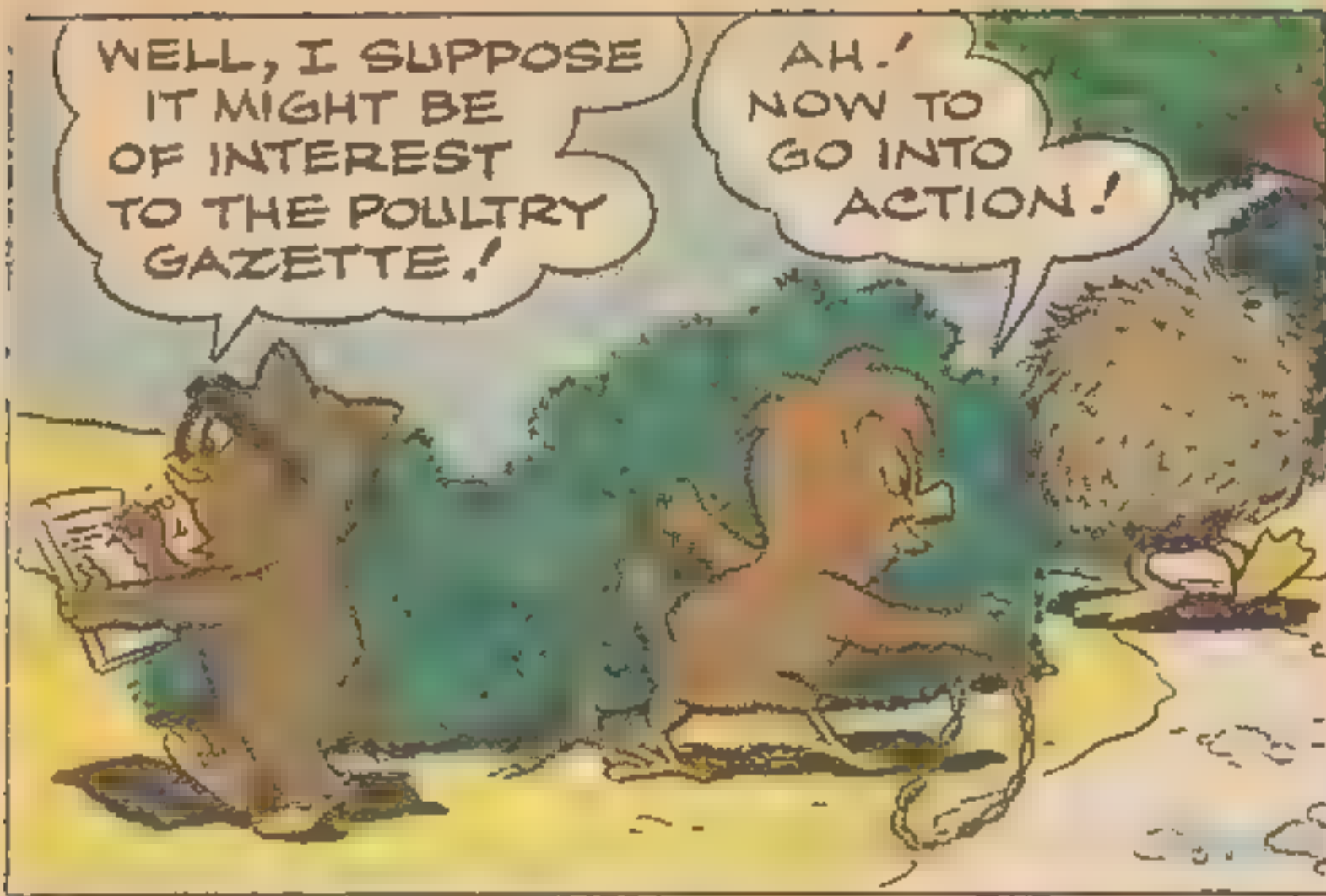
WOO! WOO! AND SO HE WON'T SUSPECT ANYTHING, I'LL GO DISGUISED AS A TUMBLING TUMBLEWEED!

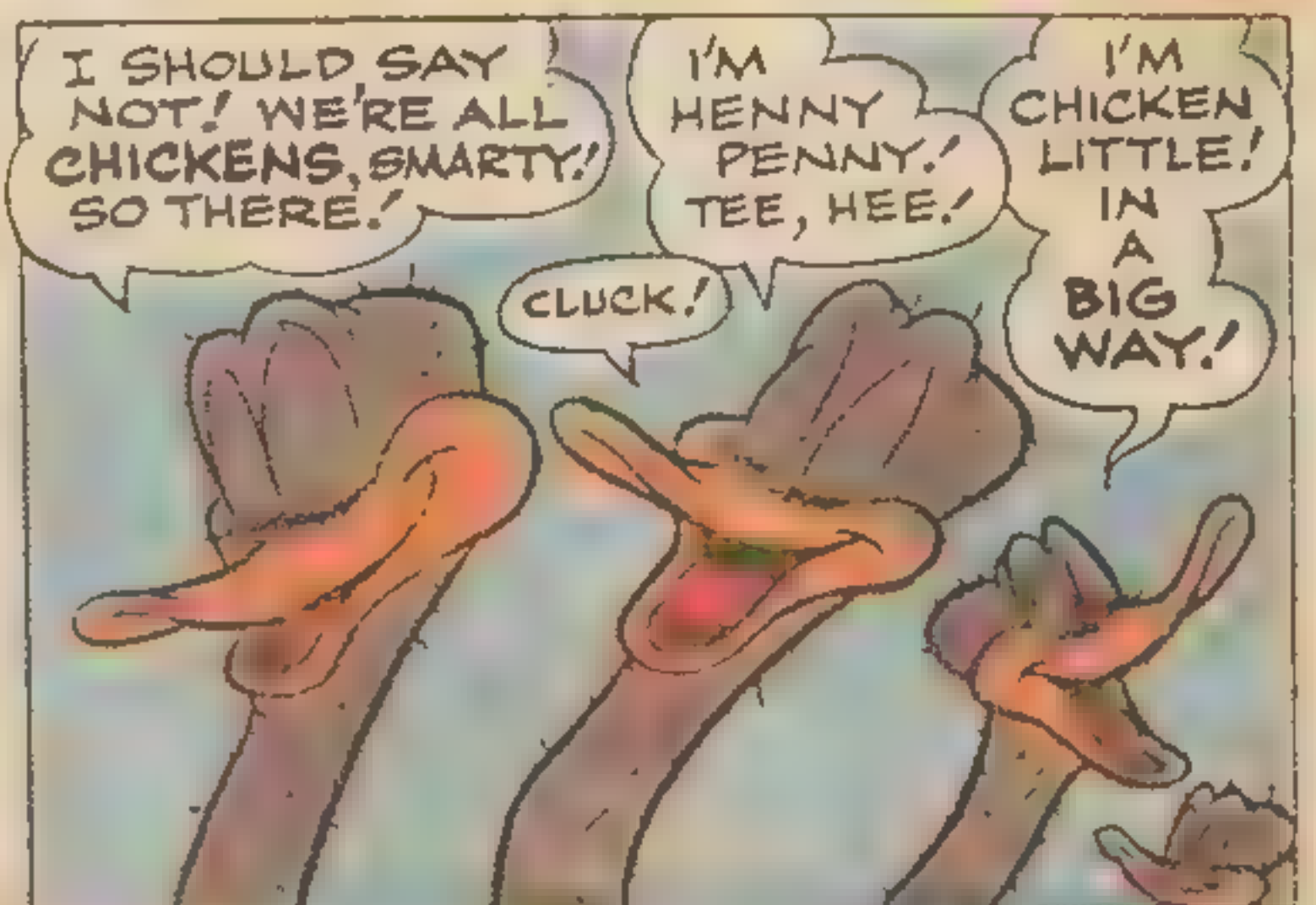
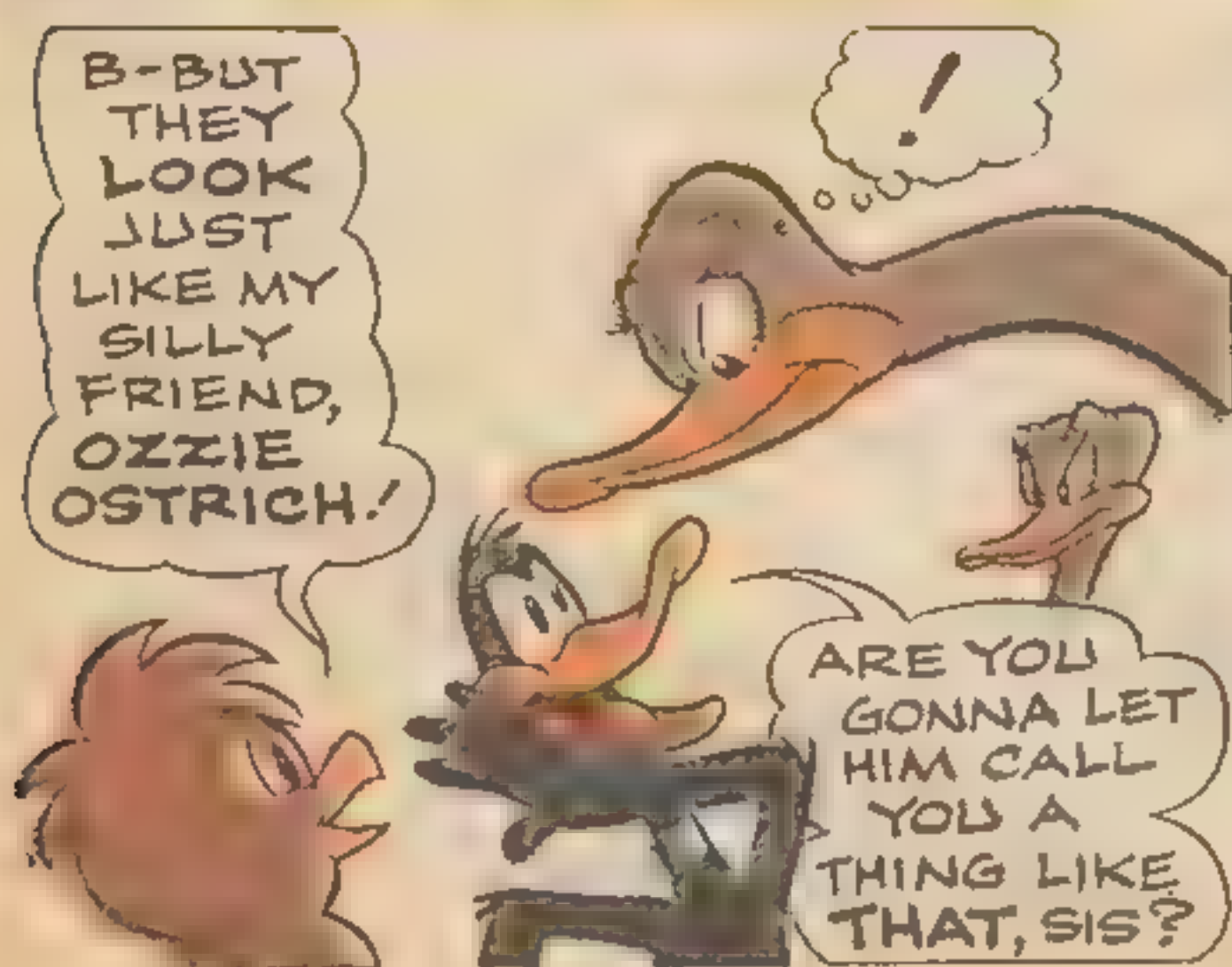
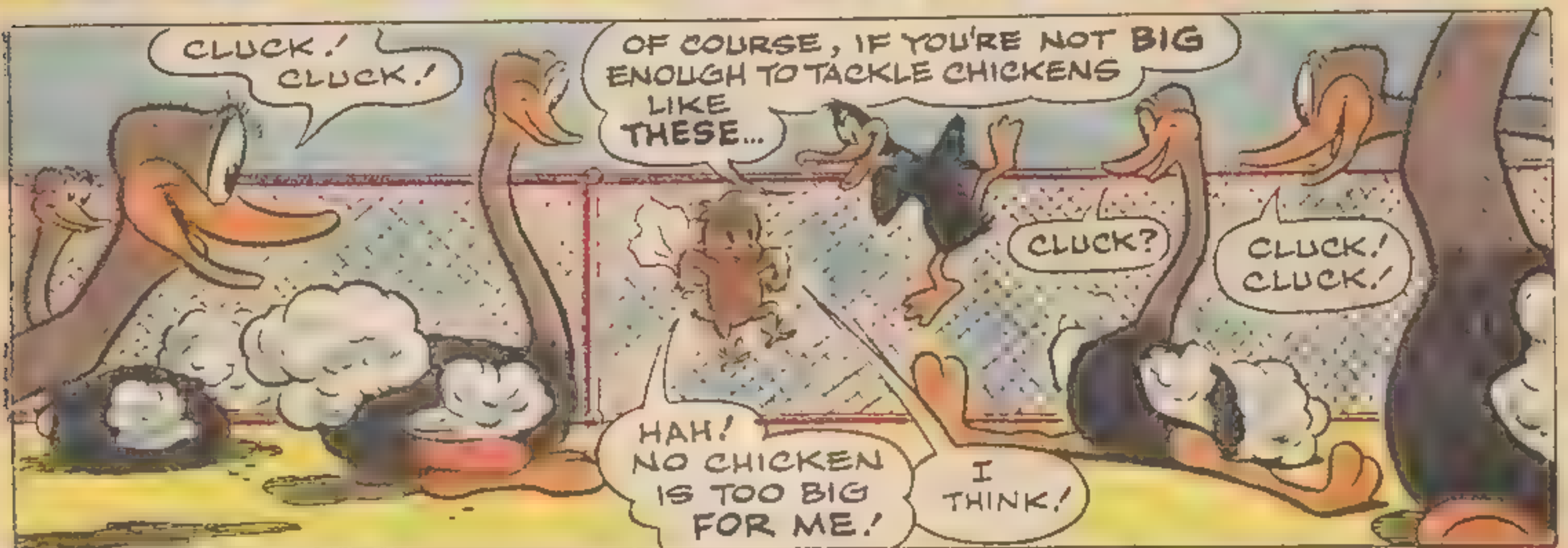
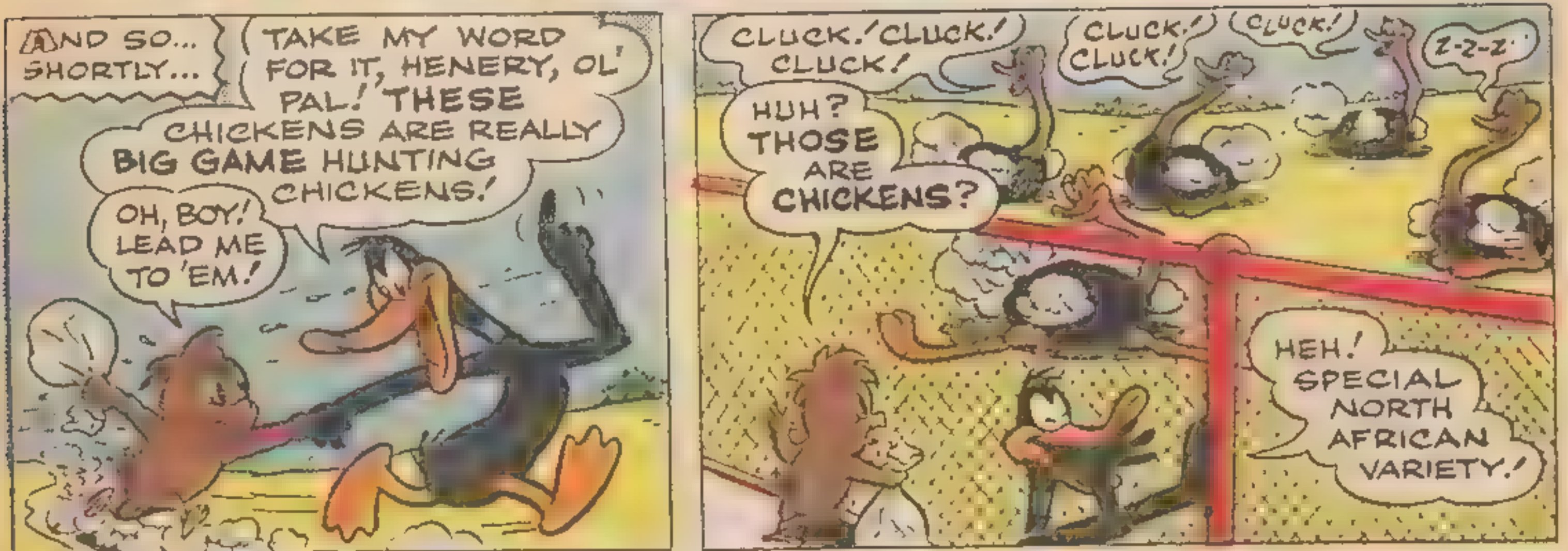
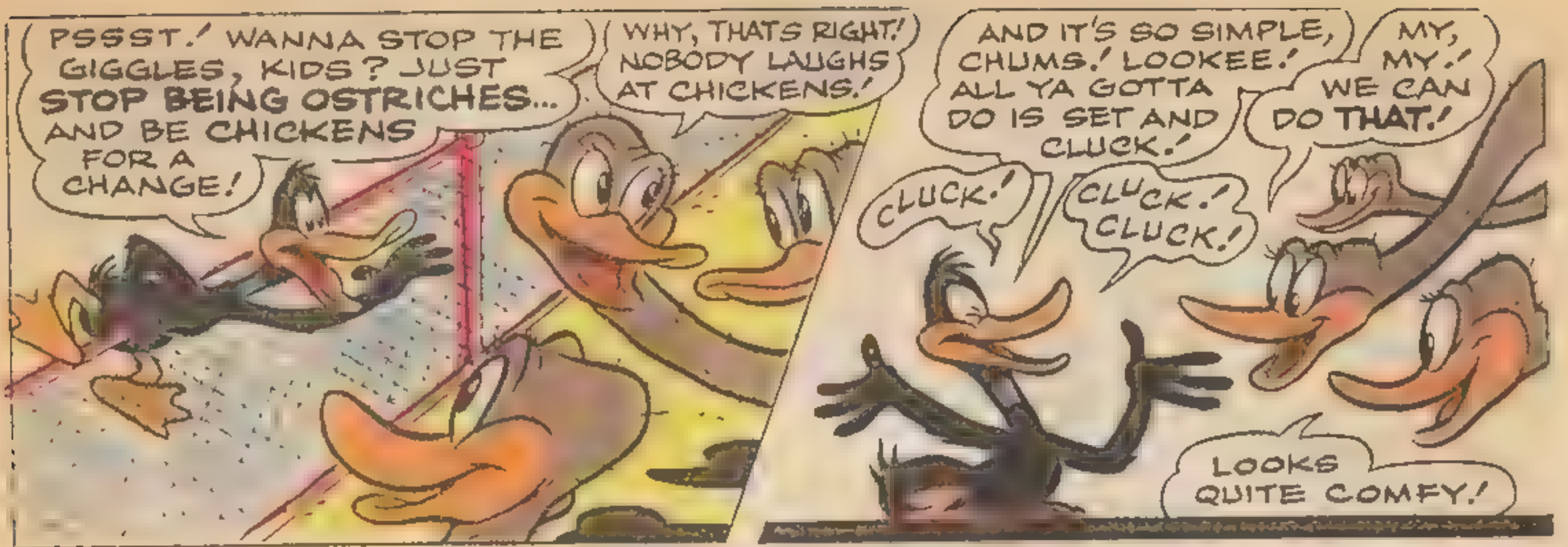
LOOK, OLLIE! A BLACK CHICKEN SNEAKING OUT OF THE CHICKEN YARD!

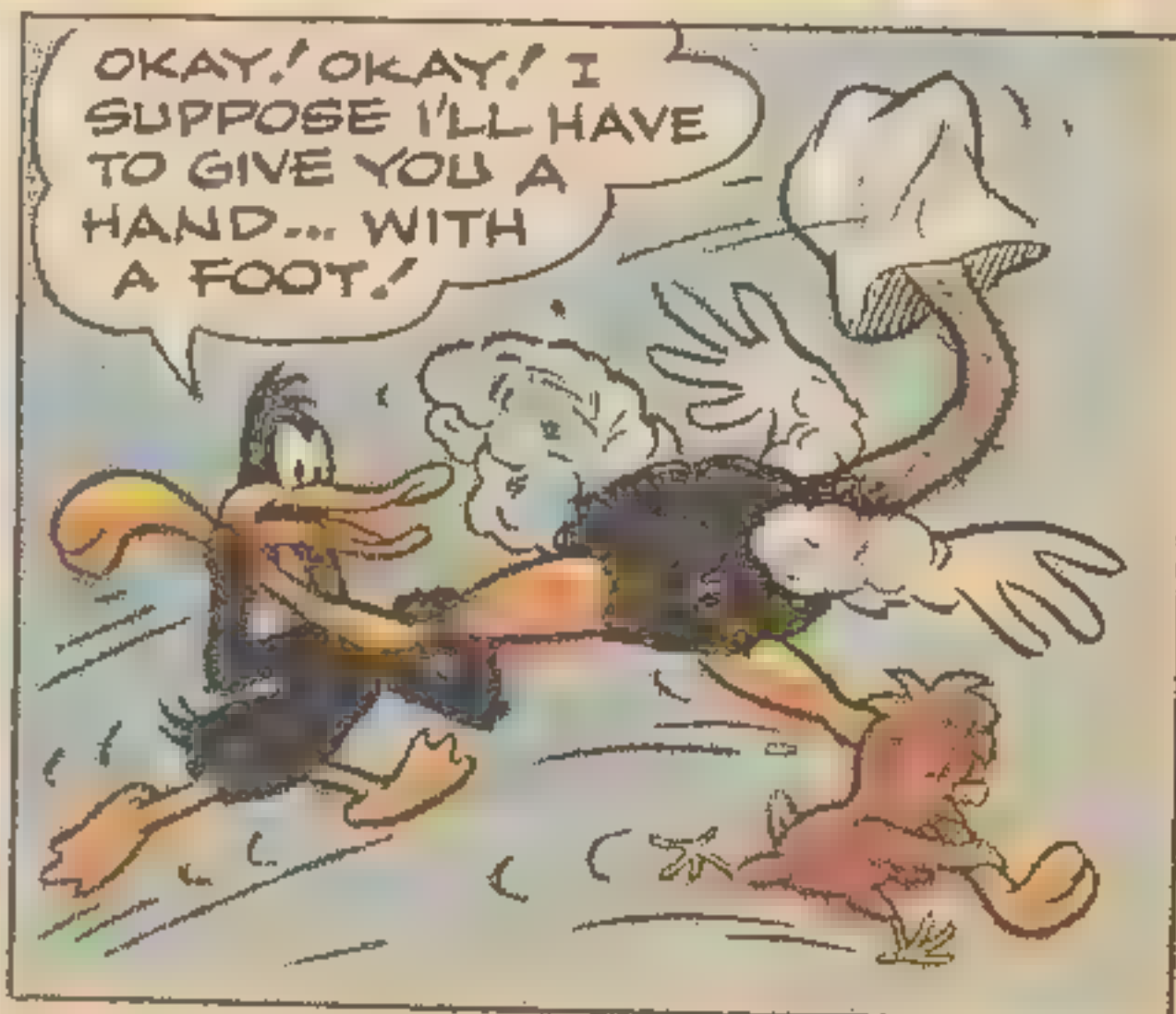
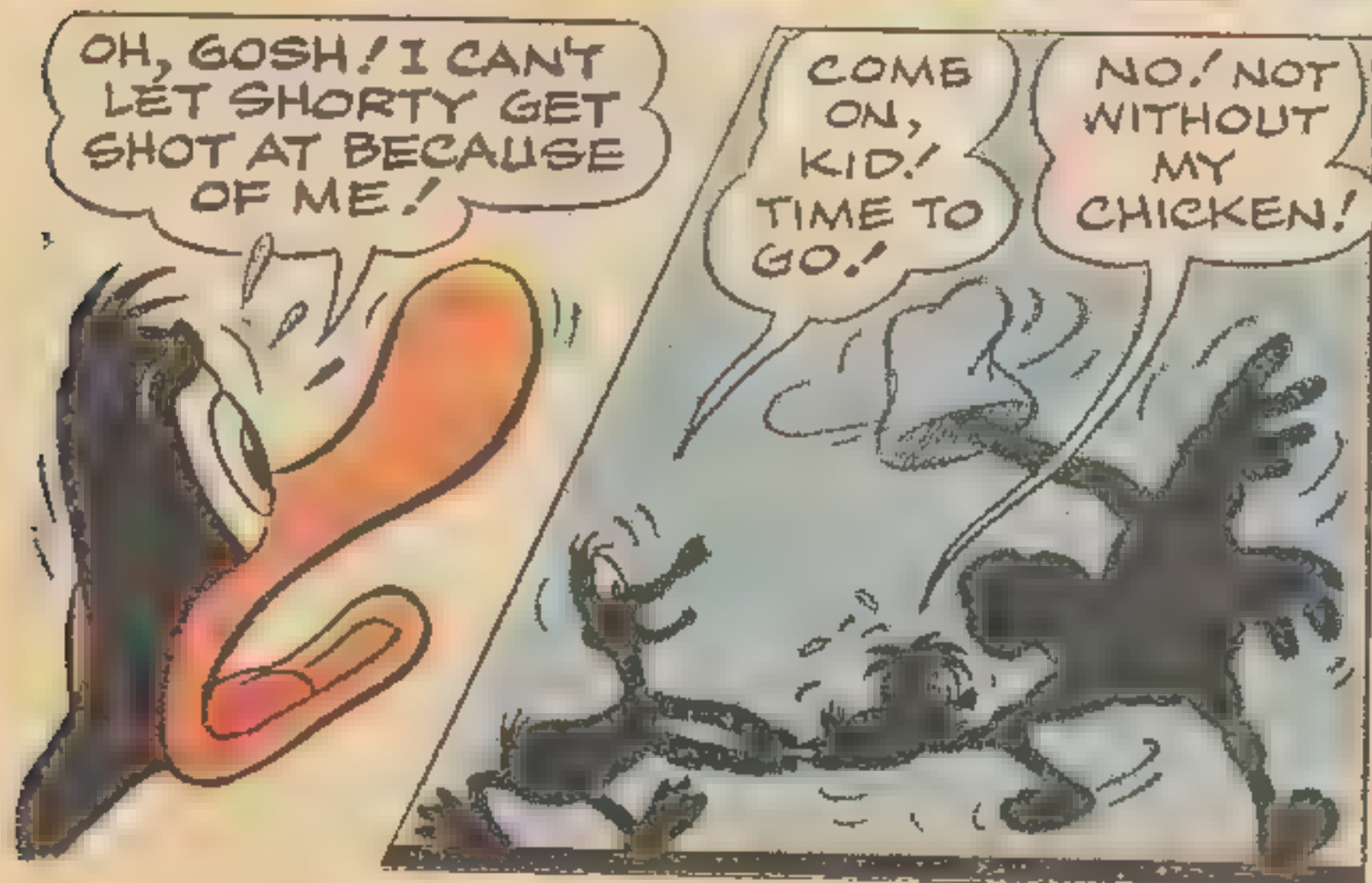
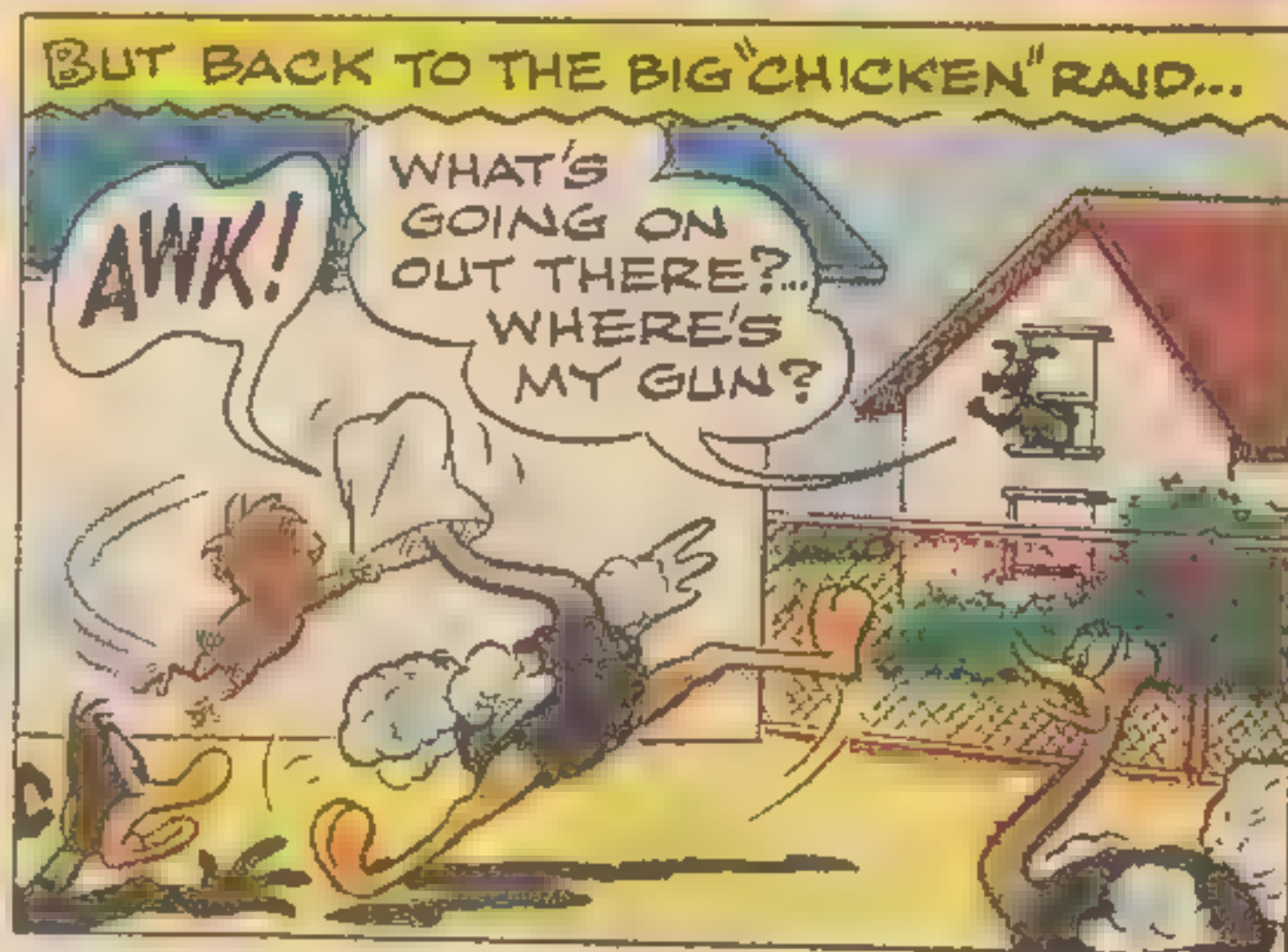
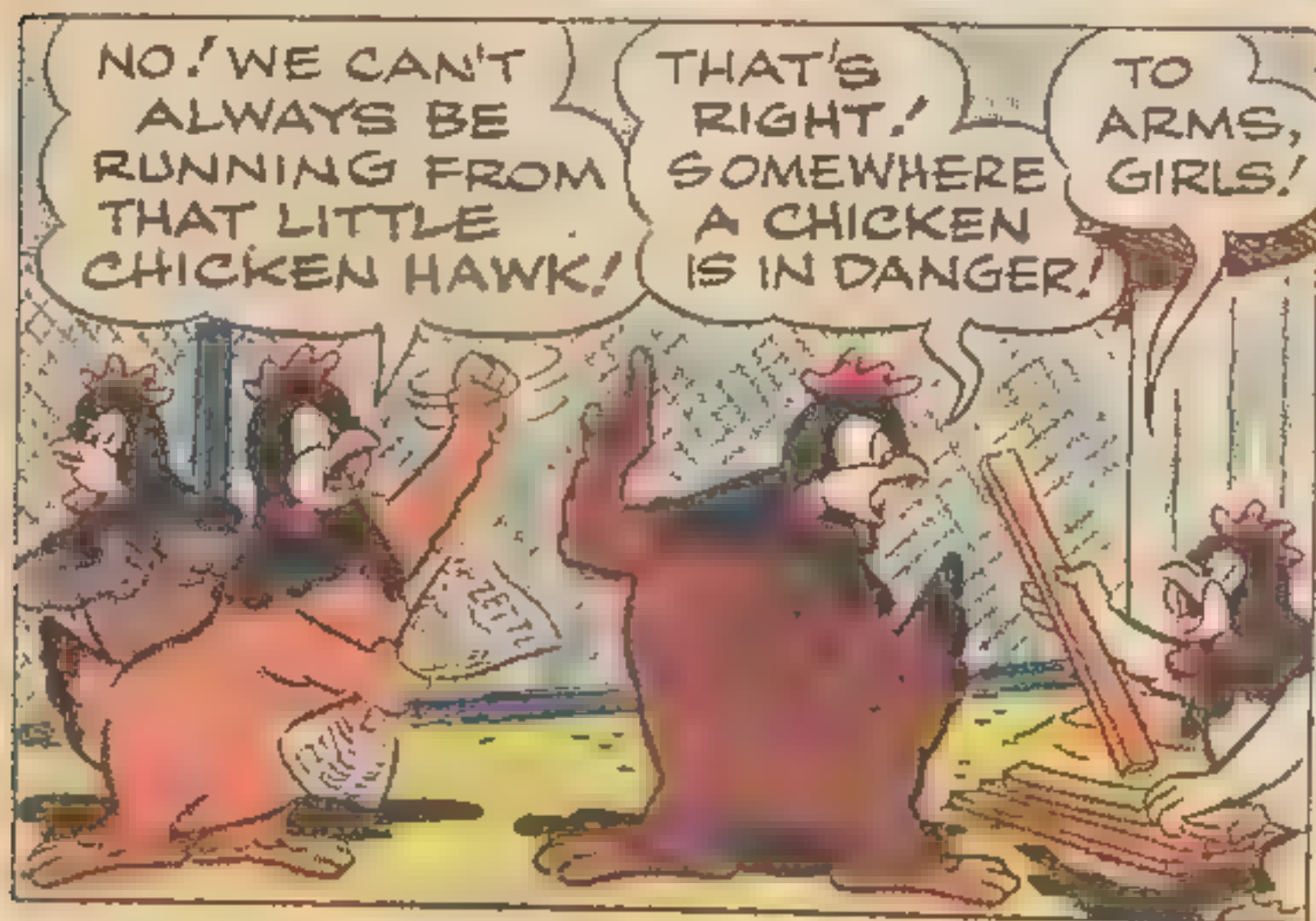
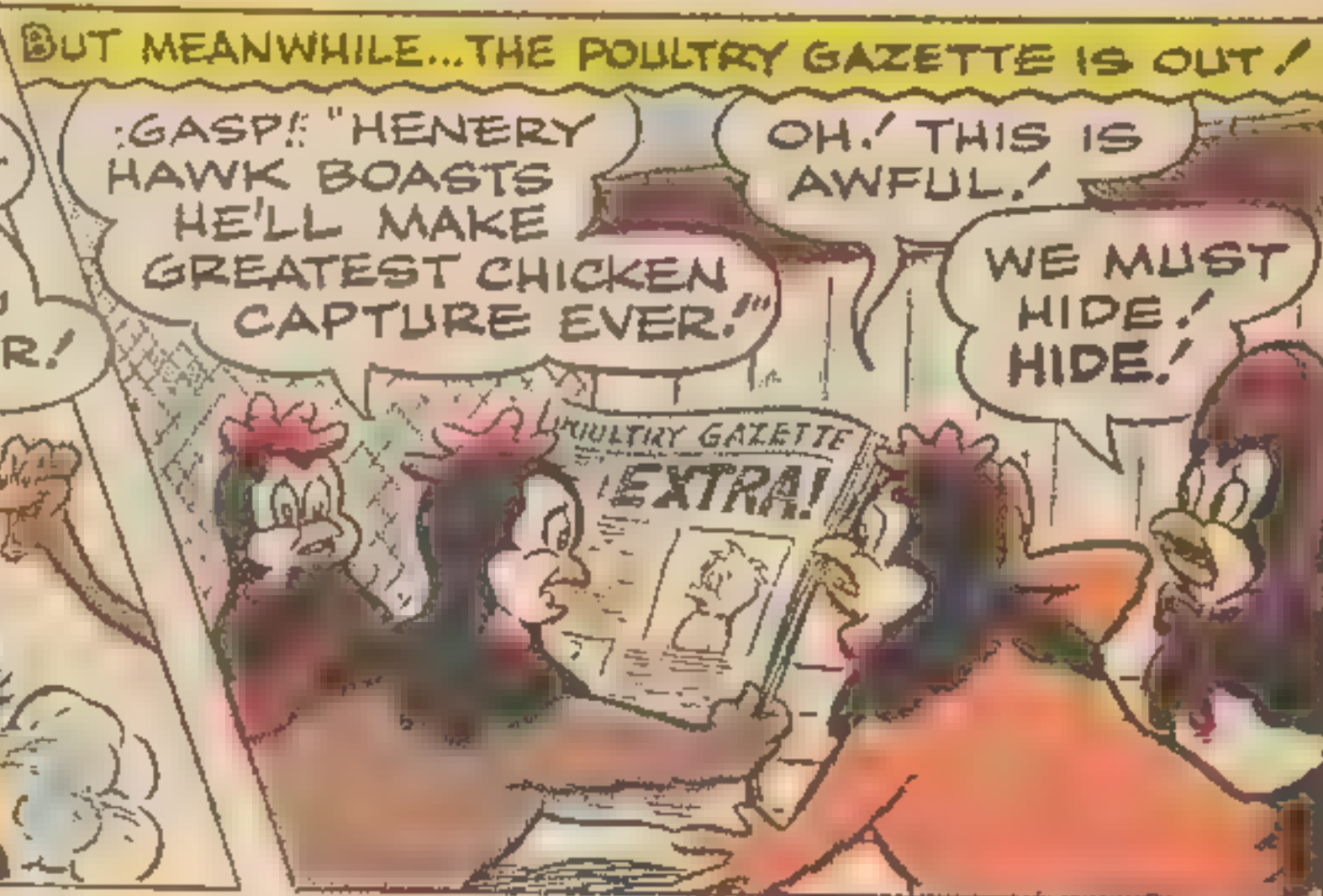
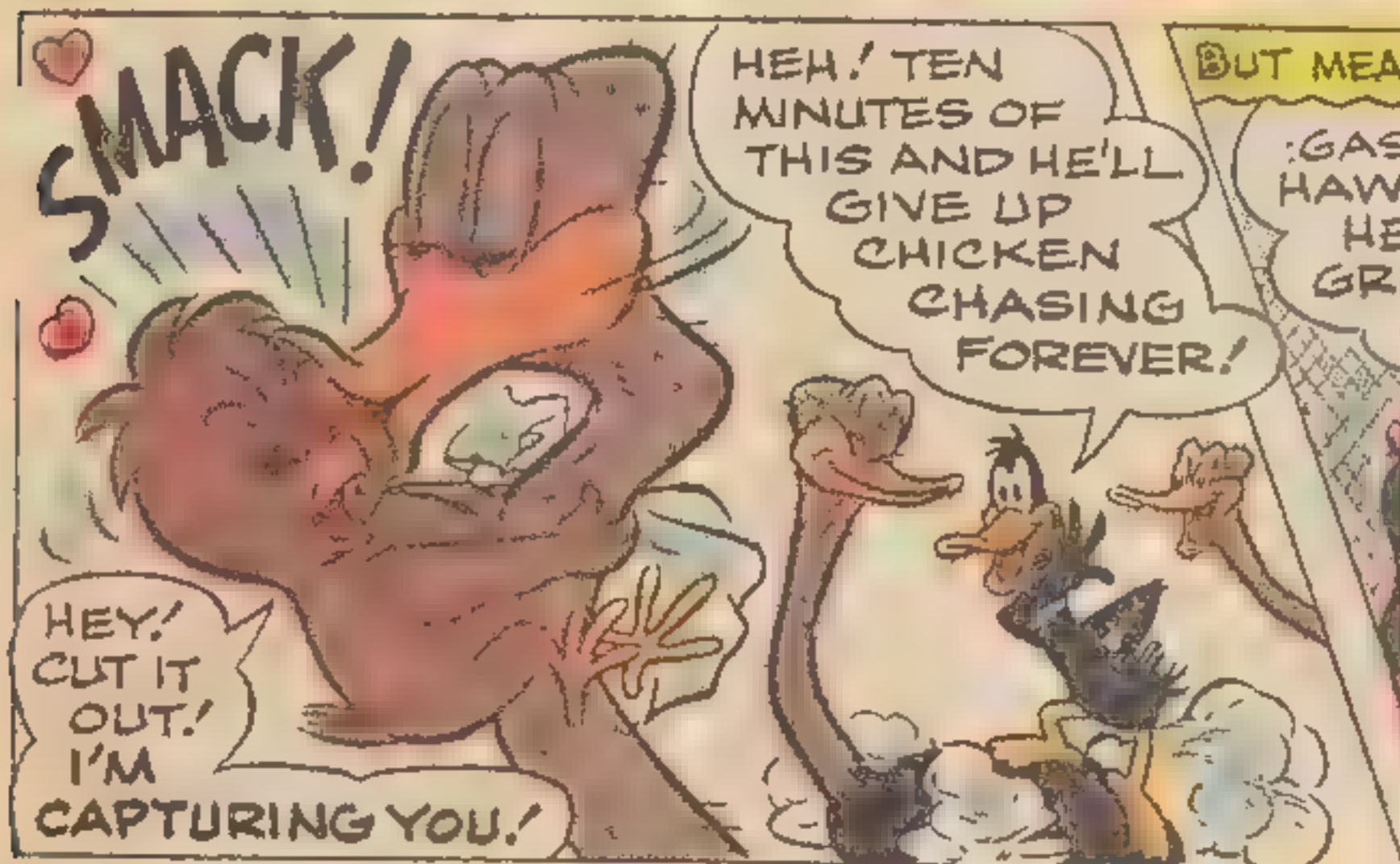
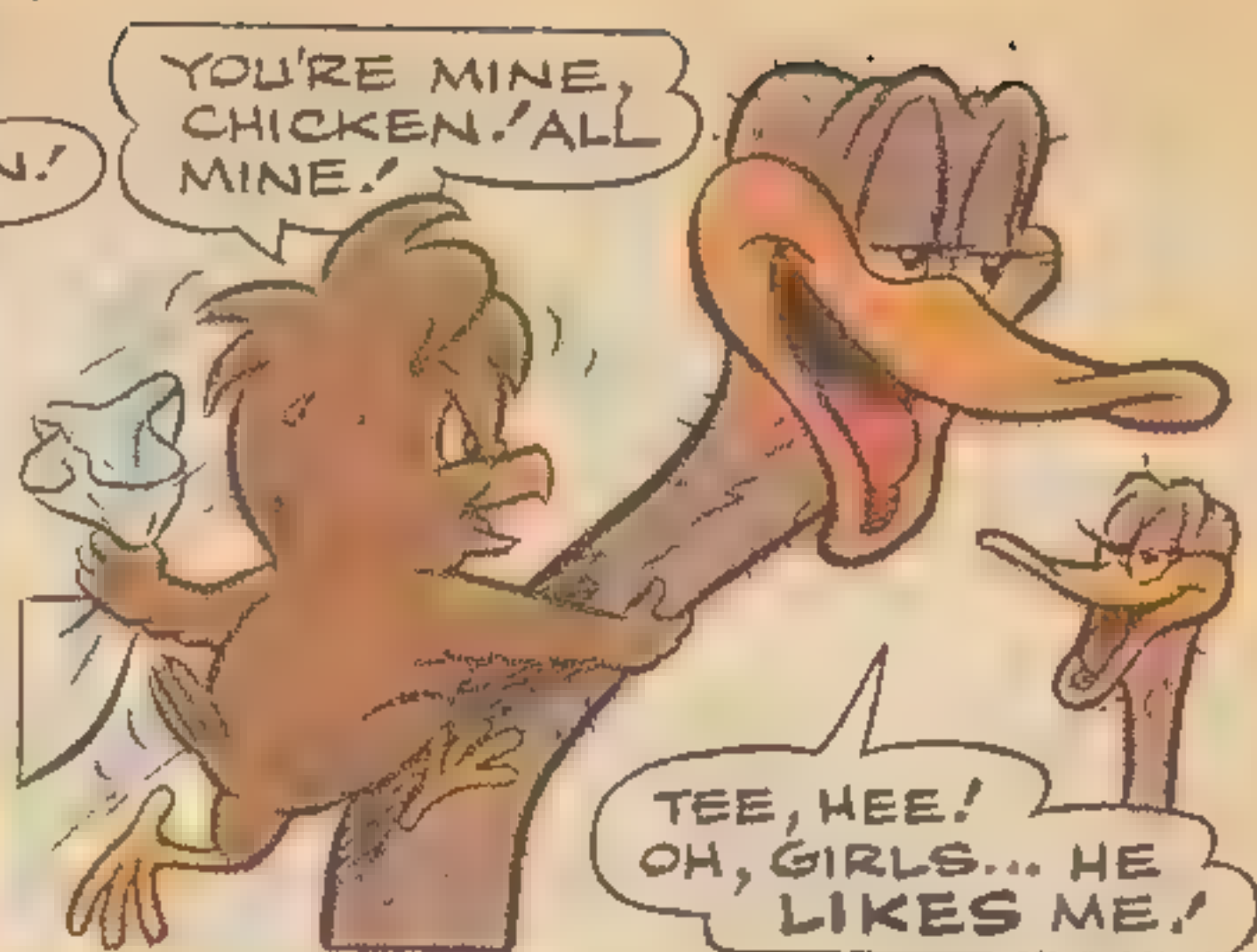
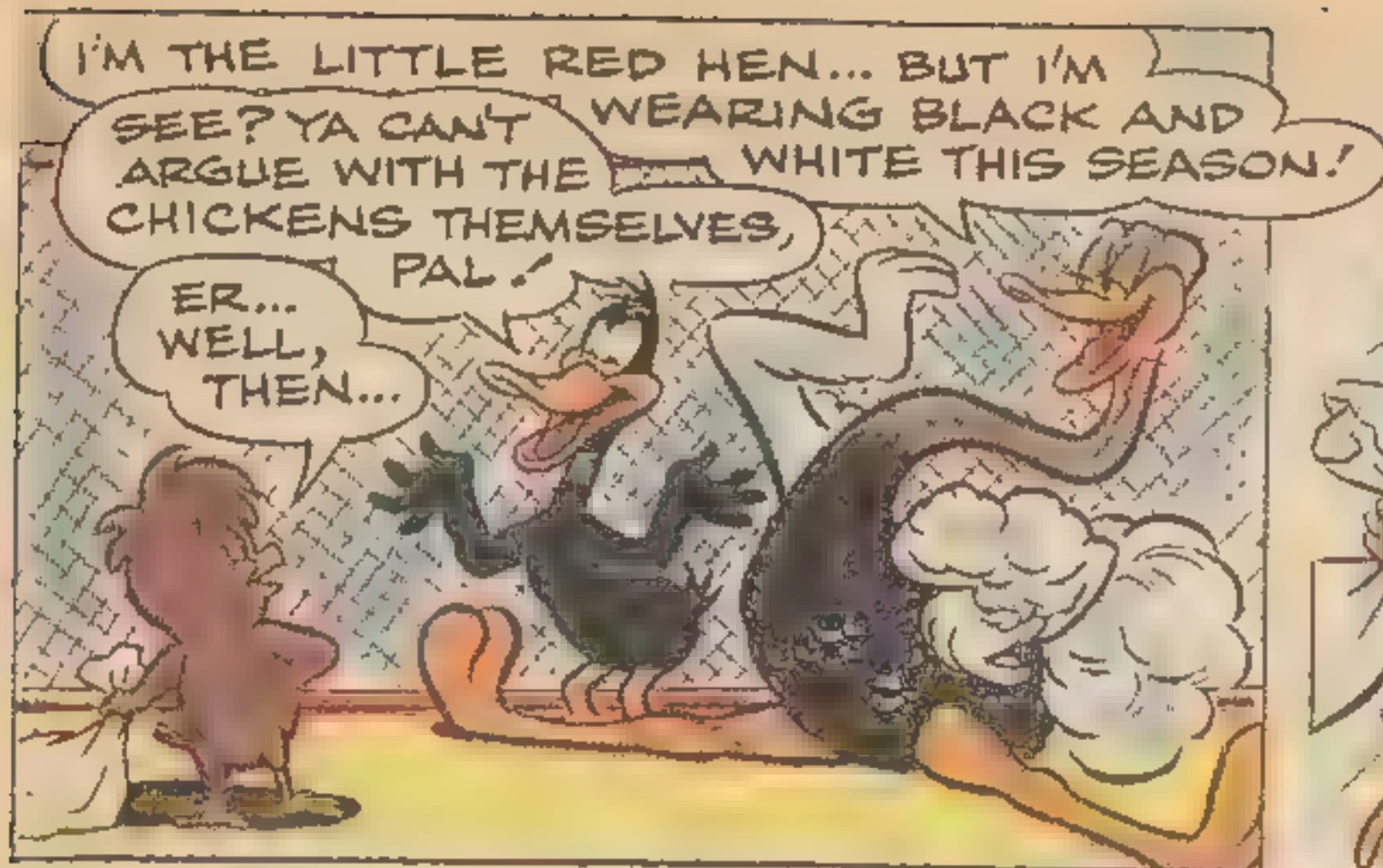
GOSH, HENERY! BLACK HENS ARE RARE!

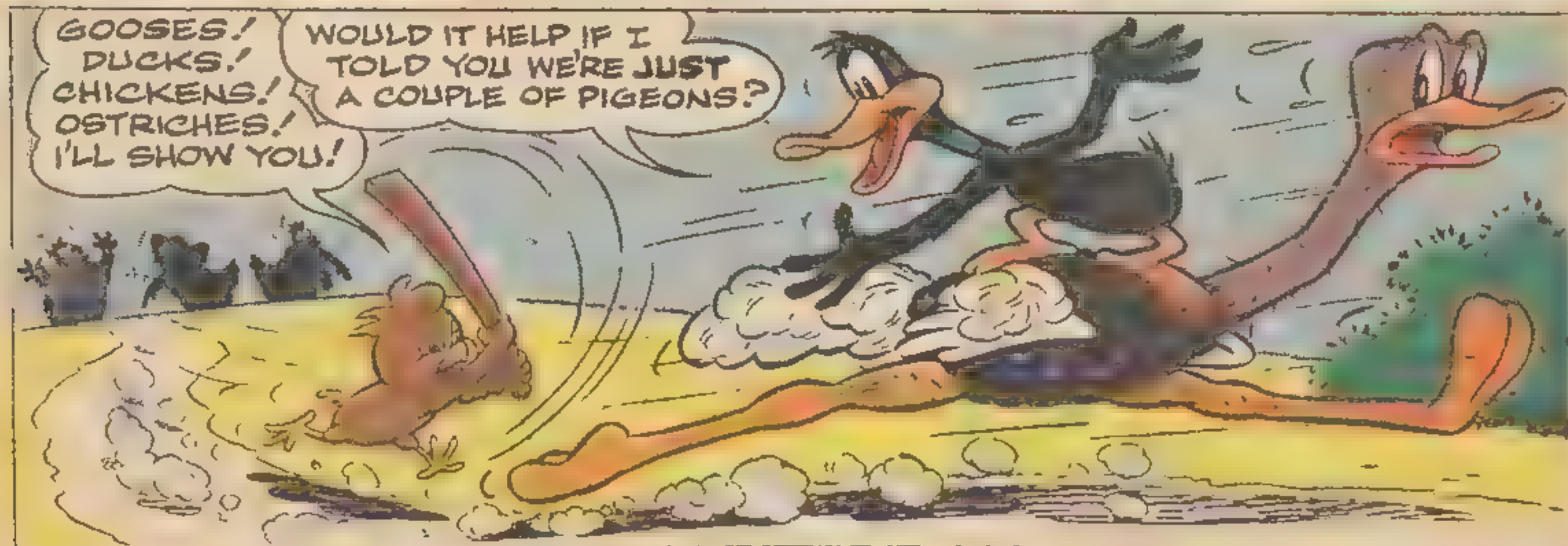
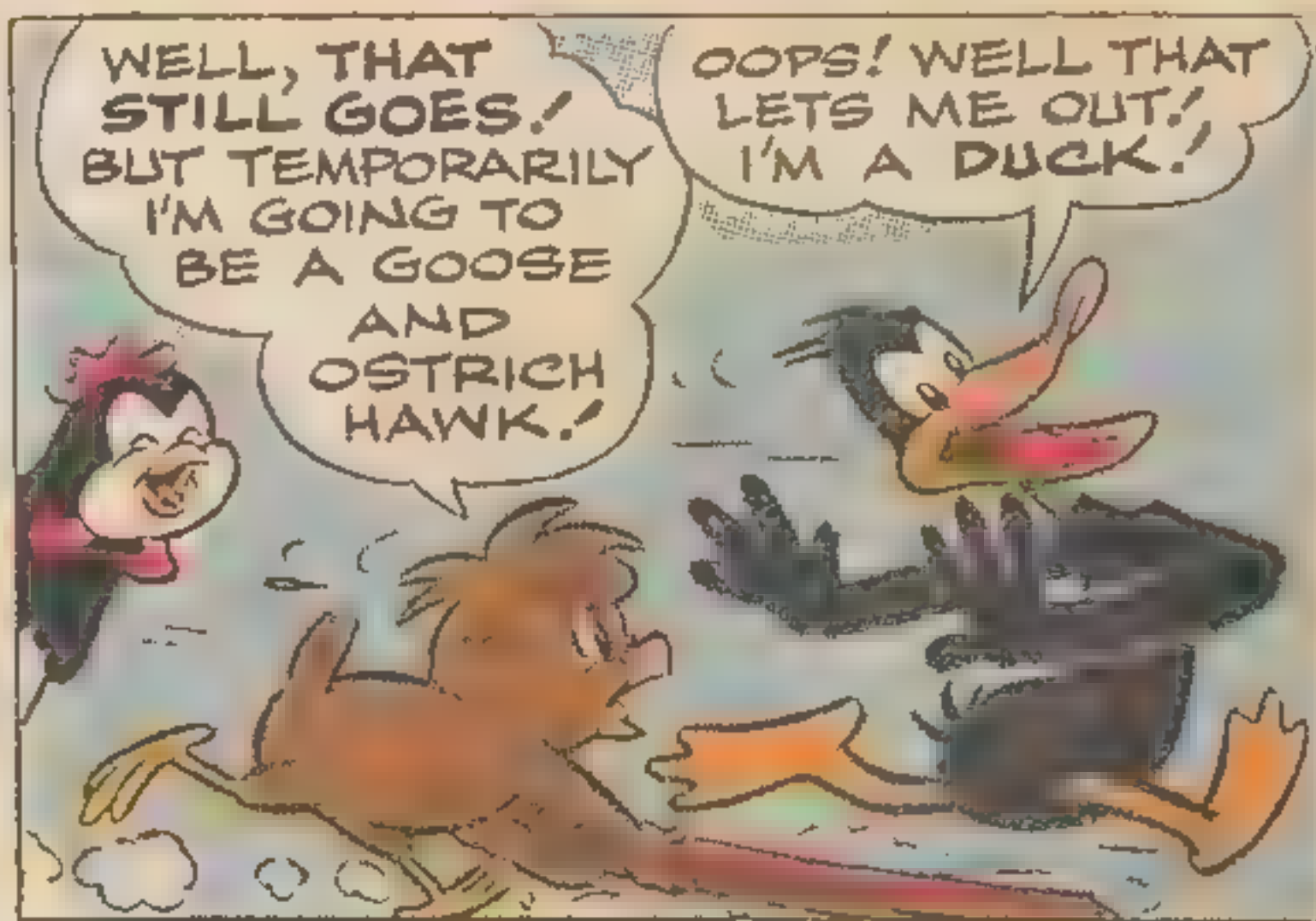
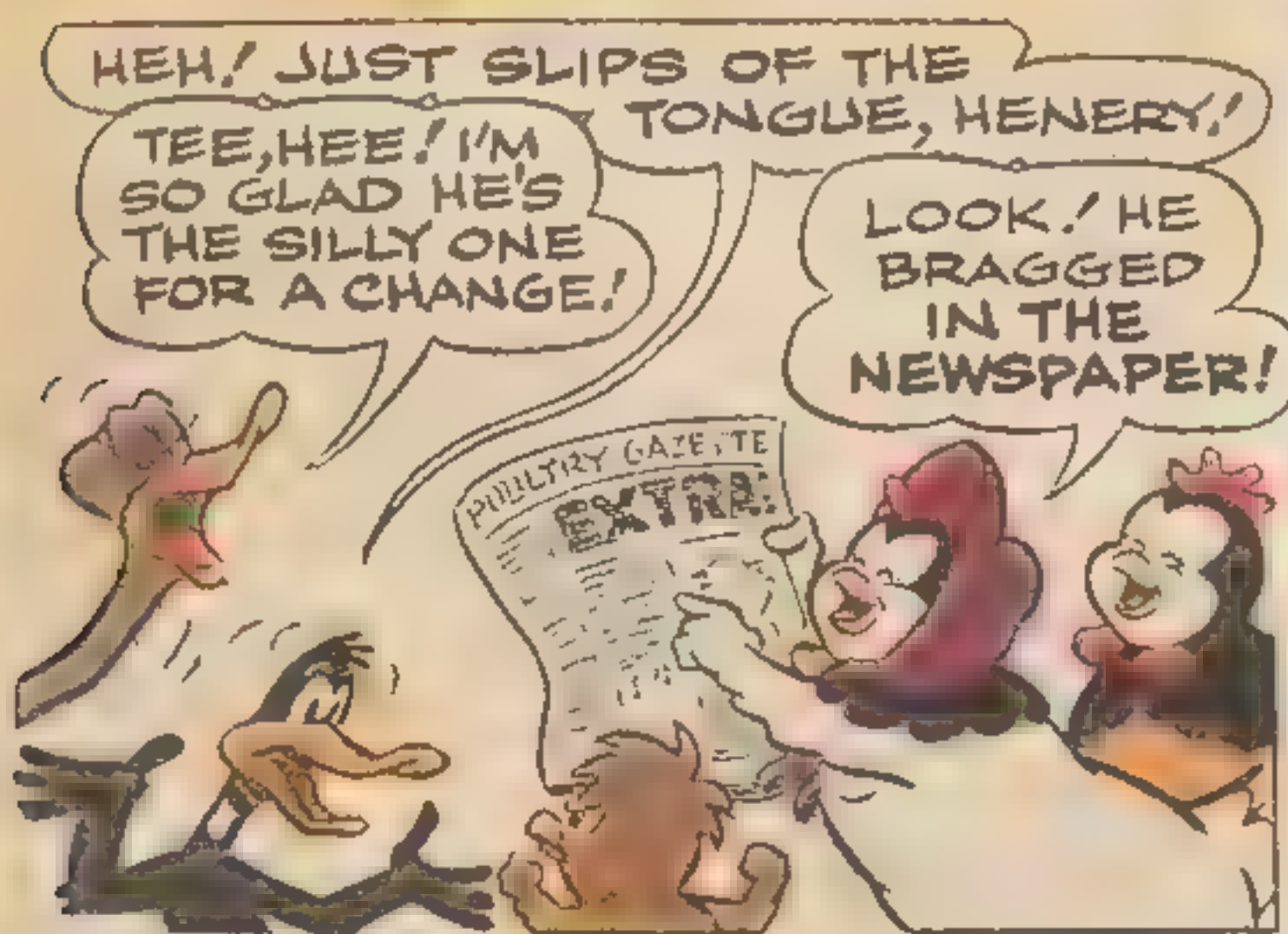
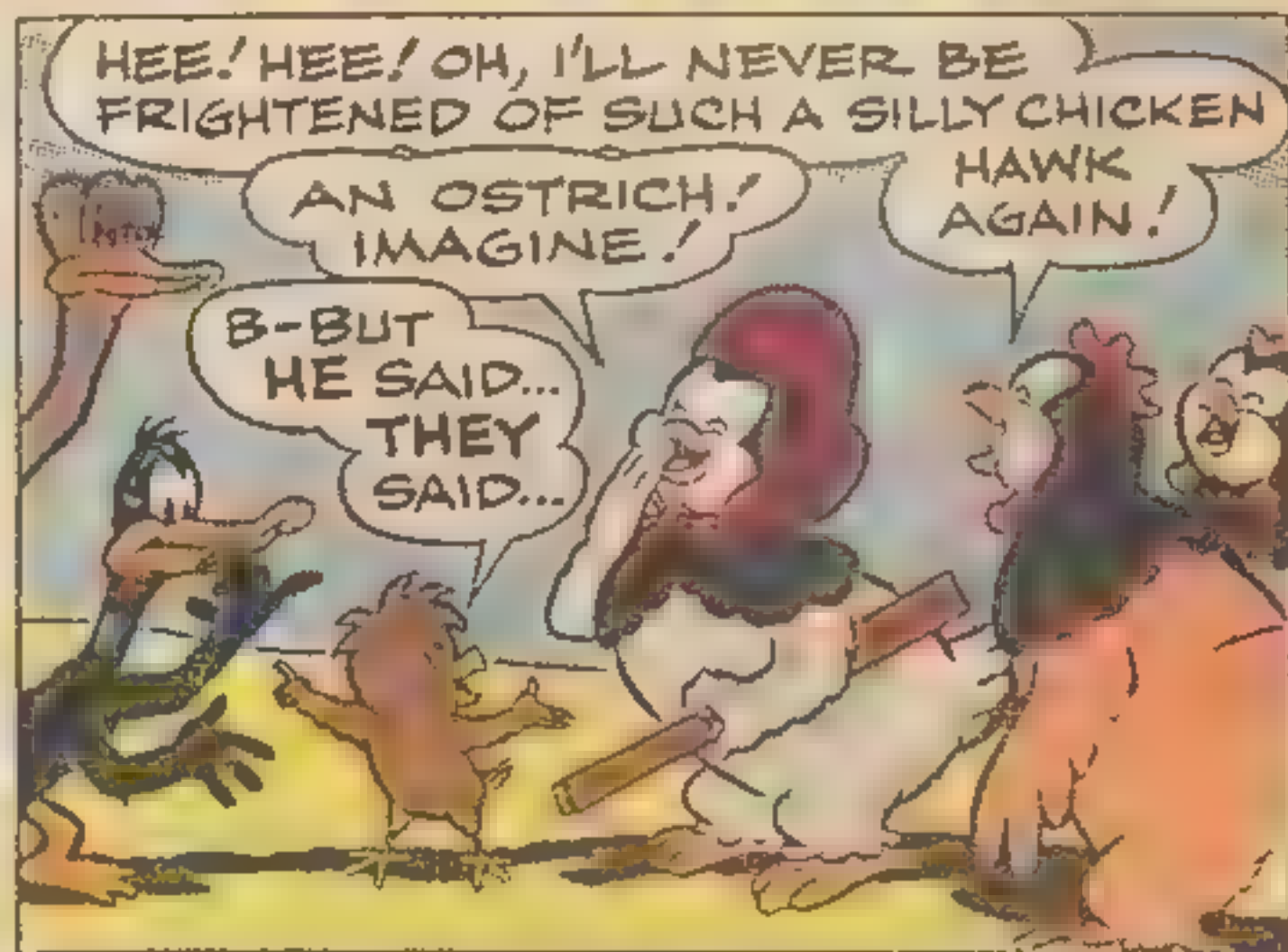
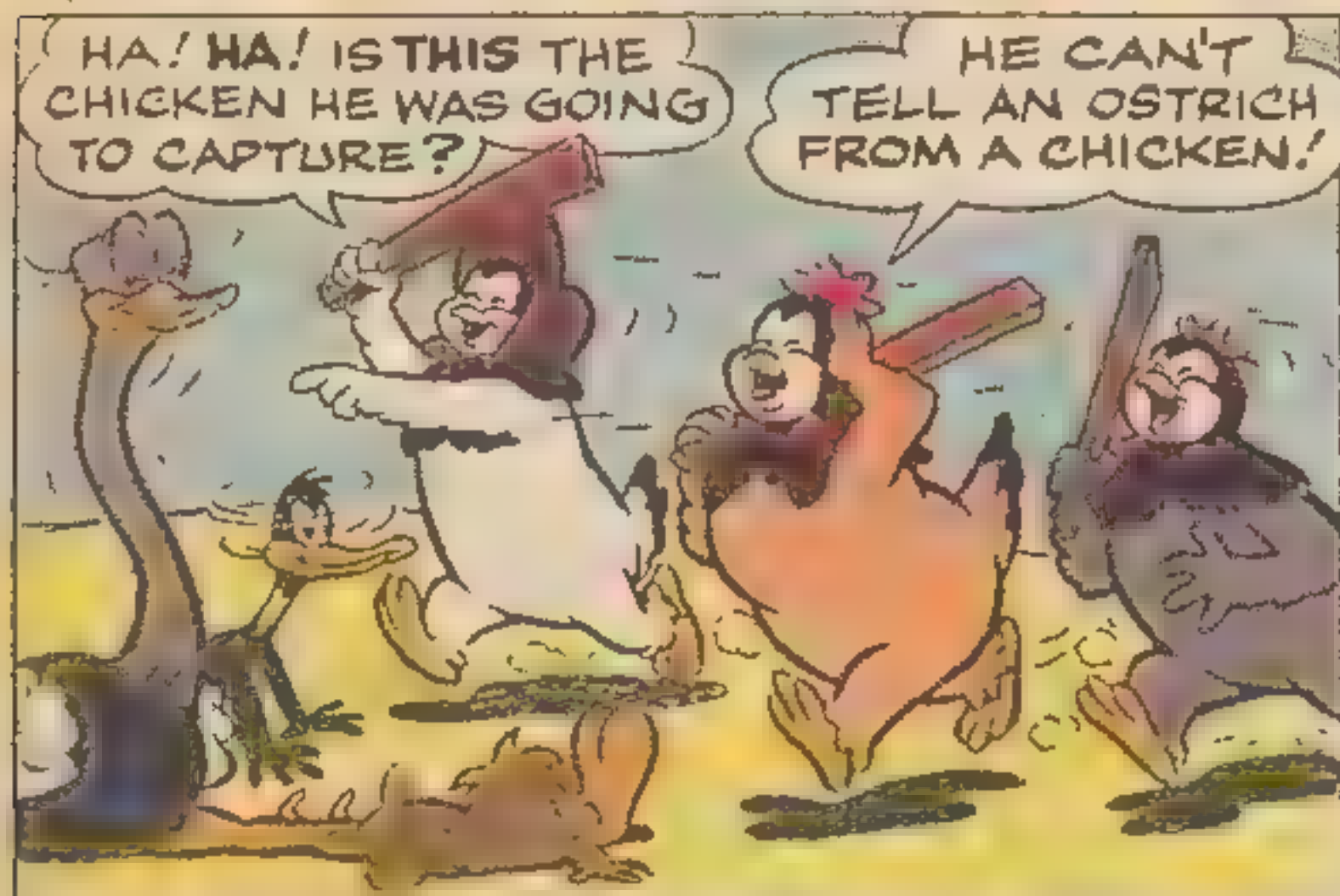
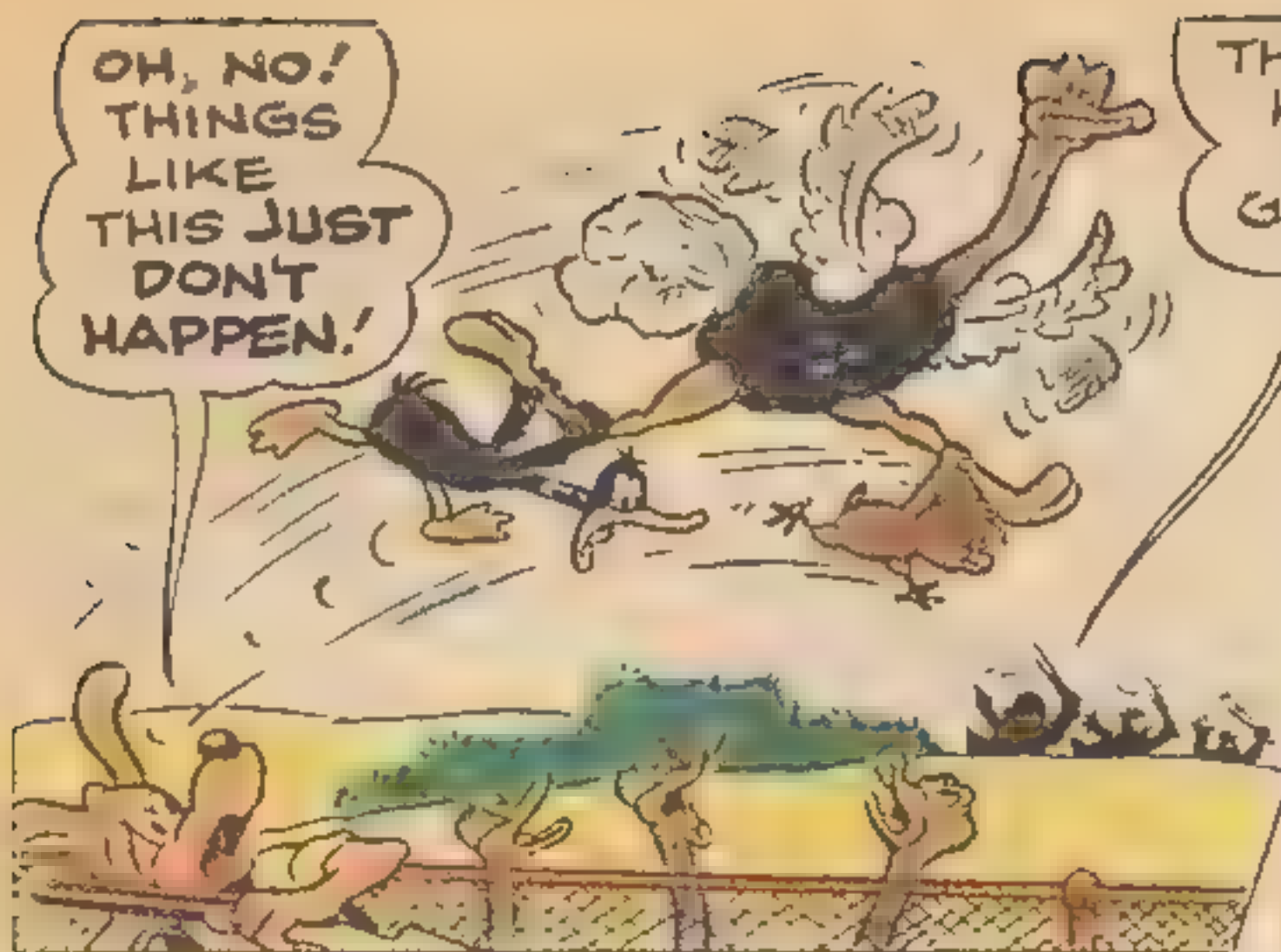
OH, BOY! I'LL CAPTURE IT! CALL THE NEWSPAPERS, OLLIE! THIS'LL BE THE GREATEST CHICKEN-HAWKING JOB EVER!

NEWSPAPERS? BUT...











Petunia set another hot apple pie upon the window sill beside the others. The big kitchen was warm and fragrant with the good smell of sugar, apples, and cinnamon. Porky and Cicero sniffed hungrily.

Petunia kept an eye on them. "Keep a safe distance, you two. You can look but you can't touch! Those pies are going to the fair in good condition, if I have anything to say about it. This is one year Myrtle McTurtle's not going to win the pie-baking contest!" She gazed at her pies lovingly. "They really are works of art, aren't they?"

Cicero was quick to agree. "Oh, they are! They look better than ol' Myrtle's pies any day! Honest, Petunia!"

Porky looked sly. "I don't know," he frowned. "How can you tell by just looking?"

"Say, that's right," Cicero exclaimed hastily. "Anyone can make a pie that looks good, but it's how it tastes that counts."

"Oh, nonsense," Petunia said, but she looked a little doubtful. "I'll tell you what. One pie is for supper. Suppose I give you each the teeniest sliver . . . ?"

Porky and Cicero were at her side before she could change her mind.

"Oh, my," Porky sighed blissfully, gulping his down whole. "Oh, my! Petunia, you are the greatest!"

"That's the best-tasting apple pie in the whole wide world, I'll bet," Cicero agreed, scooping up the last crumb.

Petunia looked pleased. "I really can bake an apple pie—if I do say so myself." She looked at the clock. "Better start the car,

Porky. It's time we got on our way."

"I'll help you carry out the pies," Cicero offered.

"Be careful," Petunia cautioned as they lifted the box gently. Easy does it."

When they got to the fair grounds, Cicero saw the amusement center set up at one end and let out a gasp of delight.

"They have a ferris wheel!" the little pig cried. "I've always wanted to ride on a ferris wheel!"

"I'll treat," Porky said grandly, "but first let's see what other kind of excitement they have here."

"Don't go too far," Petunia told them. "The pie contest is first on the program."

She carried her box of treasures to the judges' table and arranged the pies with care. Out of the corner of her eye she saw the display with Myrtle McTurtle's name on it. She smiled up sweetly to the judges.

"Aren't those cute little tarts over there?" Petunia said innocently. She looked down again. "Oh, goodness, they're pies, aren't they? I've never seen any quite so small!" She gazed at her own smugly.

Meanwhile, Porky and Cicero were scouting around for excitement. They saw a big man standing in front of a scale.

"Hurry, hurry!" The man called out. "Step right up and let me guess your weight!"

Porky chuckled. "This is for me!"

The man took one look at him and exclaimed, "If I miss, you have your choice of one of these gorgeous prizes."

The man spoke too soon—for he missed

by twenty pounds, and Porky and Cicero walked off with a new baseball bat.

"Golly!" Cicero cried, "this is like Christmas!"

"Let's try the shooting gallery," Porky suggested. "I used to be a pretty good shot." He aimed at the targets and missed every one of them.

"Used to be is right," Cicero grinned.

"Wait," Porky said. "I think they're announcing the pie winner!"

Sure enough, they heard Petunia's name.

"Good for Petunia," Porky applauded.

"That'll show old Myrtle, I guess," Cicero said proudly. "Listen, Porky. Do you hear what I hear?"

"...pie-eating contest," the man's voice continued over the loud speaker. "The winner of this contest will receive a free pass to the circus this afternoon."

"Oh, boy!" Cicero shouted. "How about that, Porky!"

But Porky was already on his way to the pie table.

With big white napkins tied under their chins, Cicero and Porky sat with the other contestants. They waved gaily to Petunia and started in on her pies.

They ate and ate and ate. They finished Petunia's pies and started in on Myrtle's. One by one the others dropped out until only Porky and Cicero remained.

Finally, the judge held up his hand and declared the contest a tie. "Two winners," he shouted. "Two prizes. Two passes to the circus this afternoon!"

"Oh," Cicero sighed, "I'm so full. Now if I could only have a ride on the ferris wheel my day would be complete."

"Come on," Porky told him. "If you're game, so am I."

They got up onto the seats on the big wheel. The man waved his arm, and they were off.

Up, up, up and over they went. And up, up, and over again.

"O-o-o-o-o," groaned Porky.

"I'm so awfully full!" Cicero said weakly. "Let's get off, Porky."

But the wheel went round and round.

When it finally stopped, two very groggy riders stumbled off and bumped smack into Petunia. She took one look at them and started to laugh.

"Maybe you sort of overdid it," she said slyly.

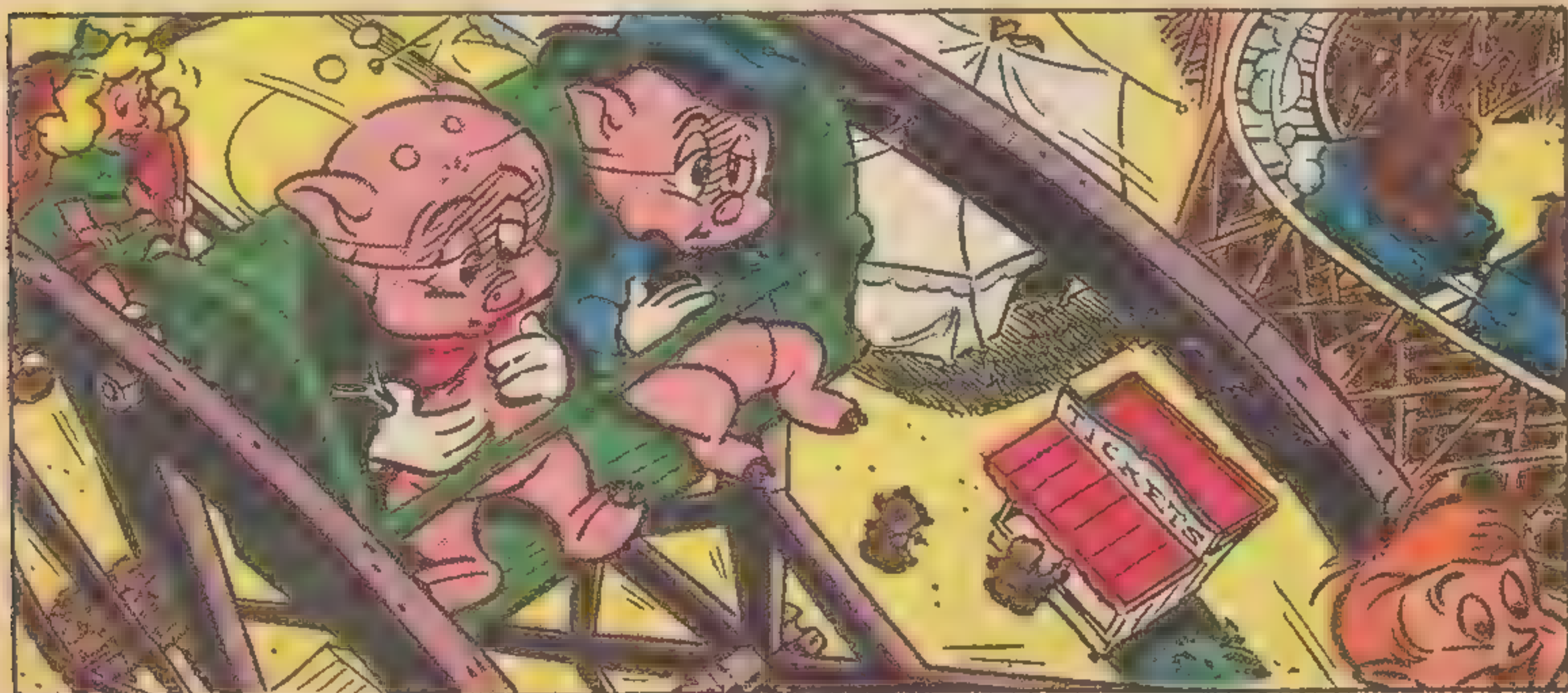
"The circus," Cicero groaned and shook his head sadly. "We'll never make it."

"We shouldn't have eaten so much pie," Porky decided.

"Cheer up," Petunia comforted them. "After all of that pie, I didn't think you could make it. I already asked the man and he said you could come back tomorrow instead." She winked at them. "I figured Myrtle's pies would make you pretty sick!"

Porky and Cicero held their right hands high. "We hereby promise," Porky said solemnly, "that we'll only eat Petunia's Perfect Prize-Winning Pies from now on!"

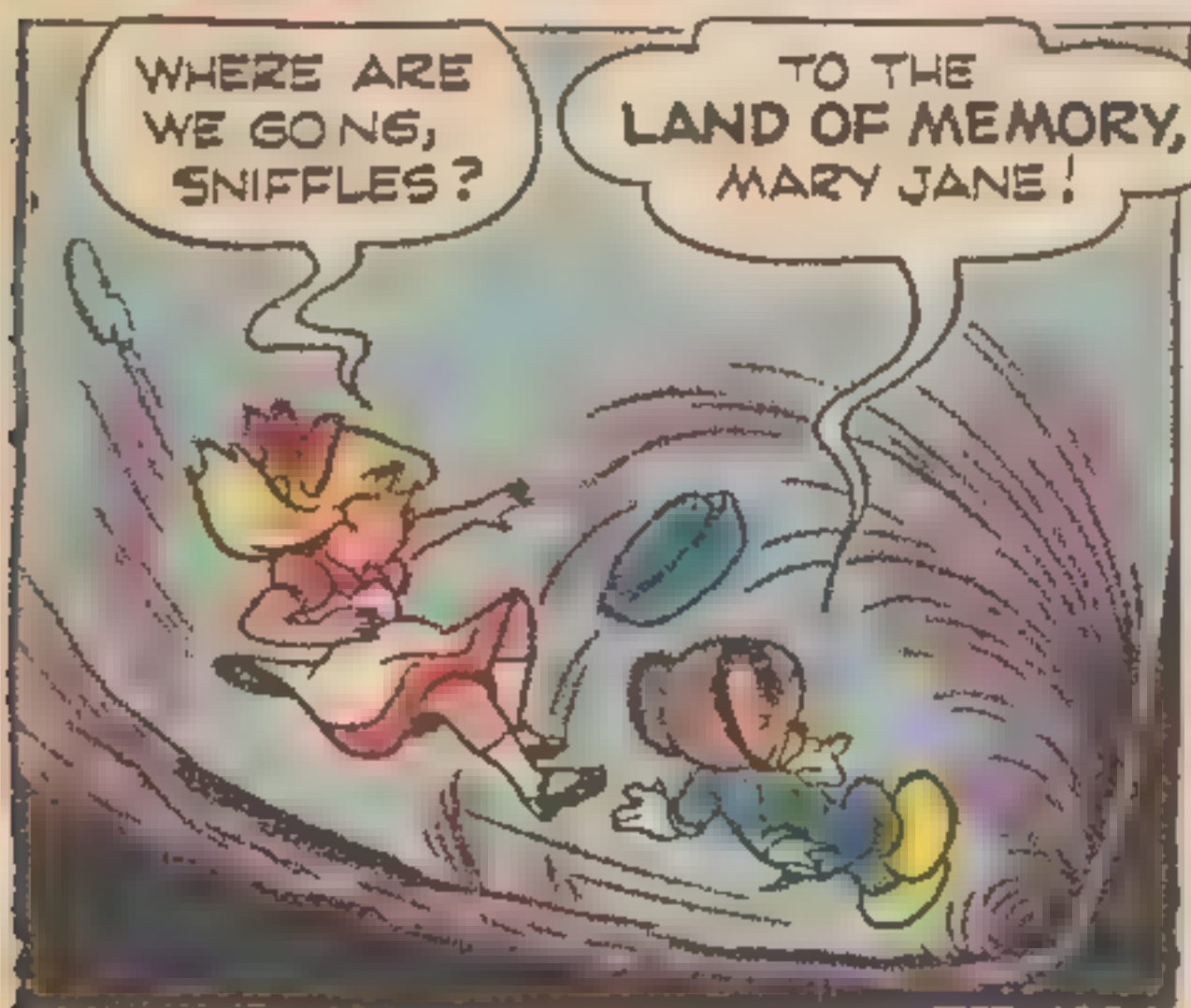
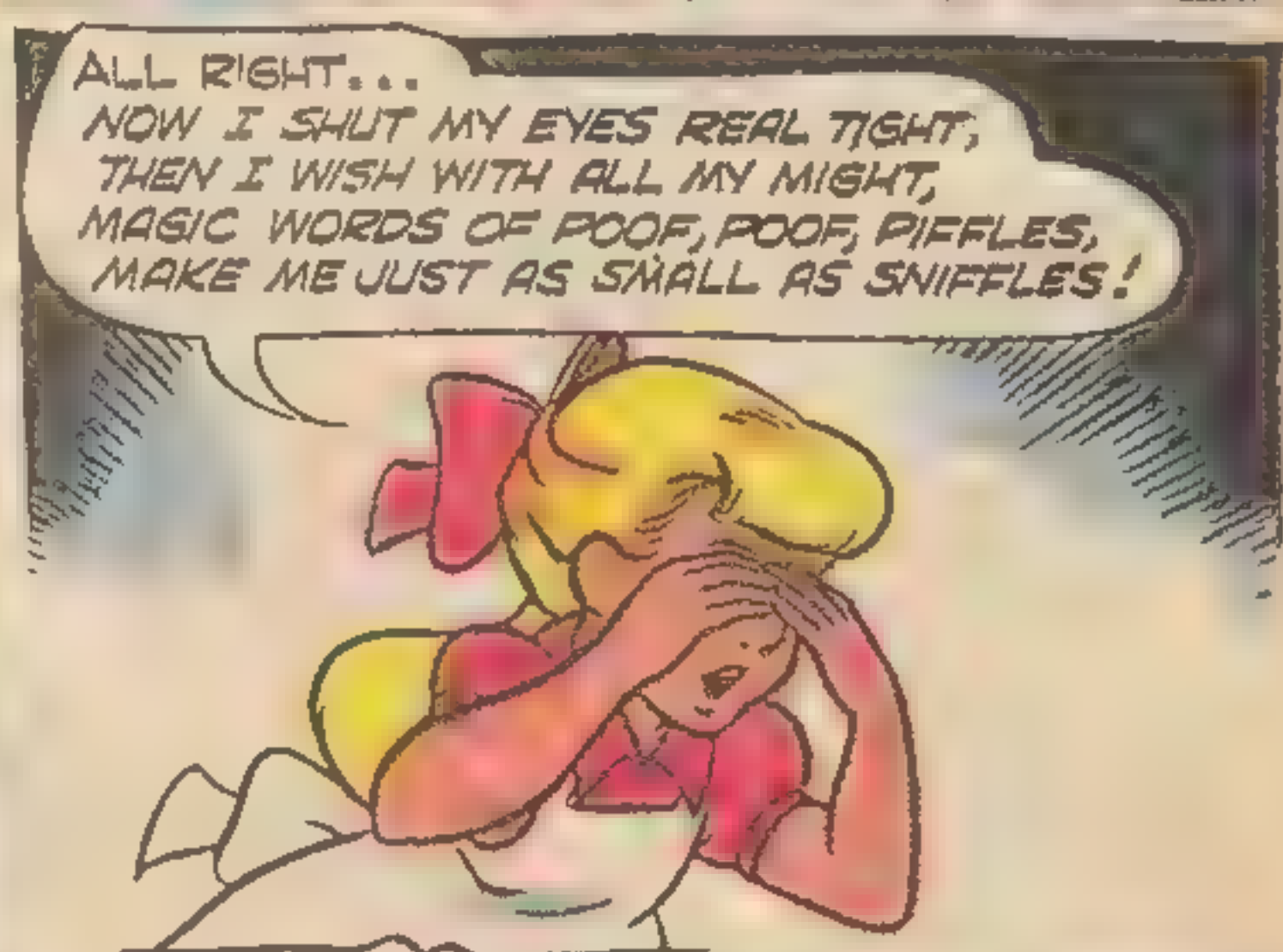
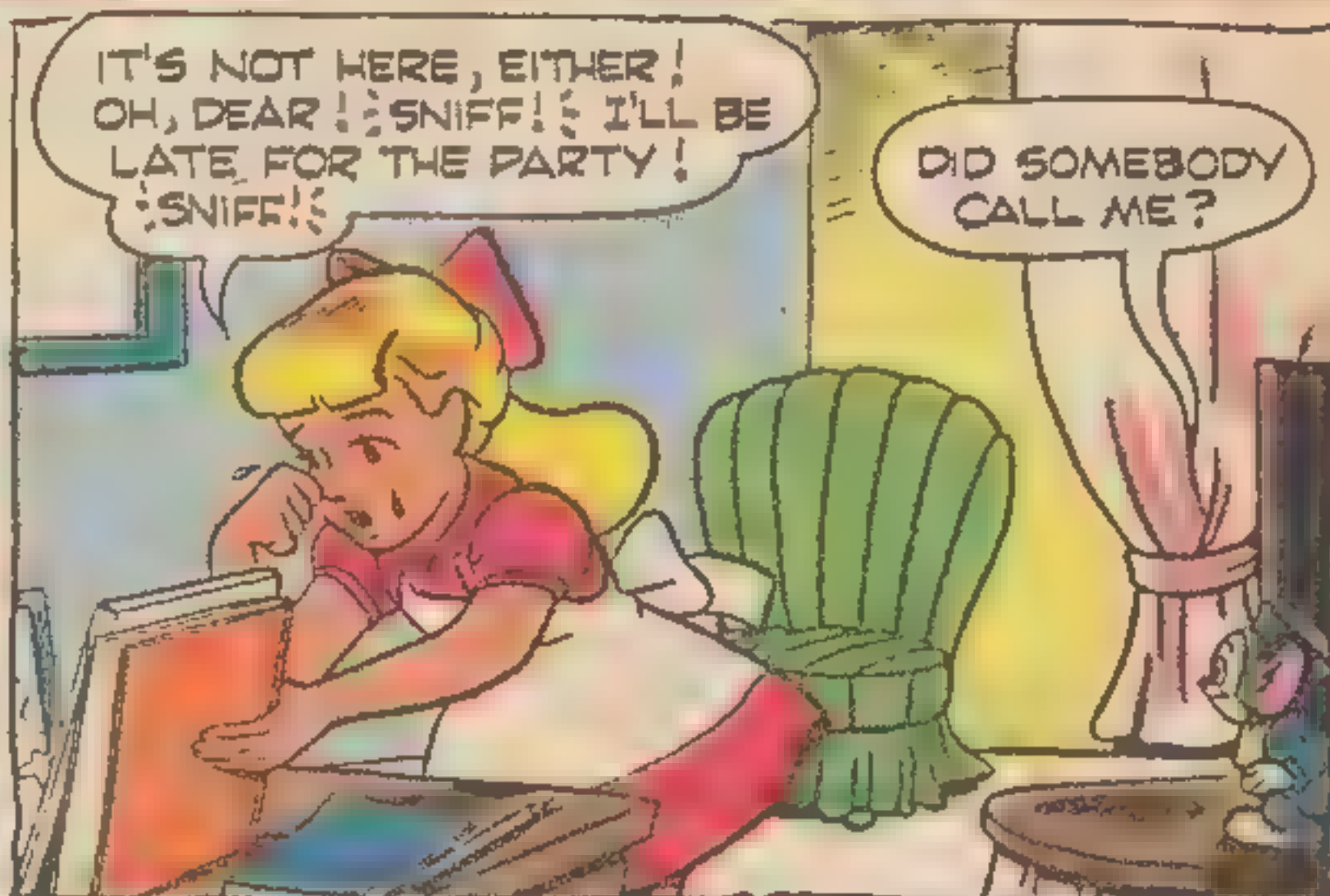
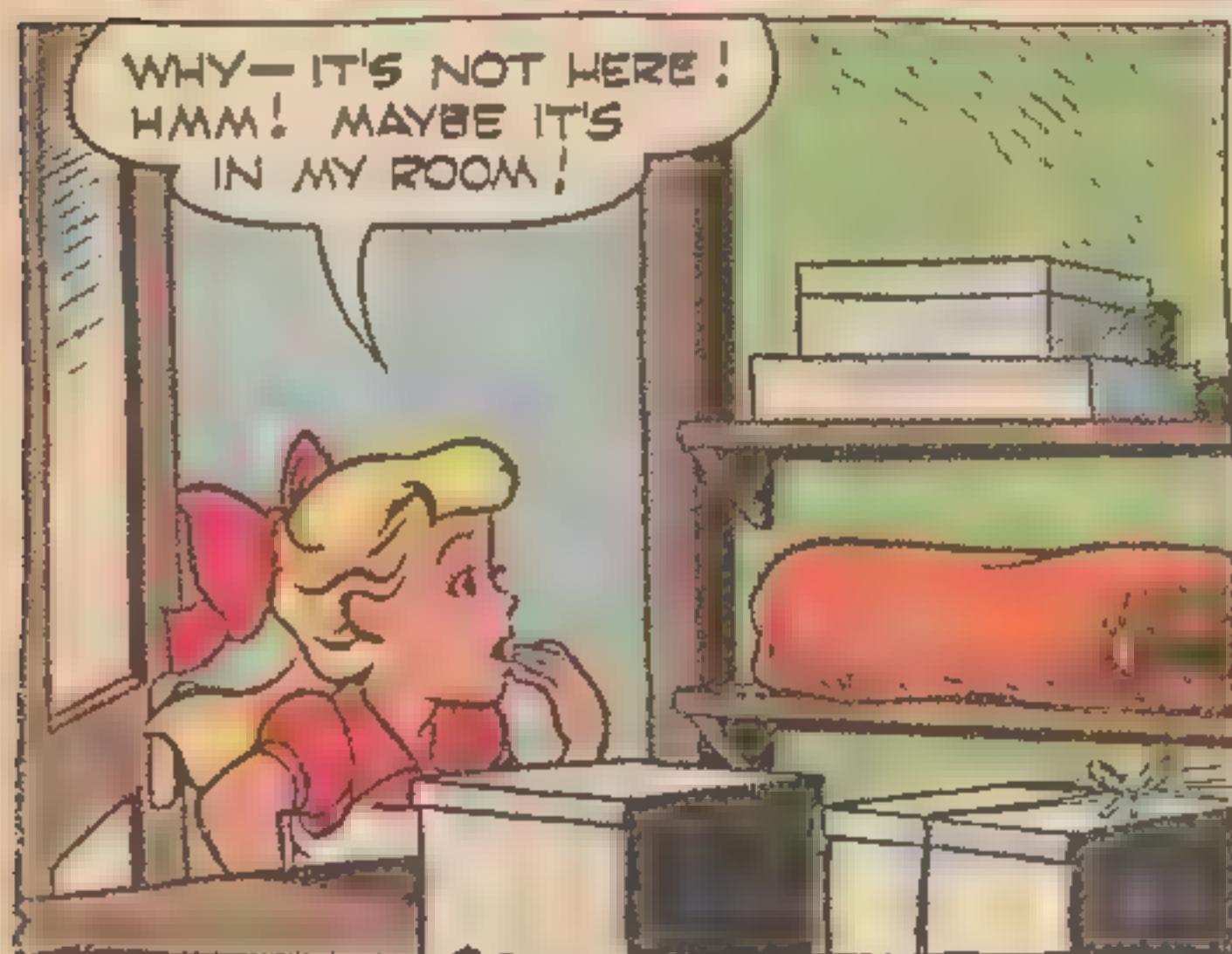
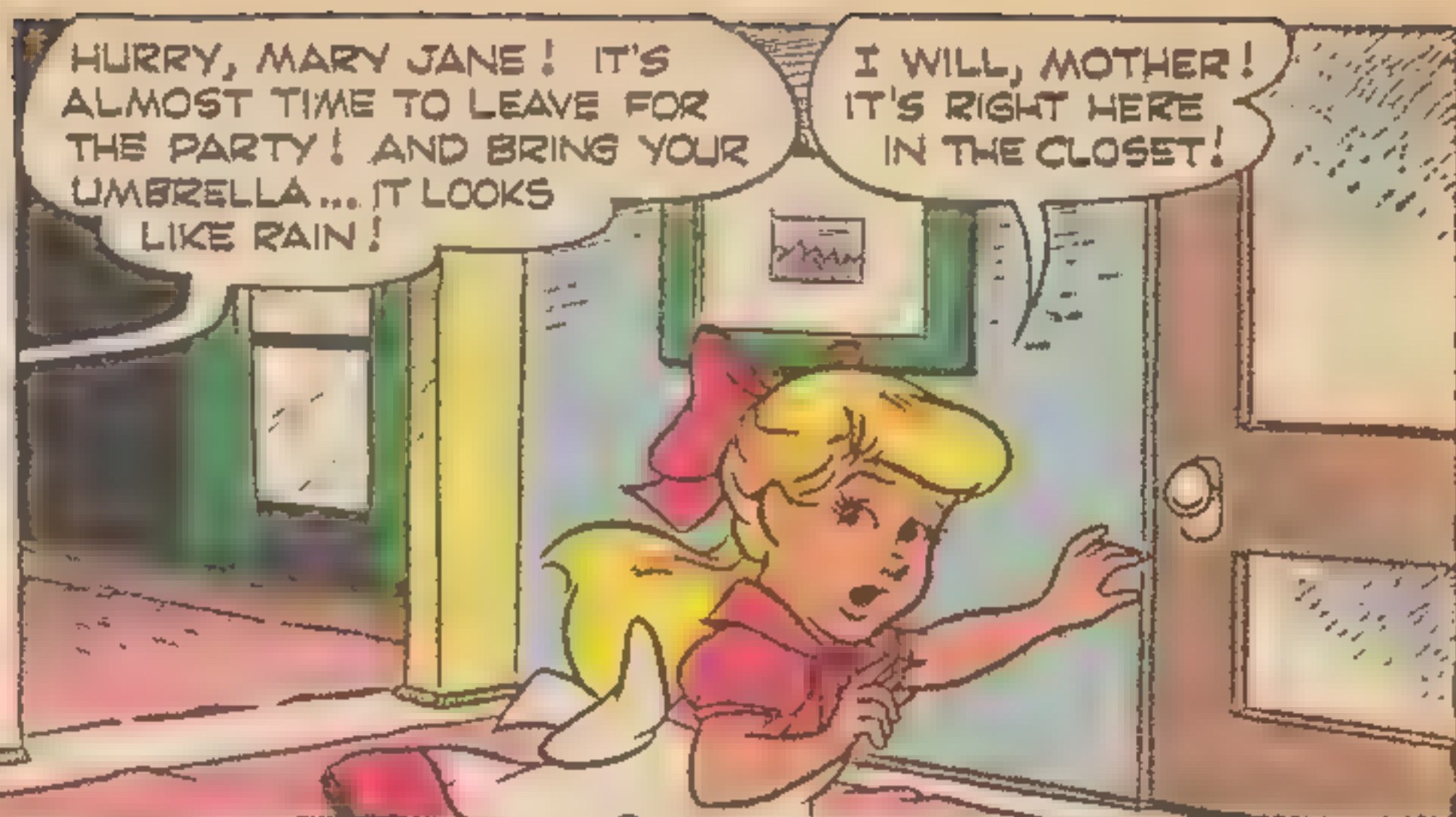
"Circus or no circus," Cicero added for good luck.

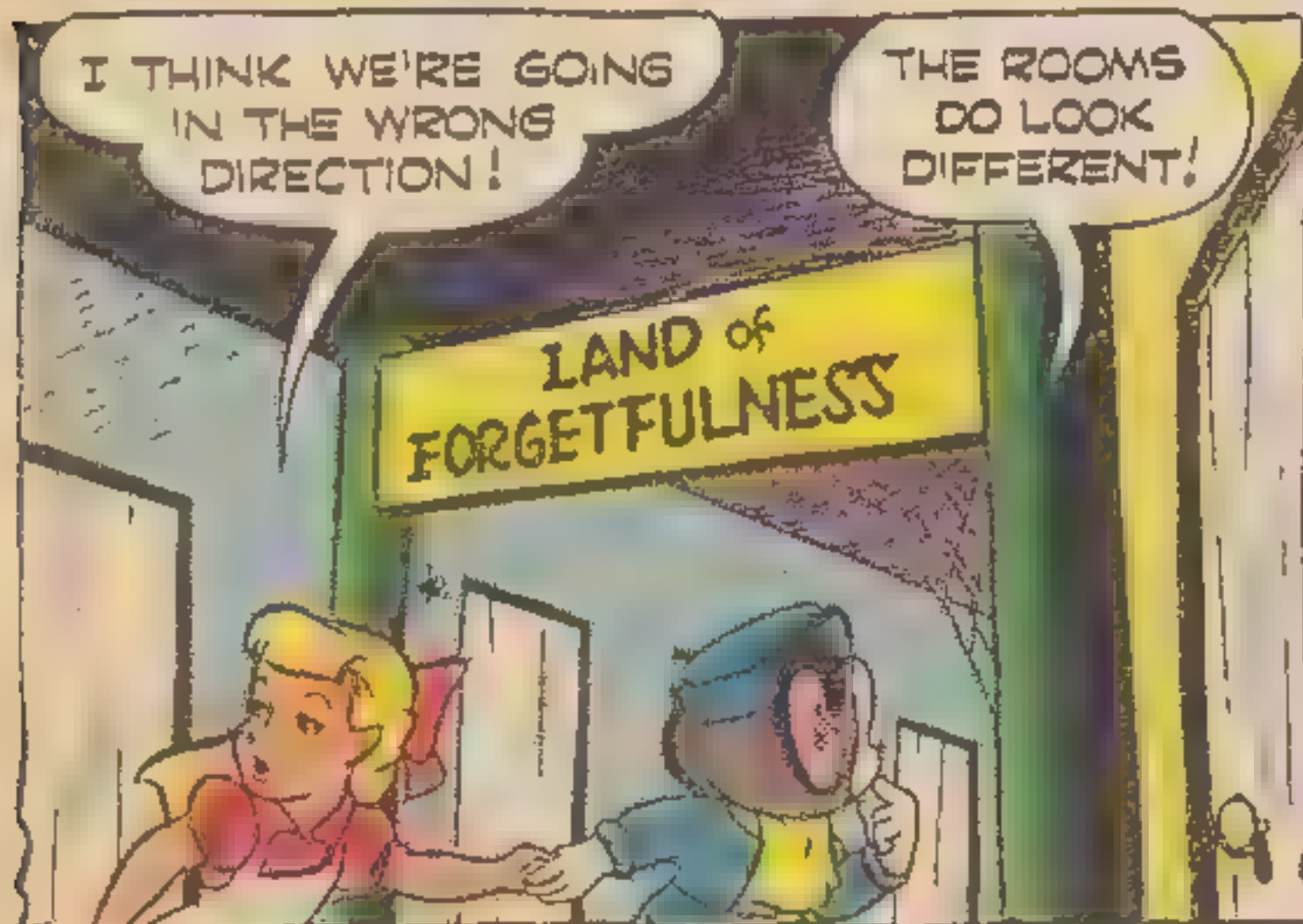
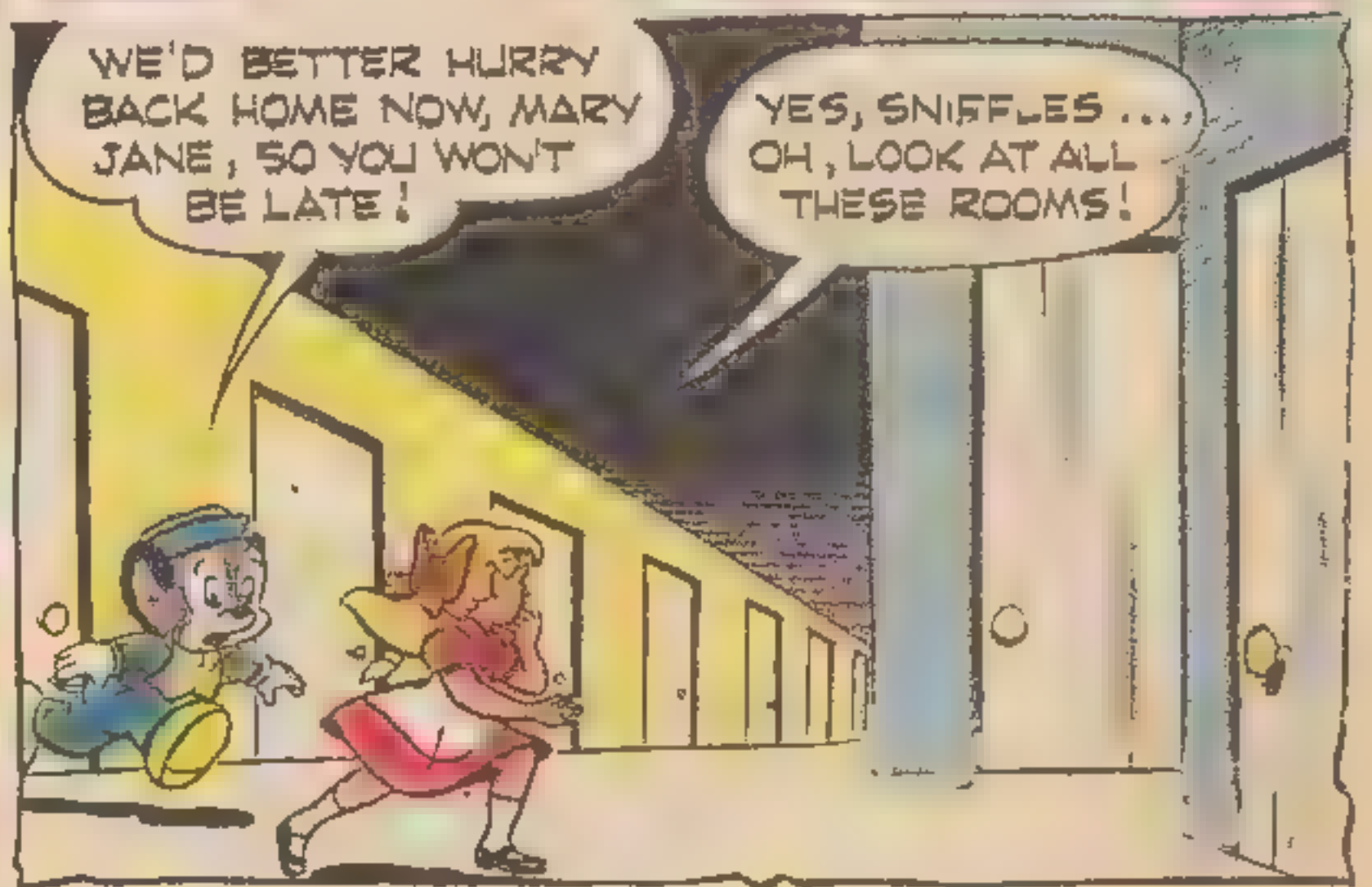
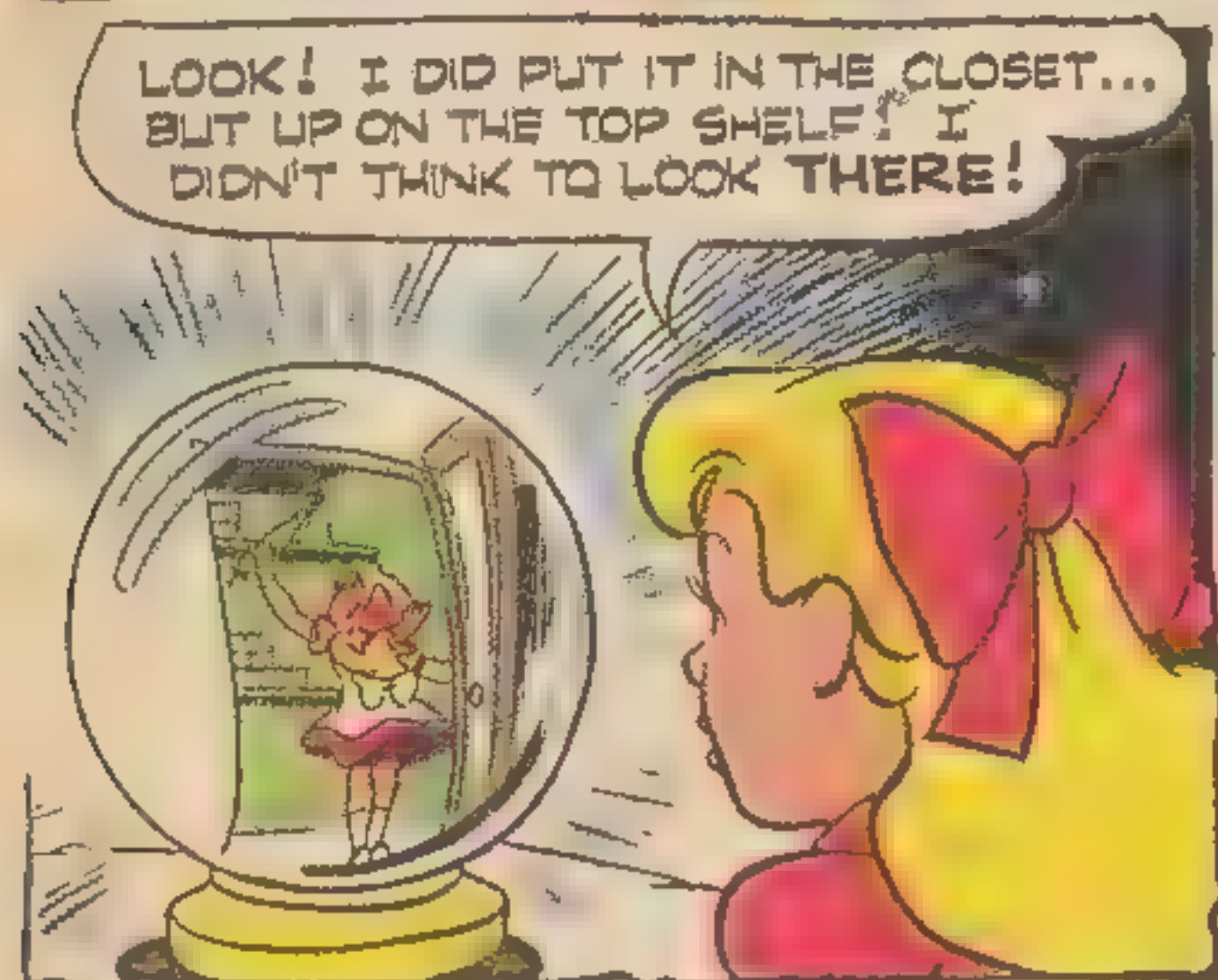
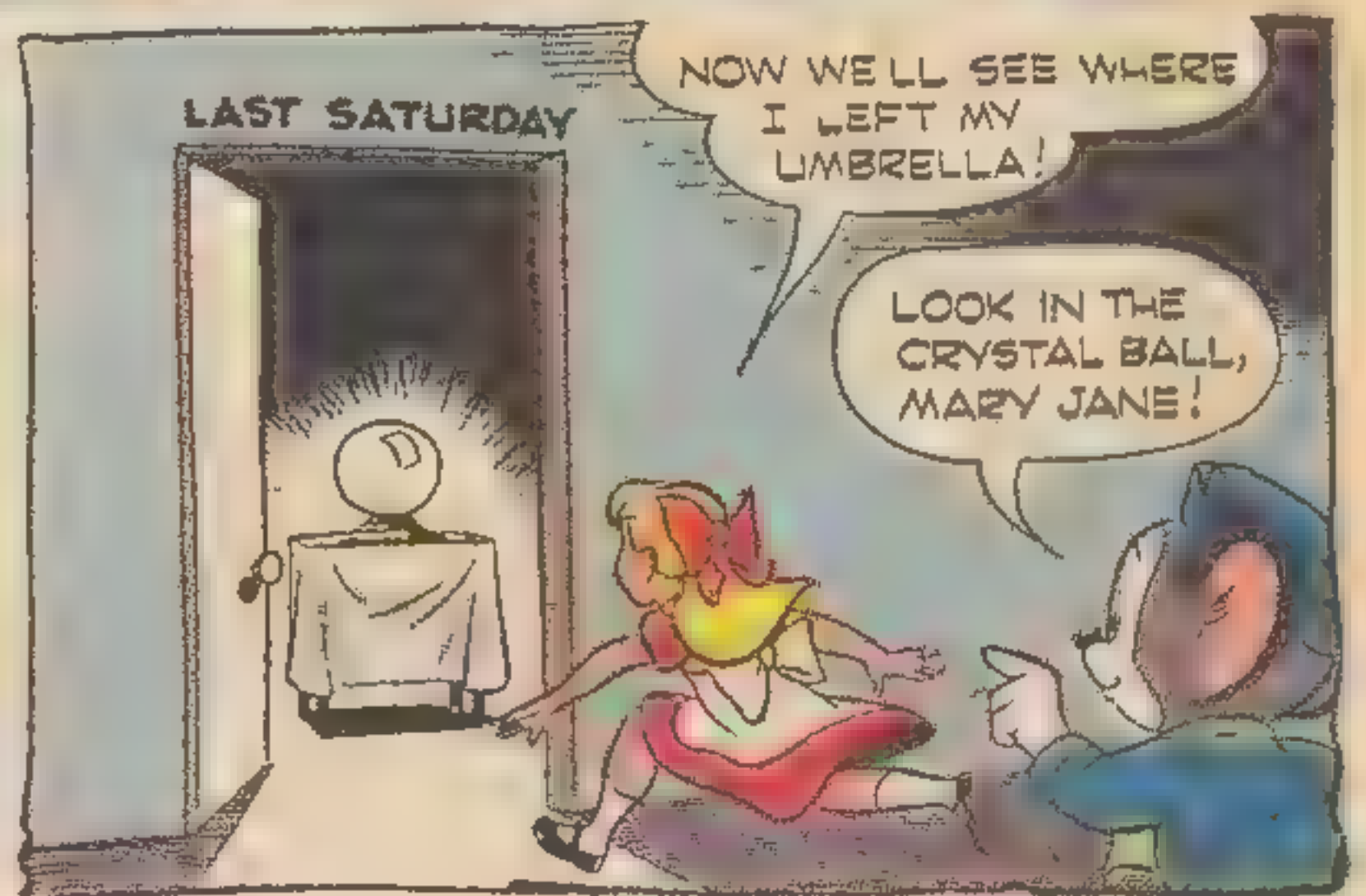
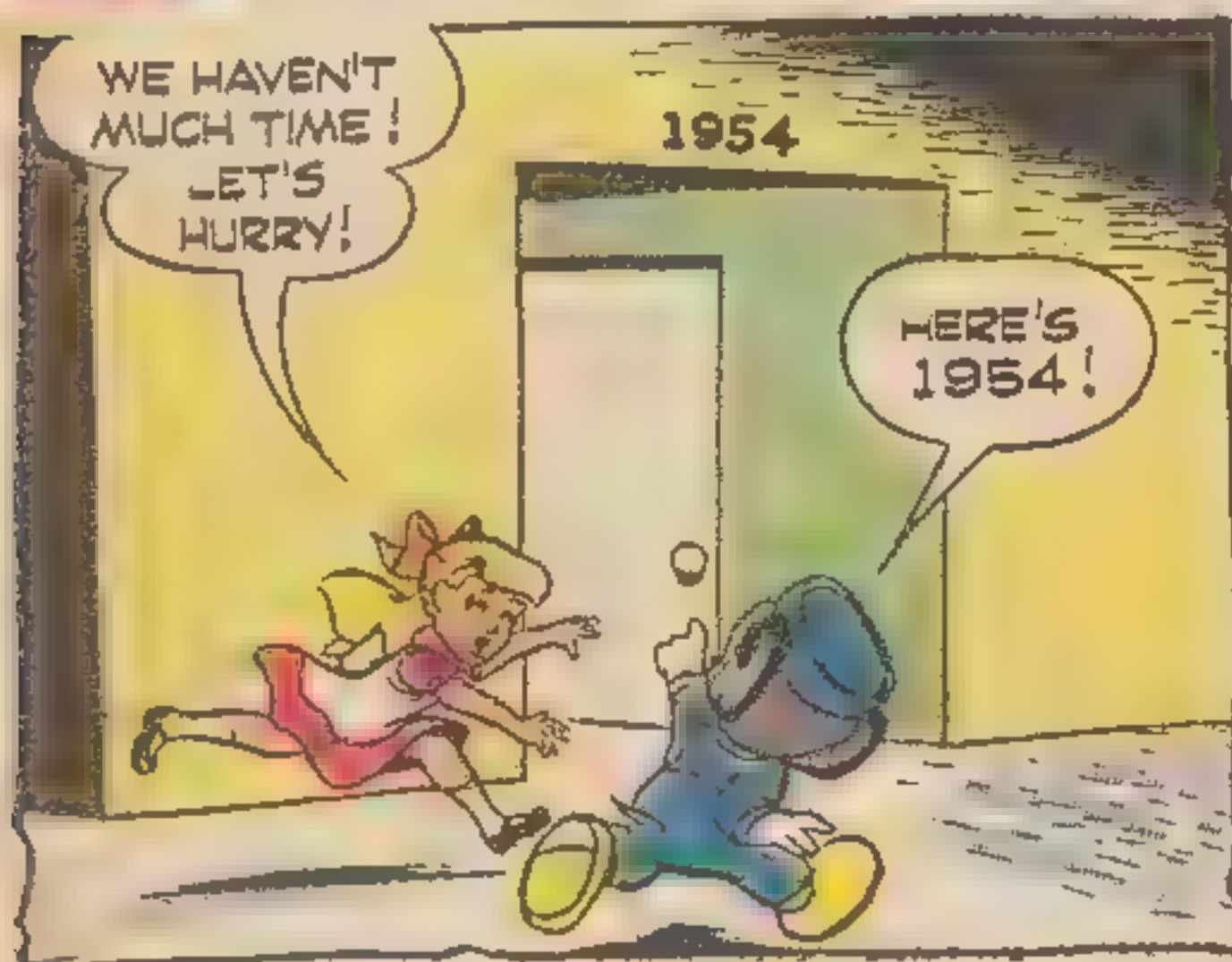
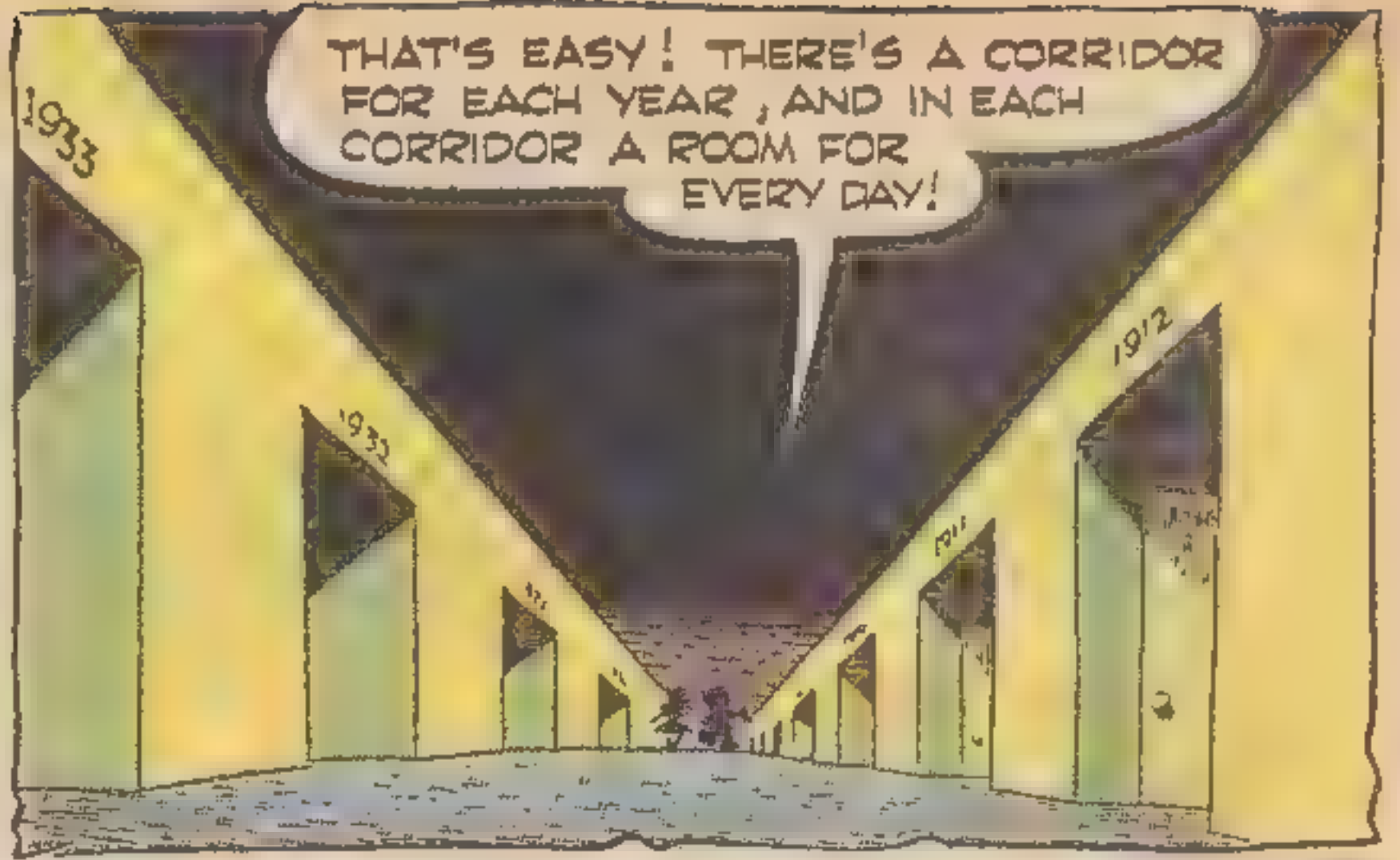
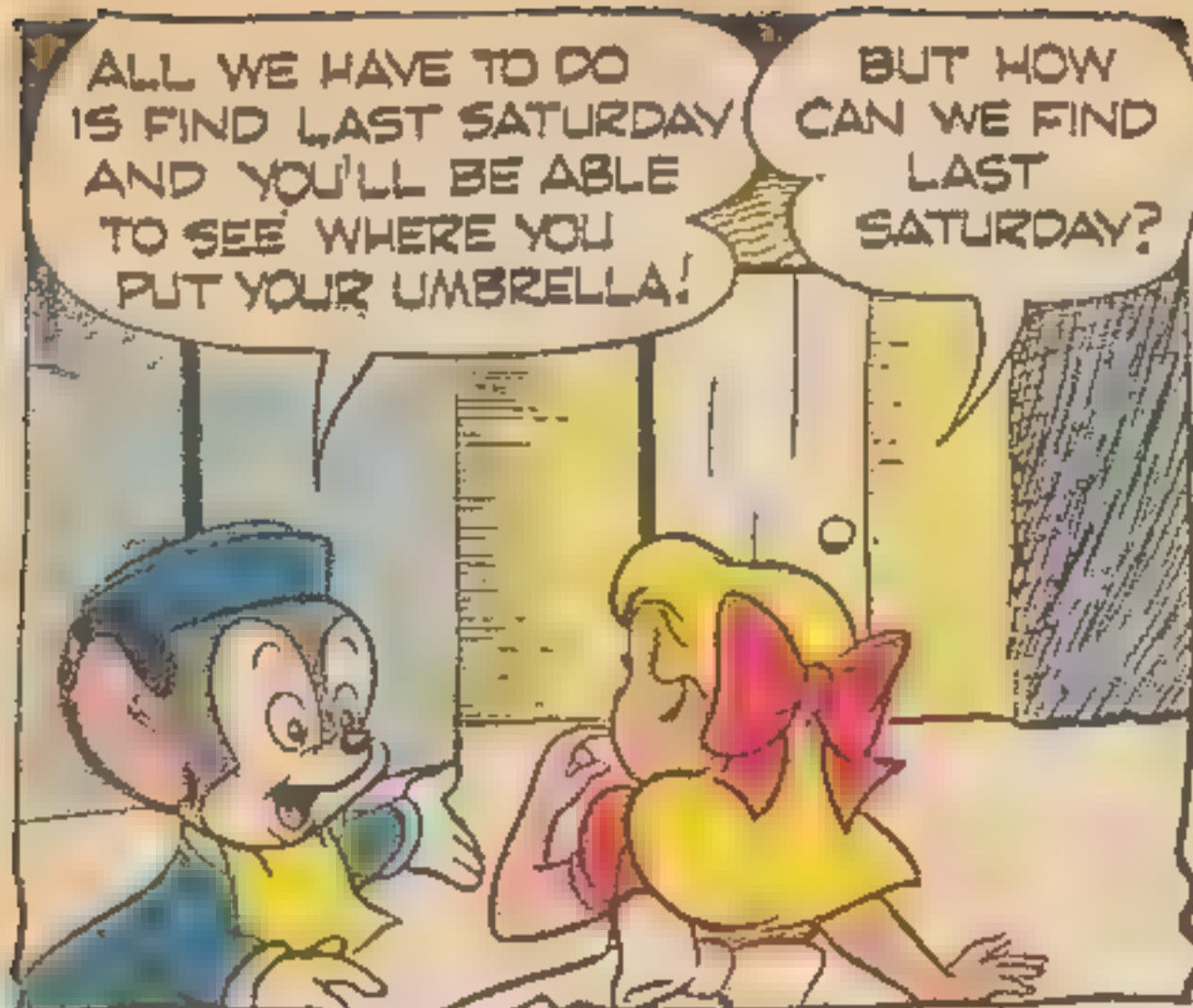


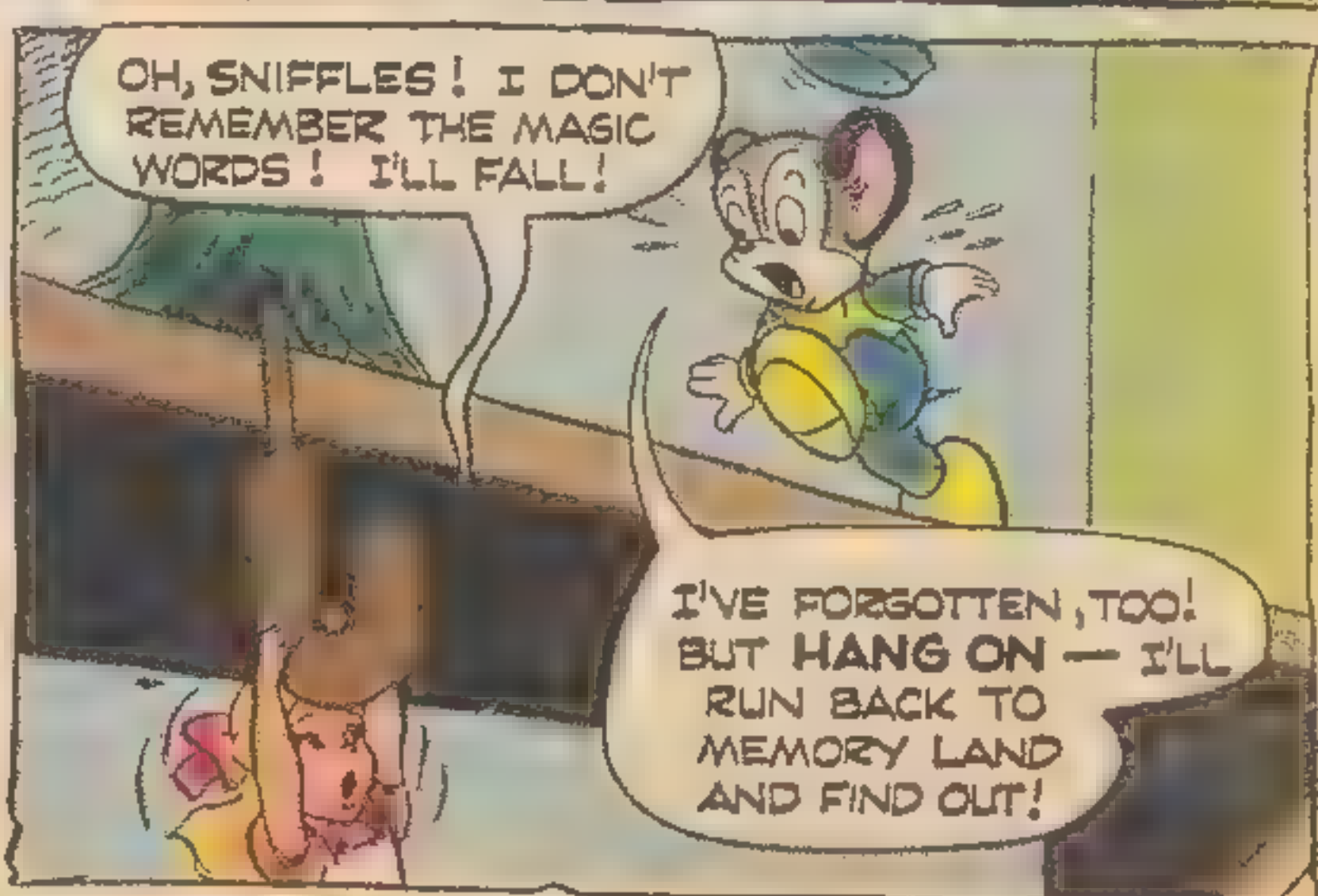
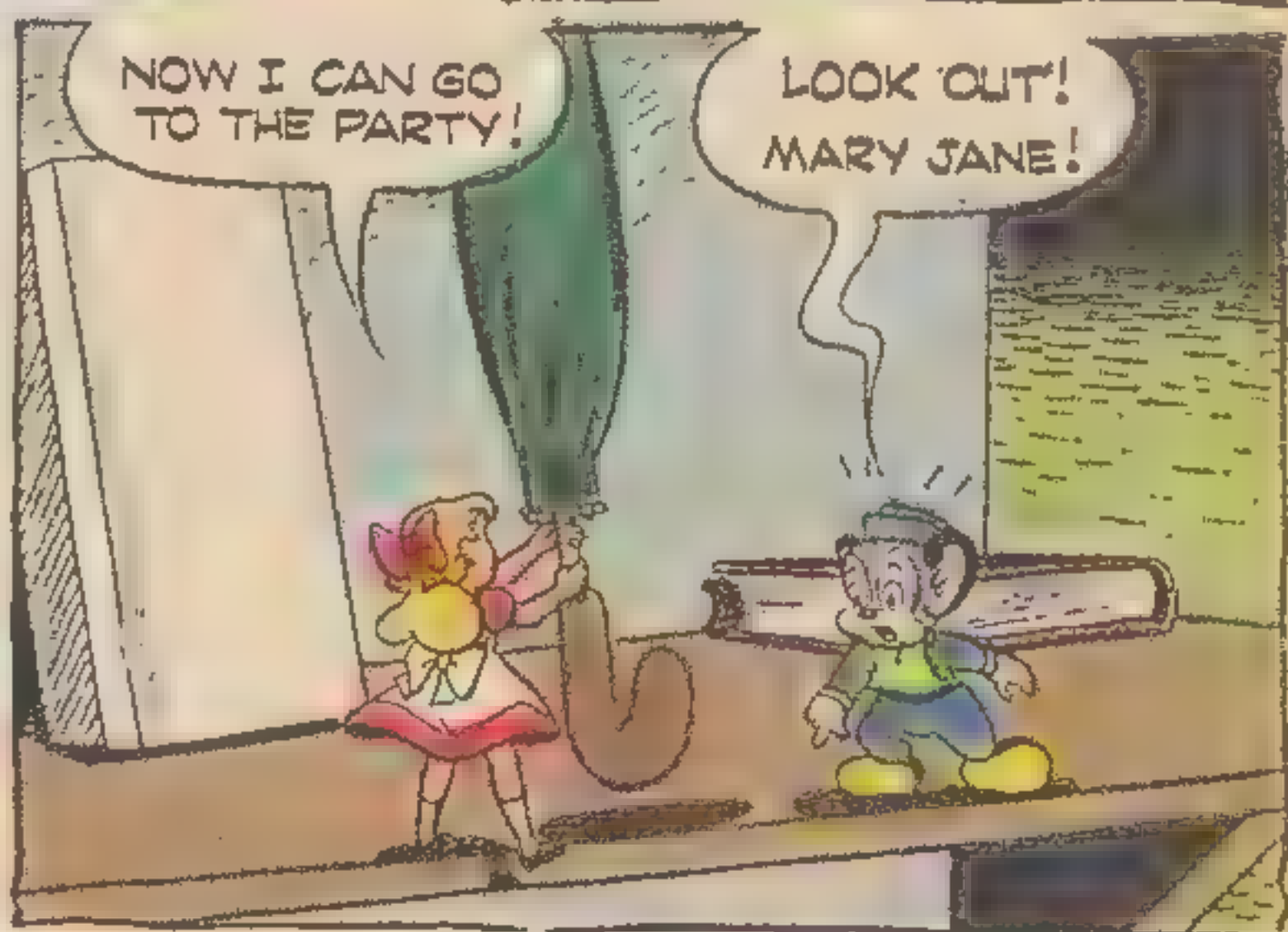
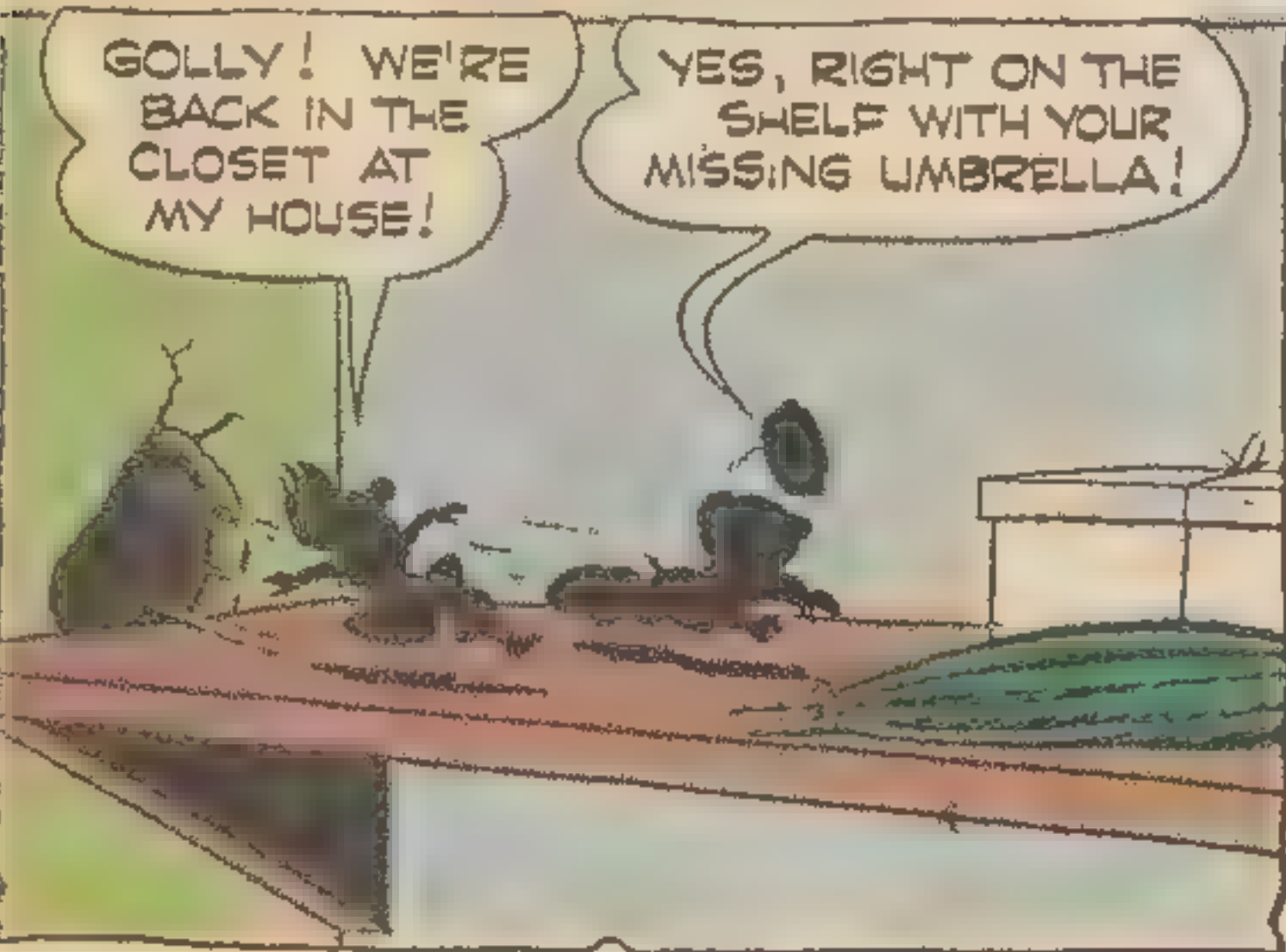
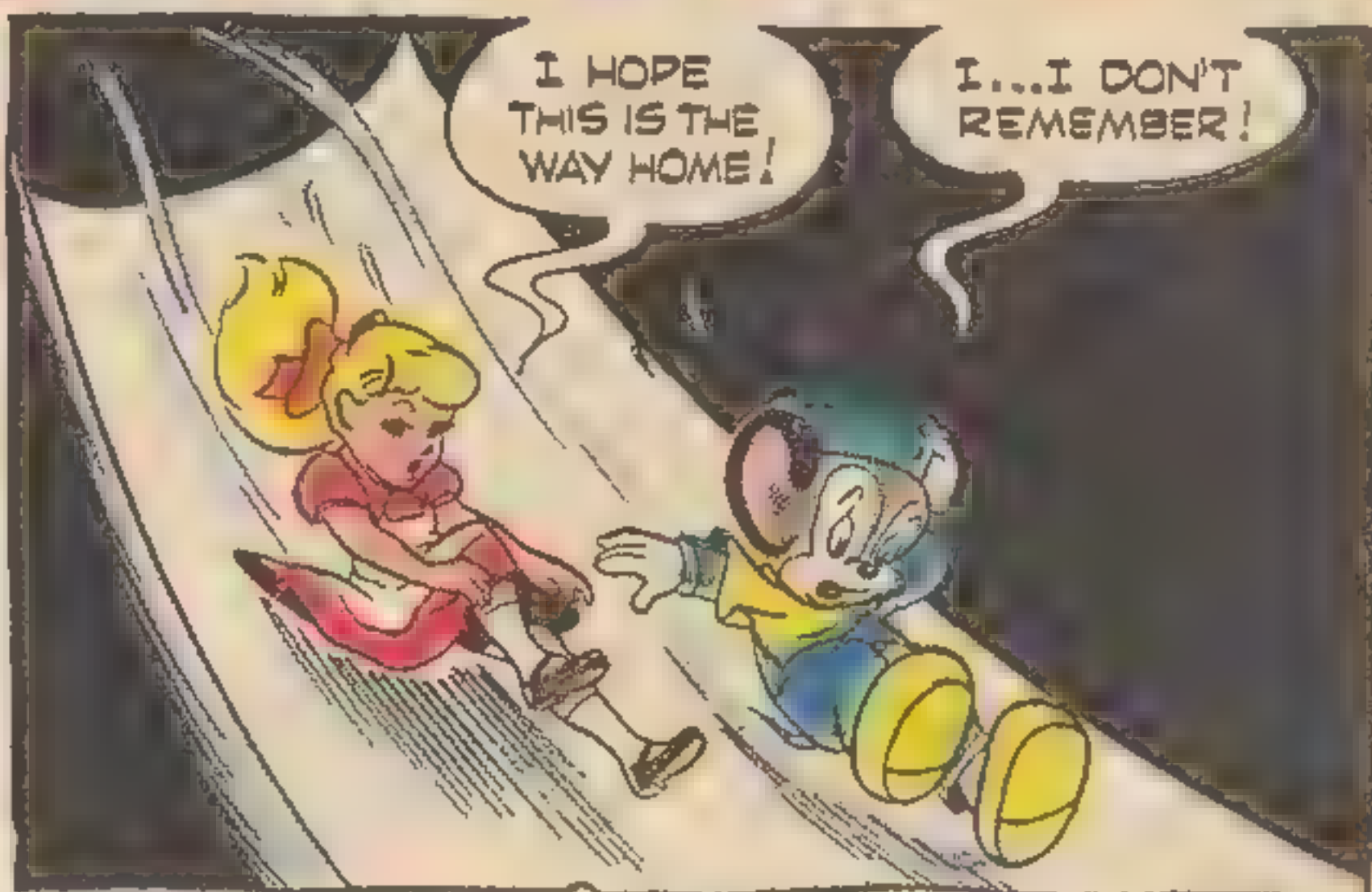
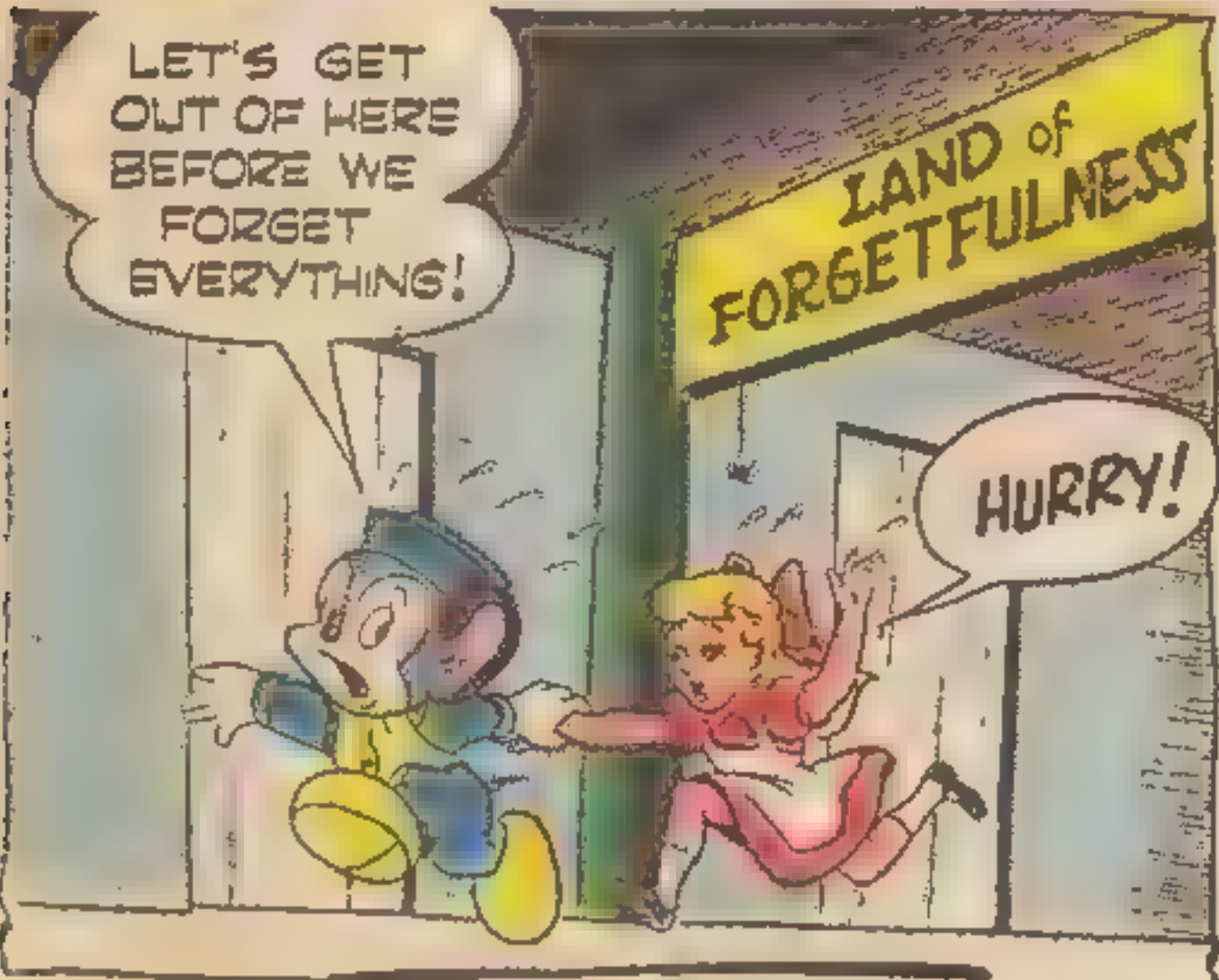
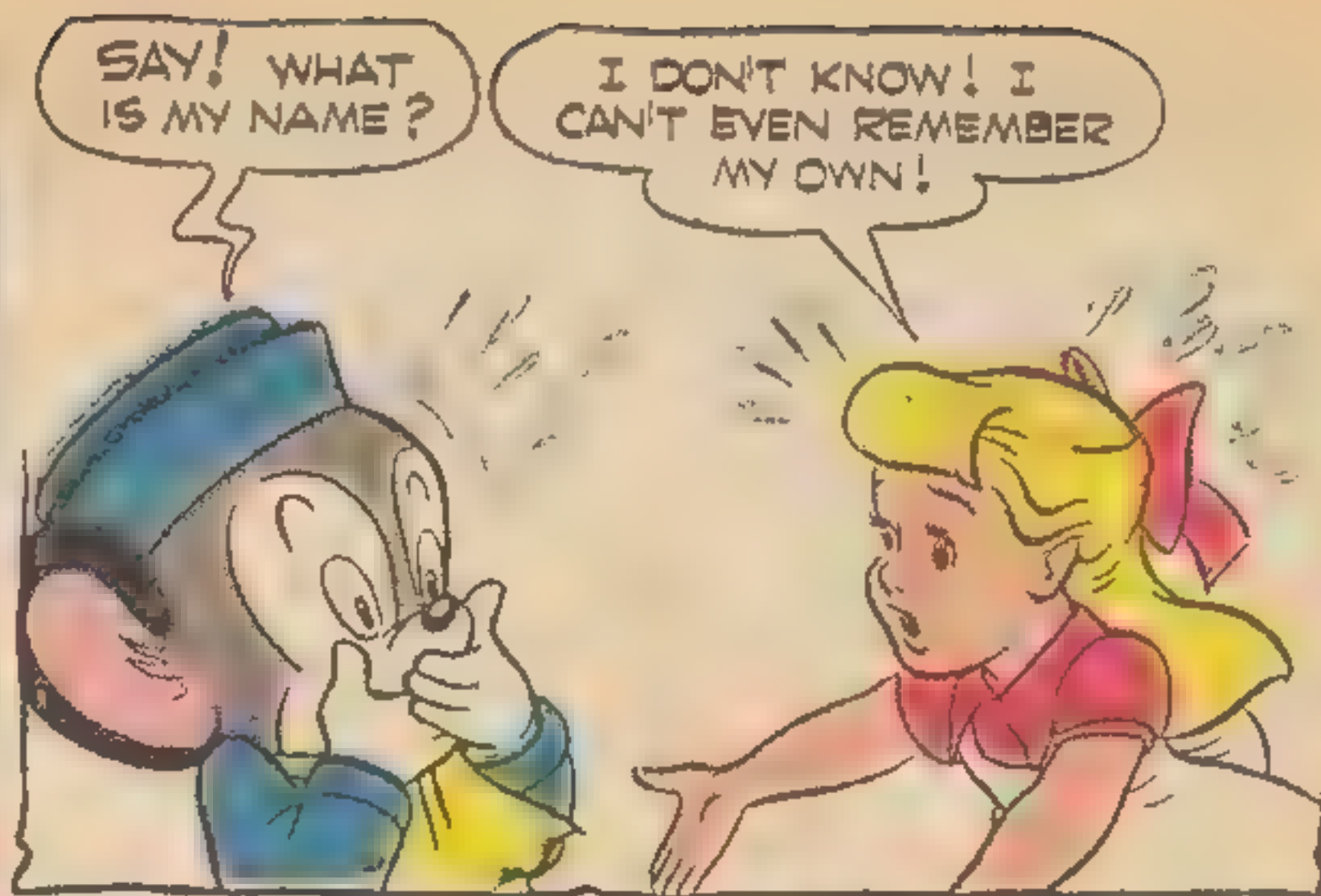
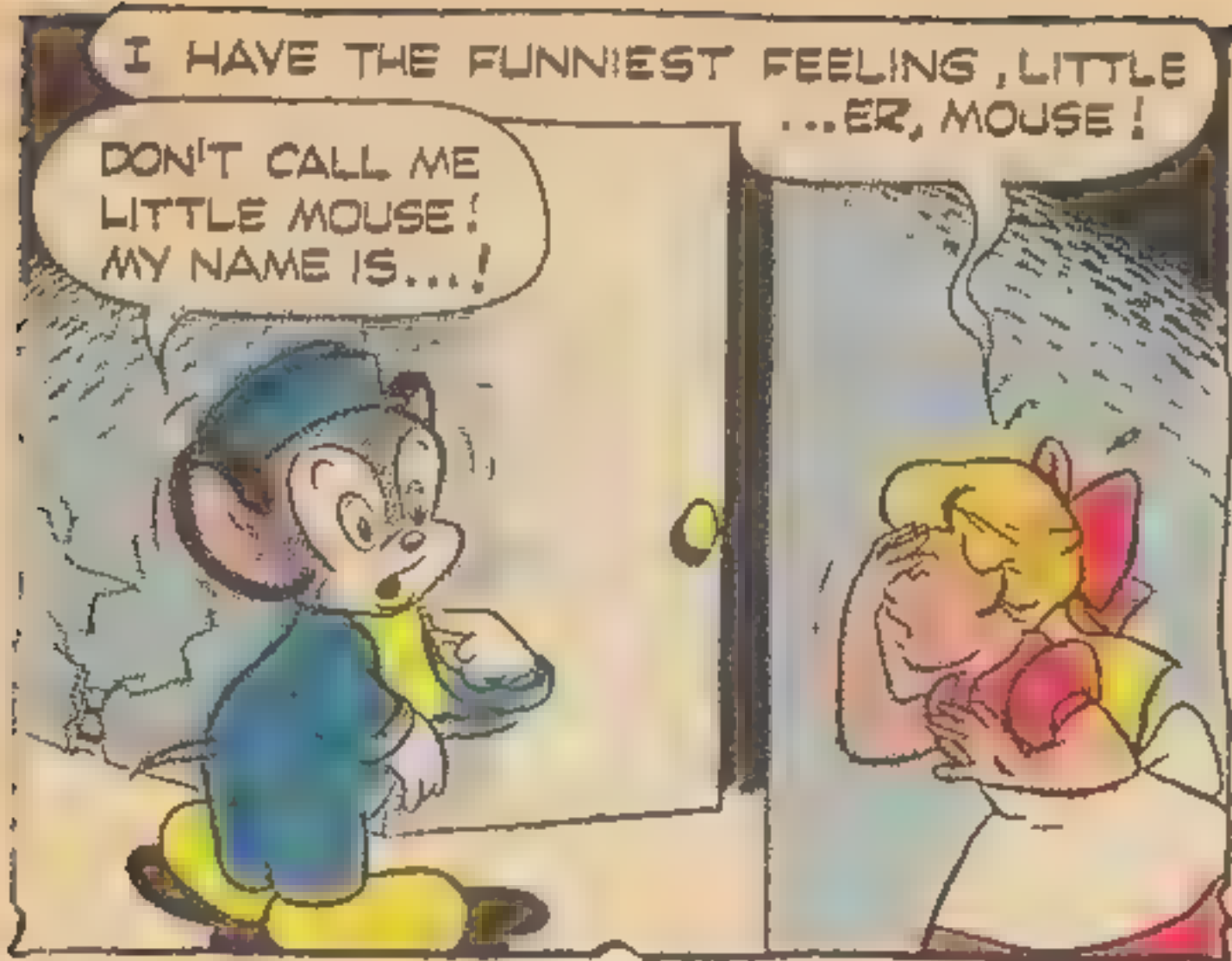
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

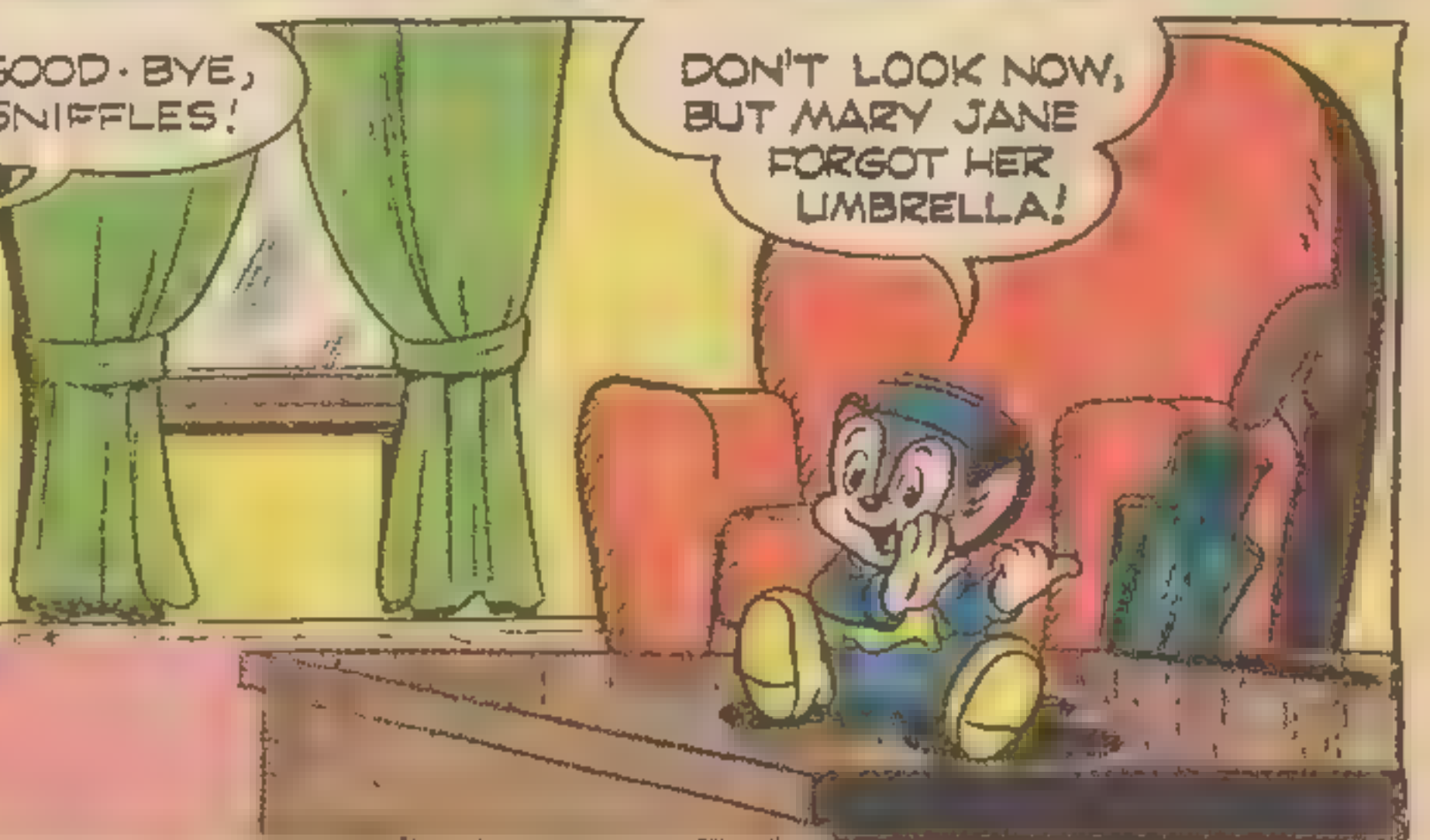
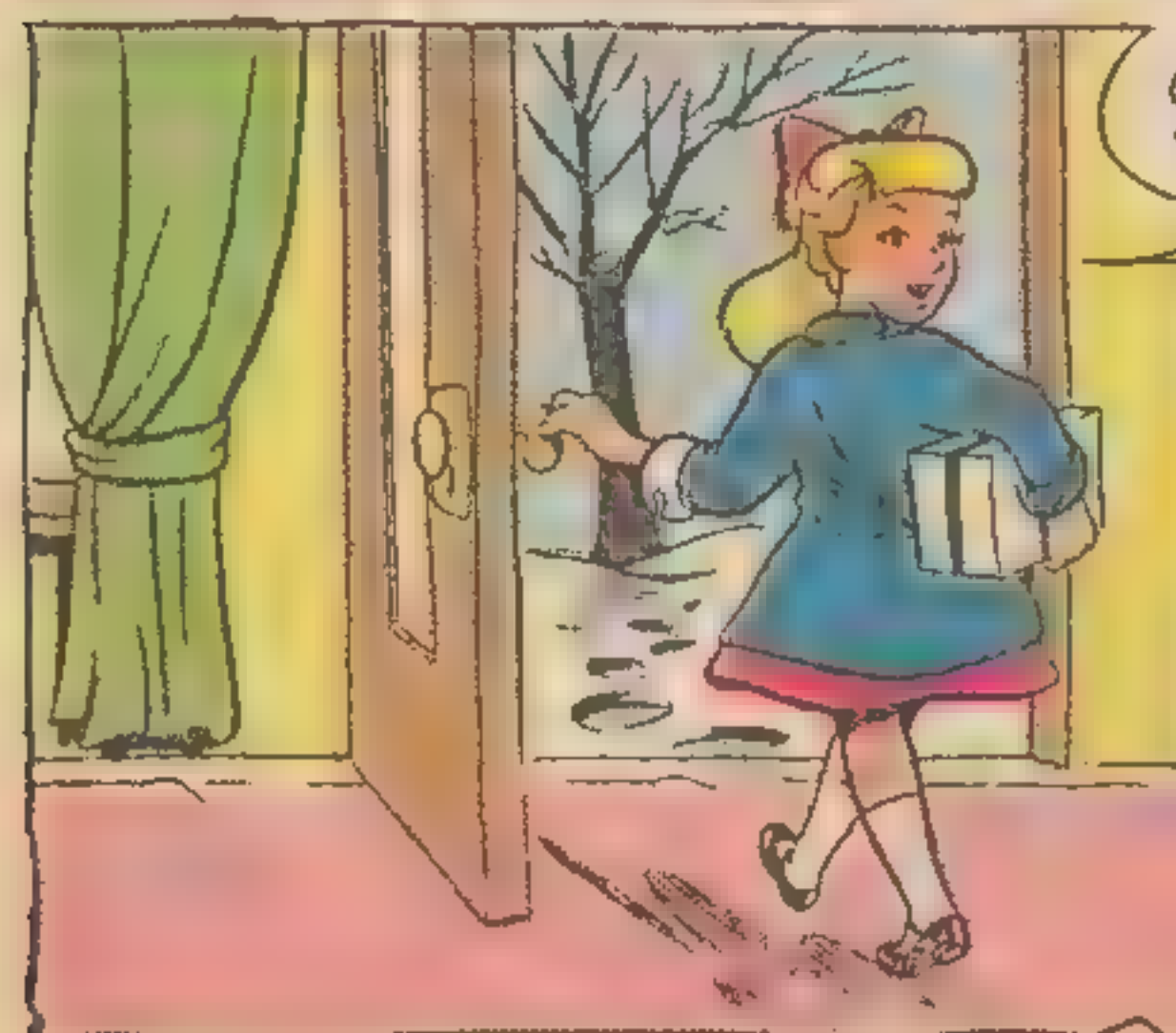
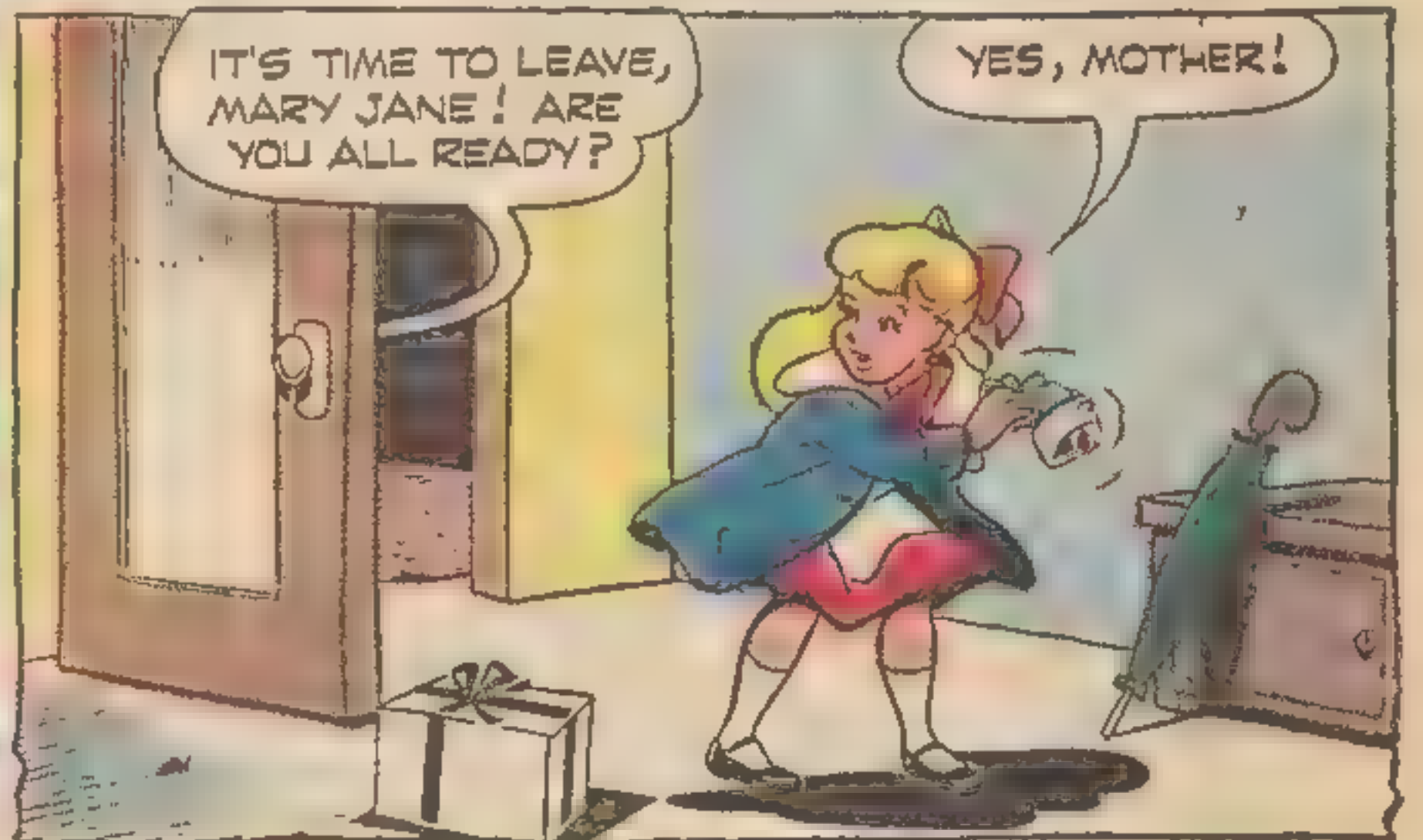
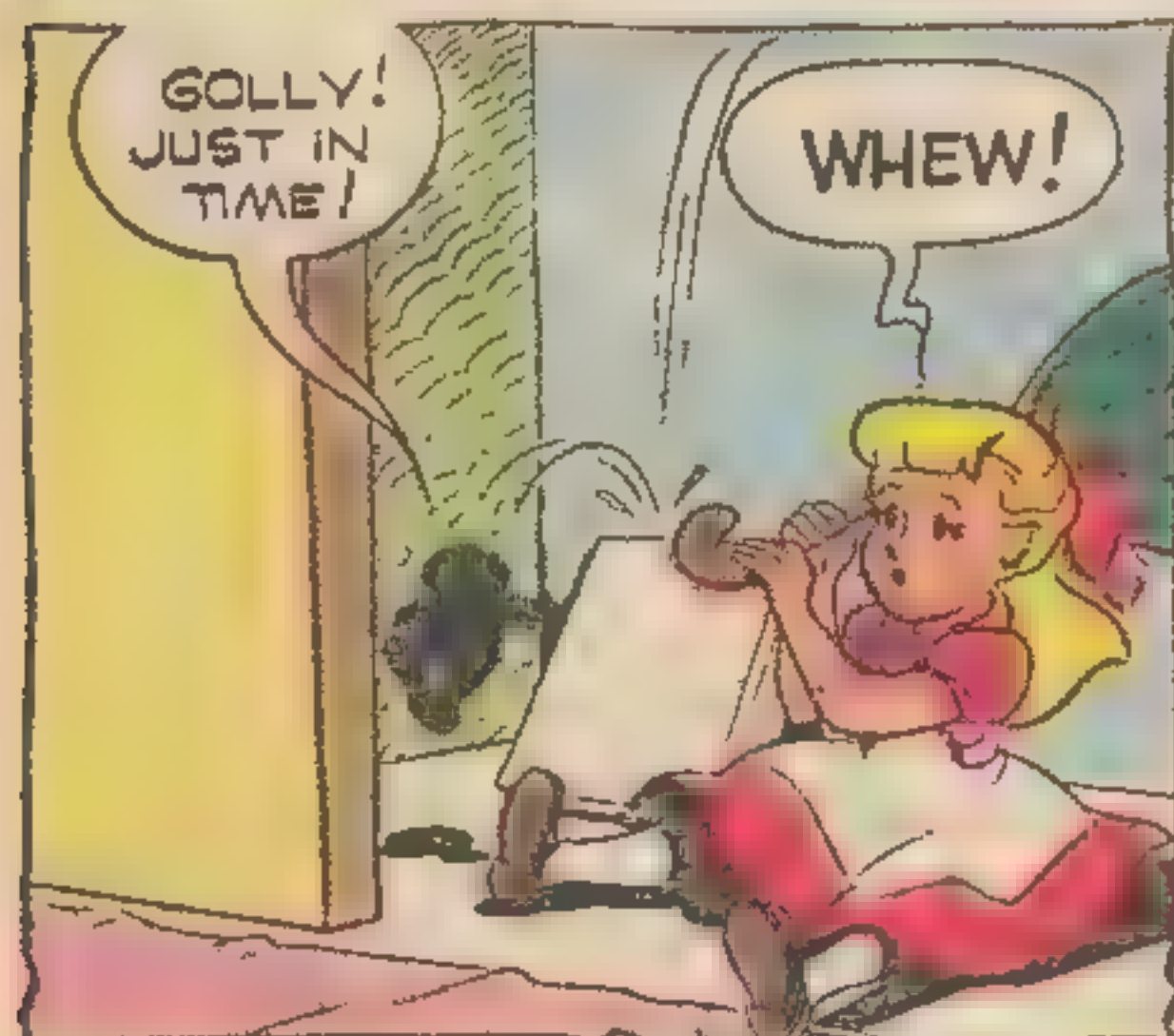
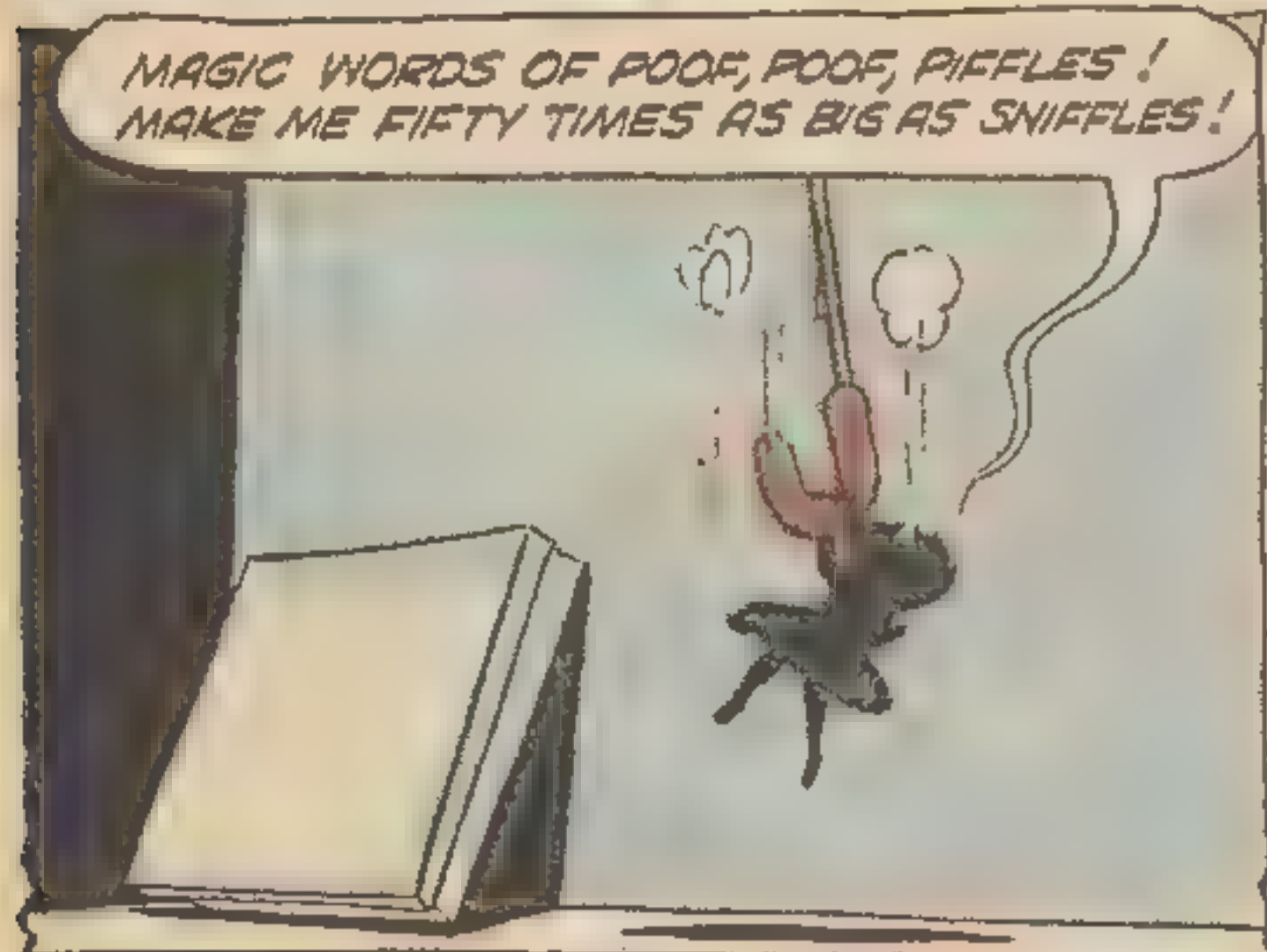
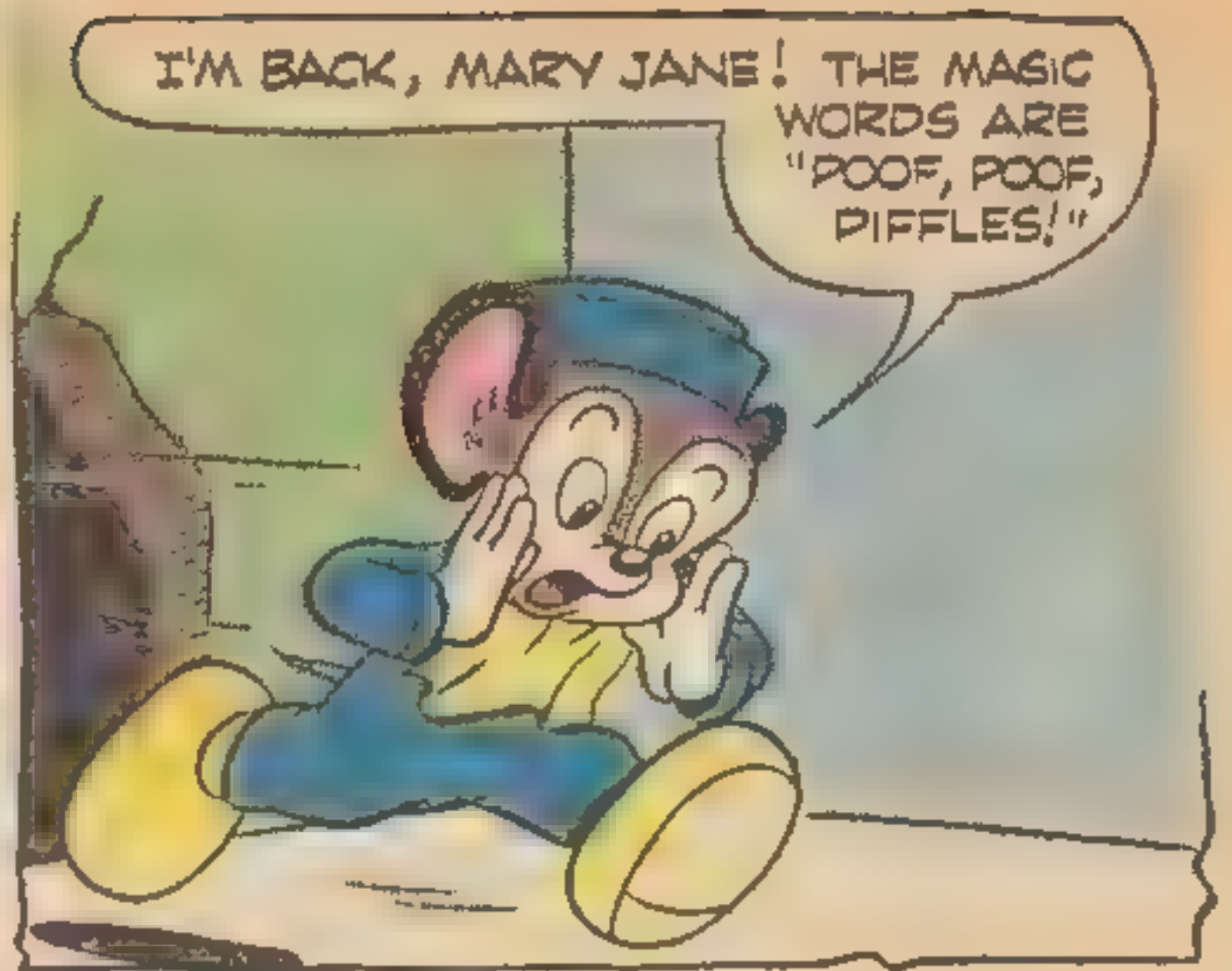
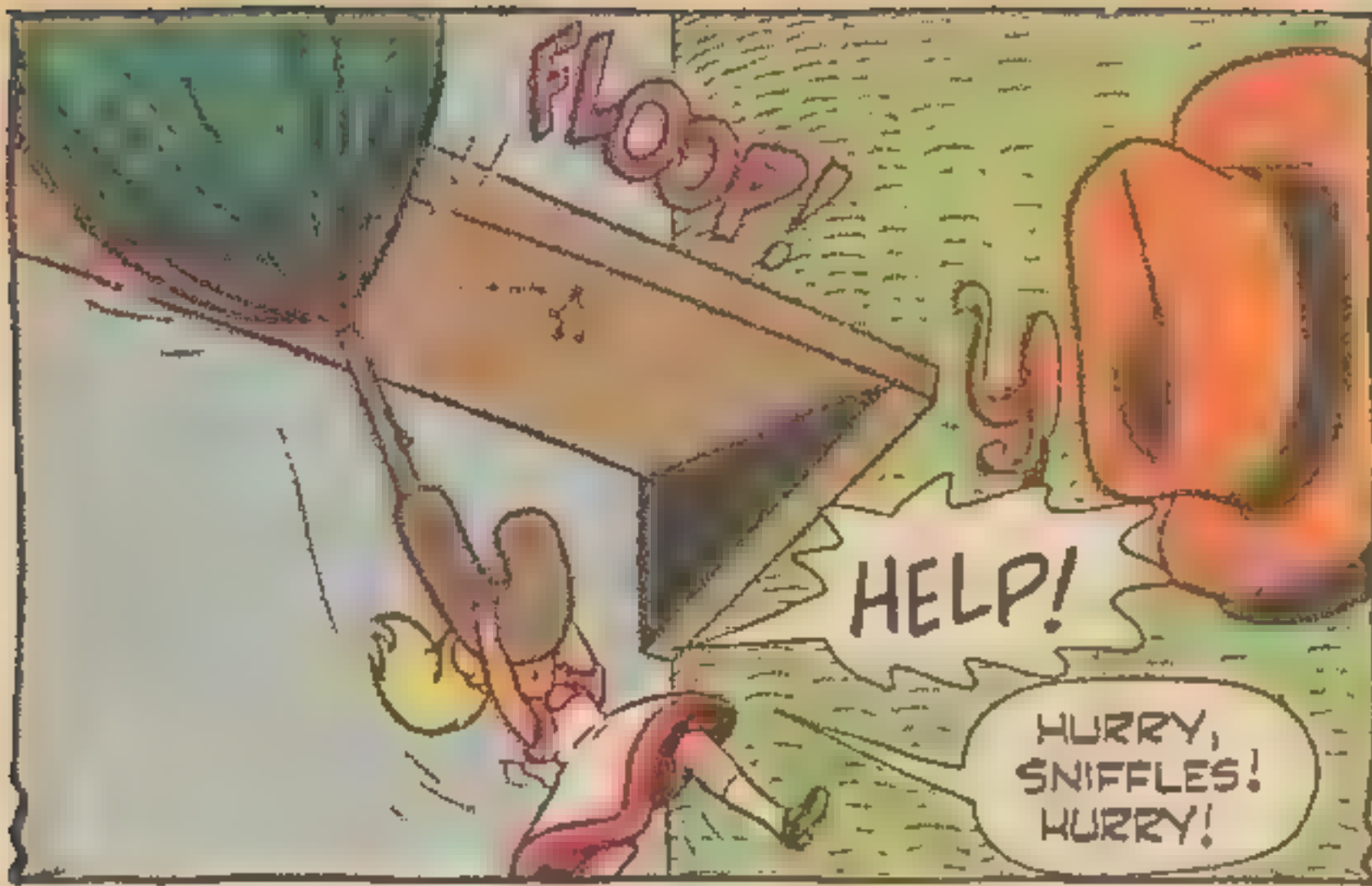
PRESENT

Mary Jane and SNIFFLES





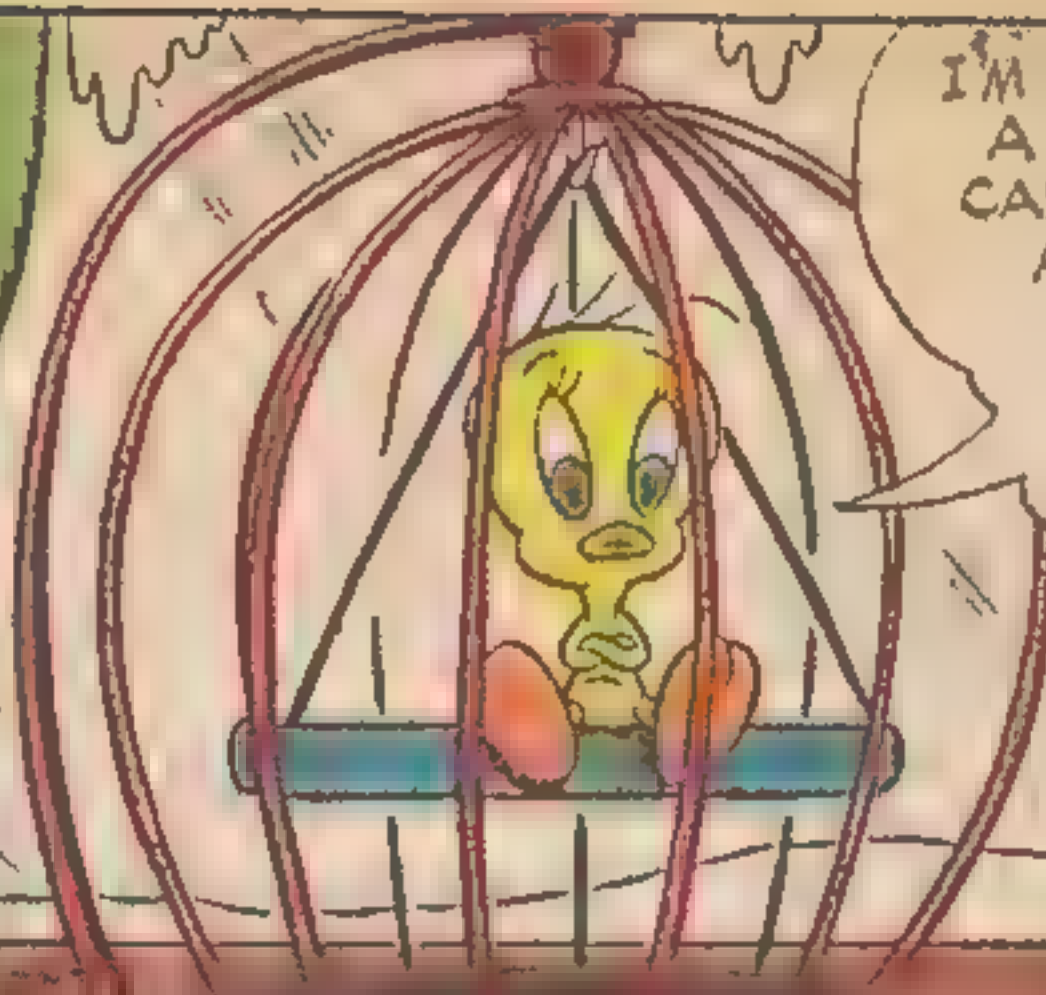




WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

Present

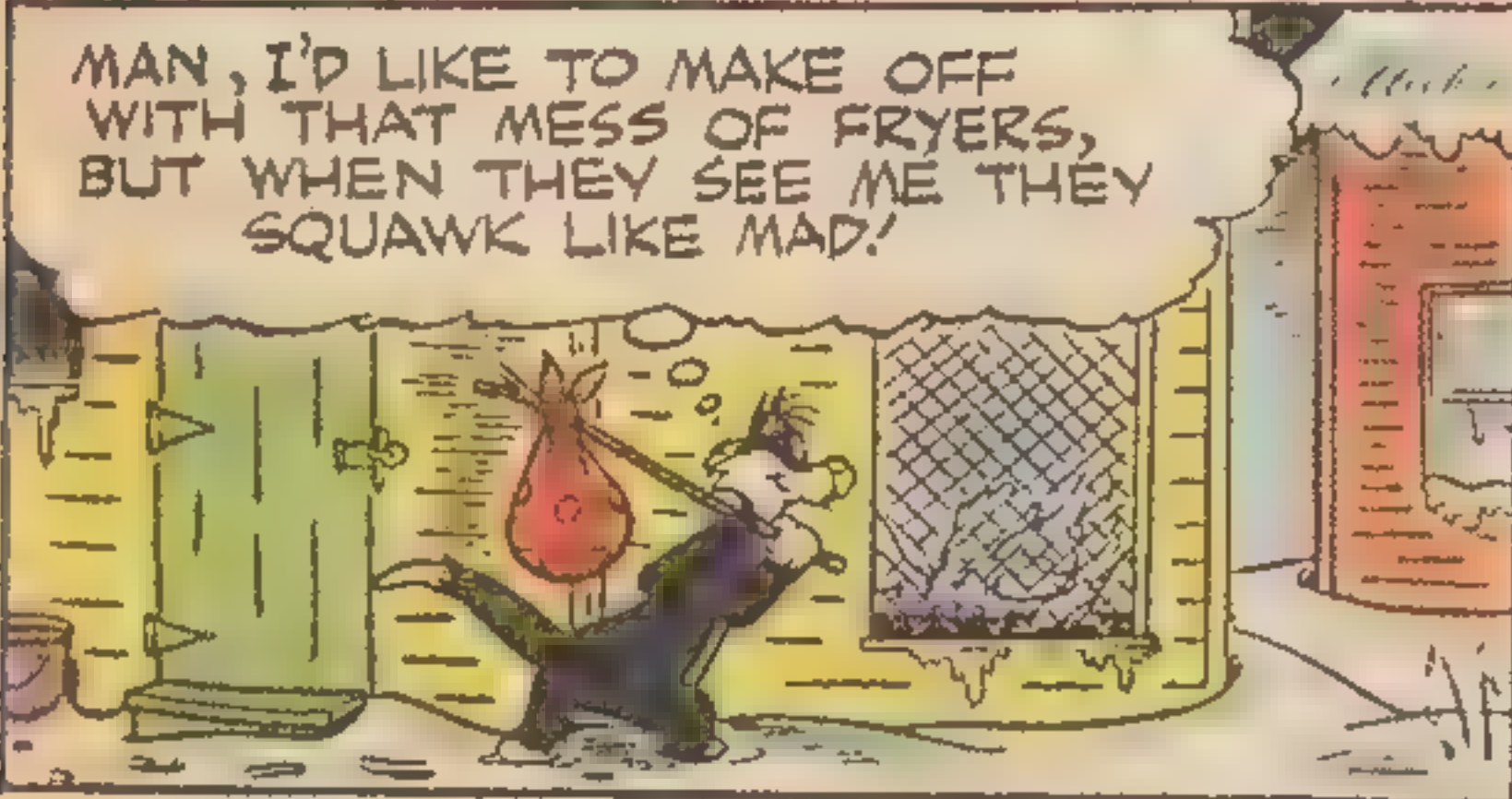
TWEETY and SYLVESTER



I'M TIRED OF BEING
A LITTLE NOBODY
CANARY! OH, TO BE
A GREAT HERO,
AN' HAVE MY
PICTURE IN
THE PAPERS!

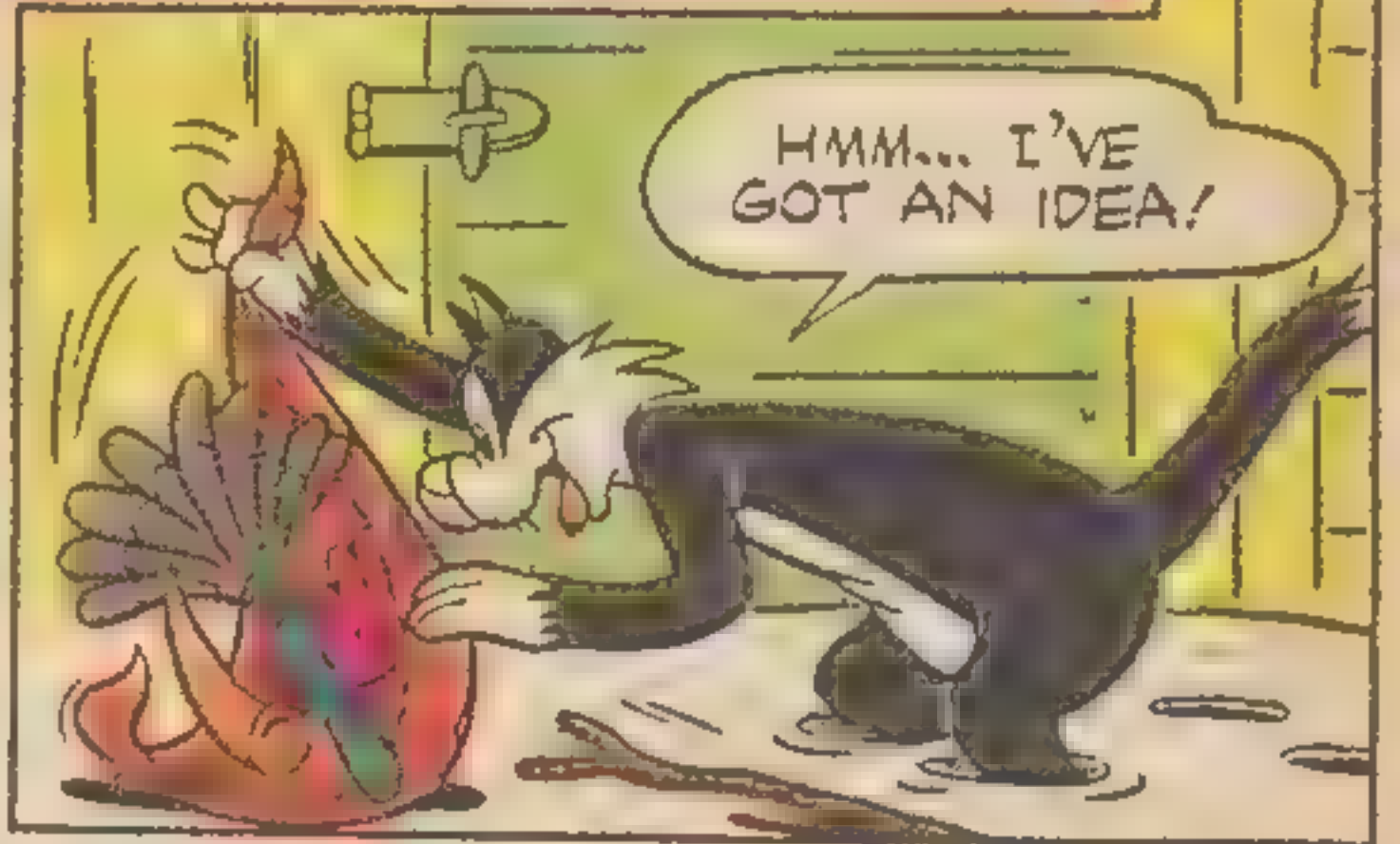
BUT JUST OUTSIDE IS ONE WHOSE
GOAL IN LIFE IS NOT SO HIGH...

MAN, I'D LIKE TO MAKE OFF
WITH THAT MESS OF FRYERS,
BUT WHEN THEY SEE ME THEY
SQUAWK LIKE MAD!



...OR SO HONORABLE!
THE SCOUNDREL!

HMM... I'VE
GOT AN IDEA!



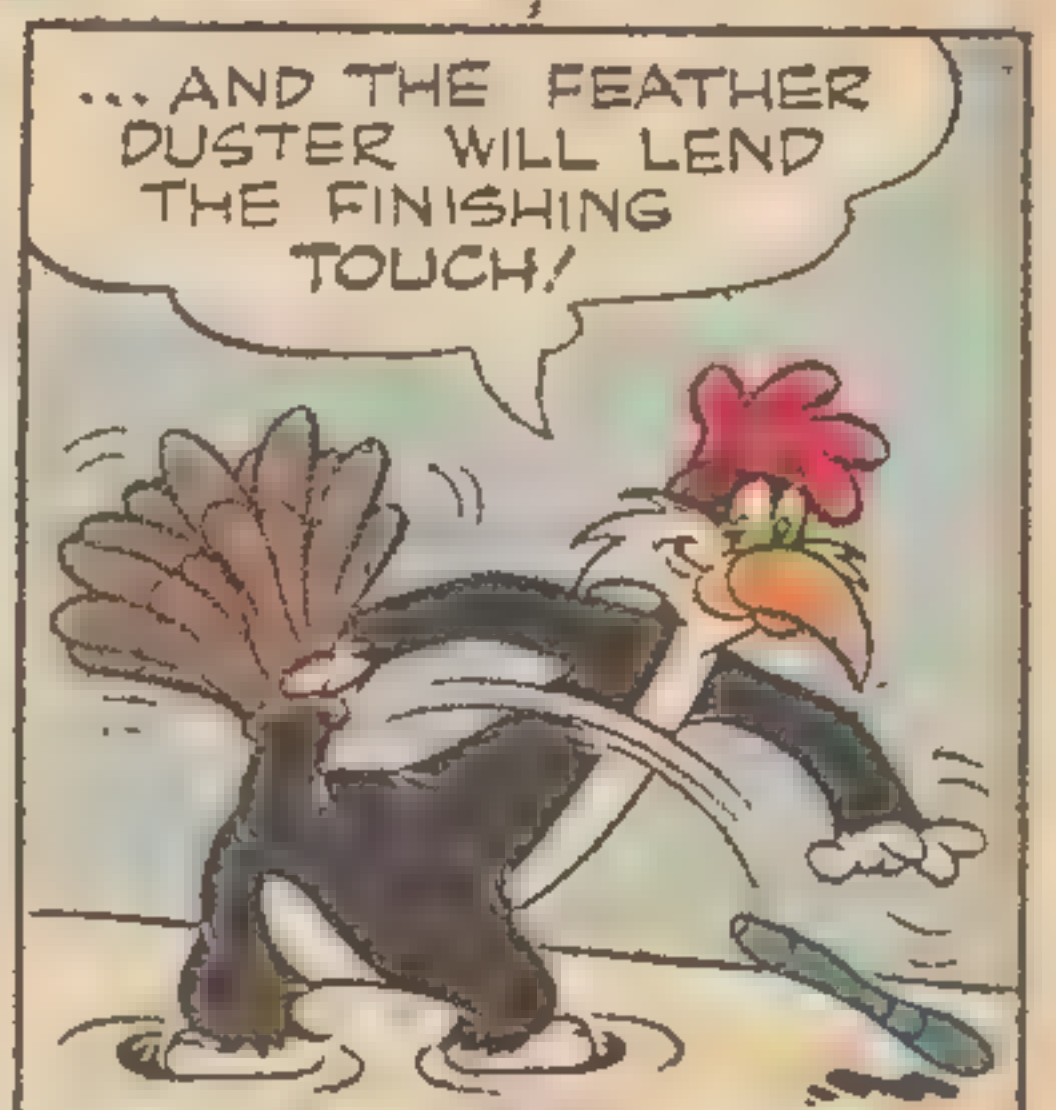
I'LL MAKE MESELF
MORE APPEALIN'
TO THE POULTRY!



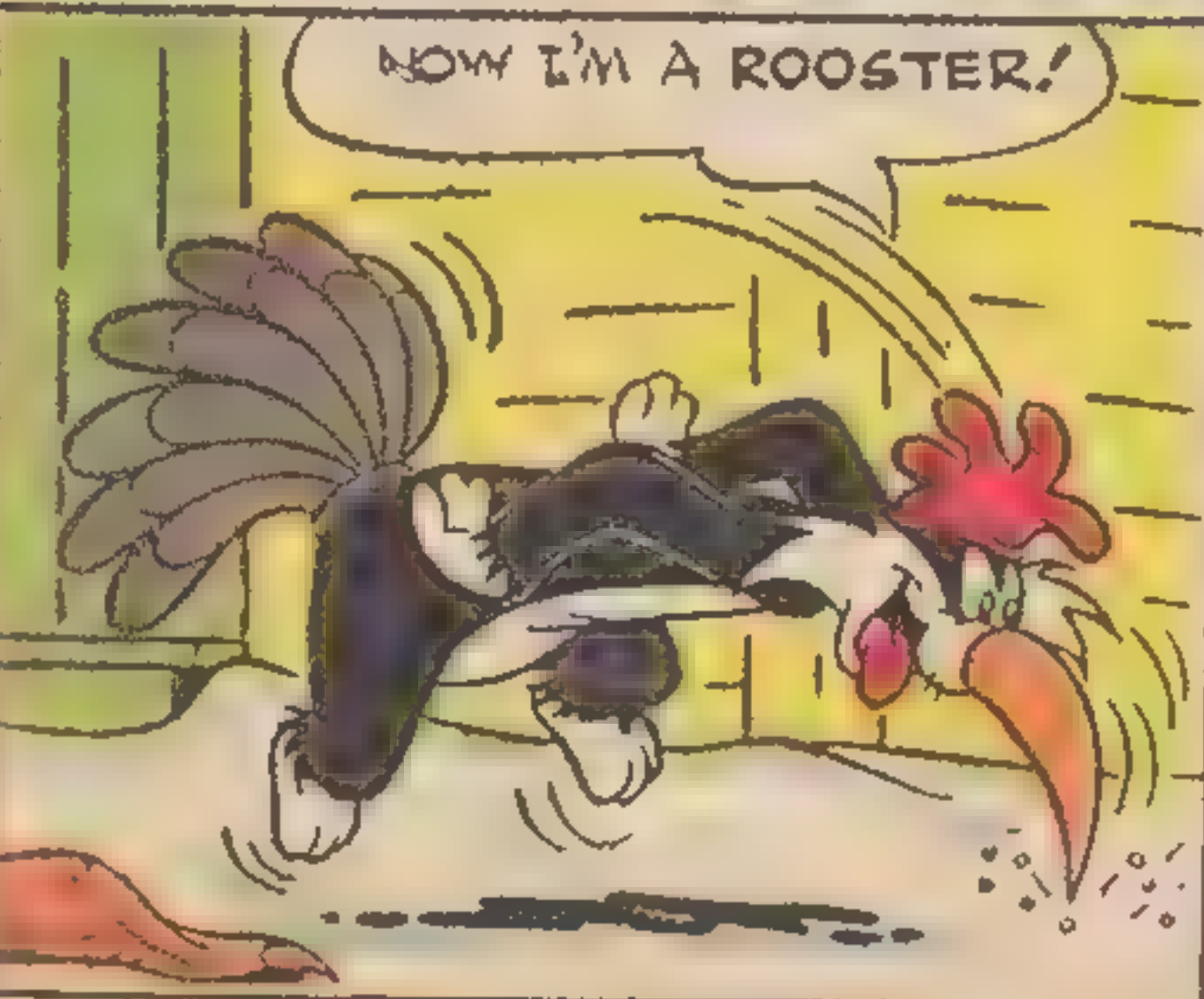
THIS GLOVE AND
OL' COWHORN WILL
HELP...



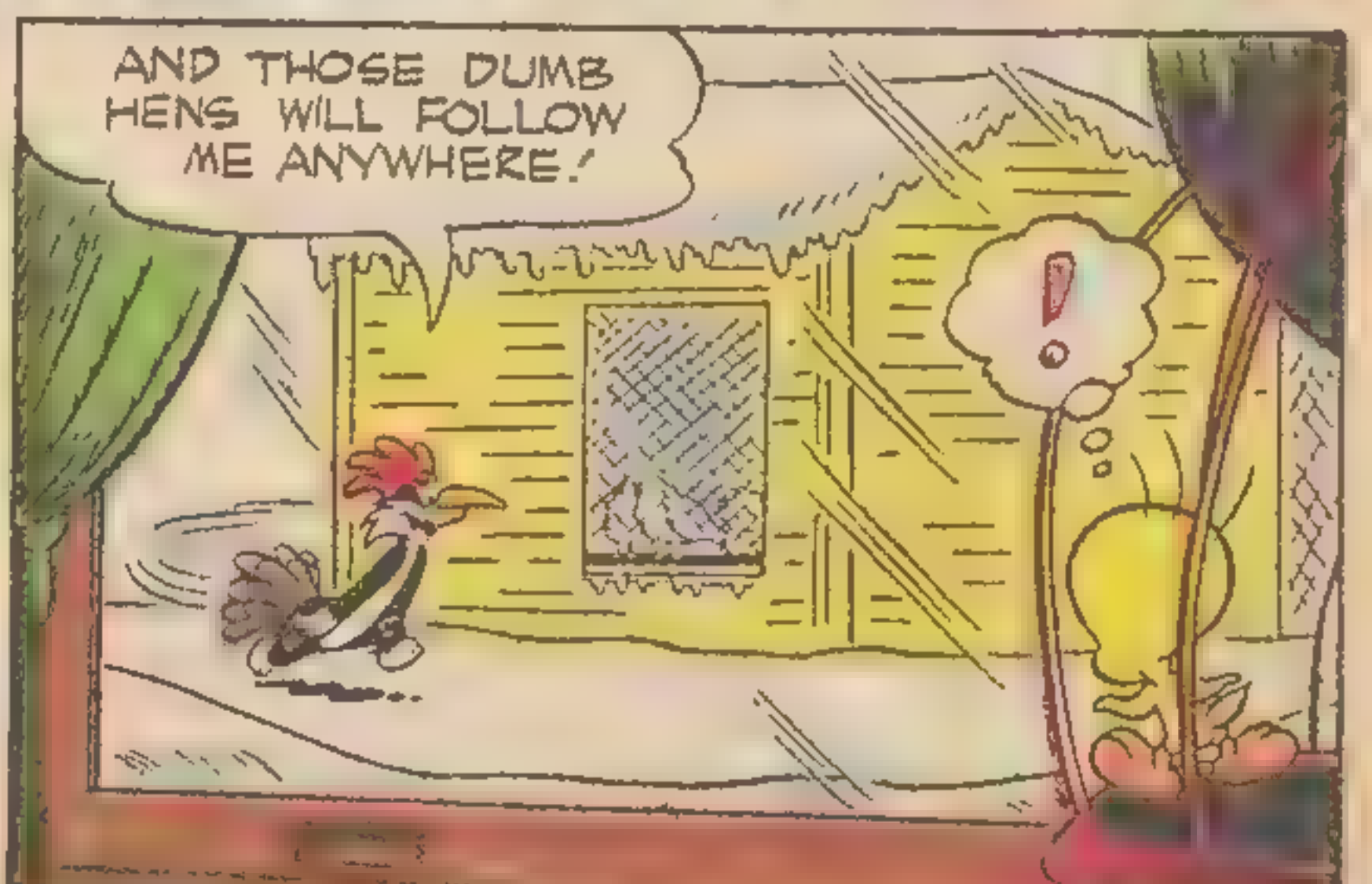
...AND THE FEATHER
DUSTER WILL LEND
THE FINISHING
TOUCH!

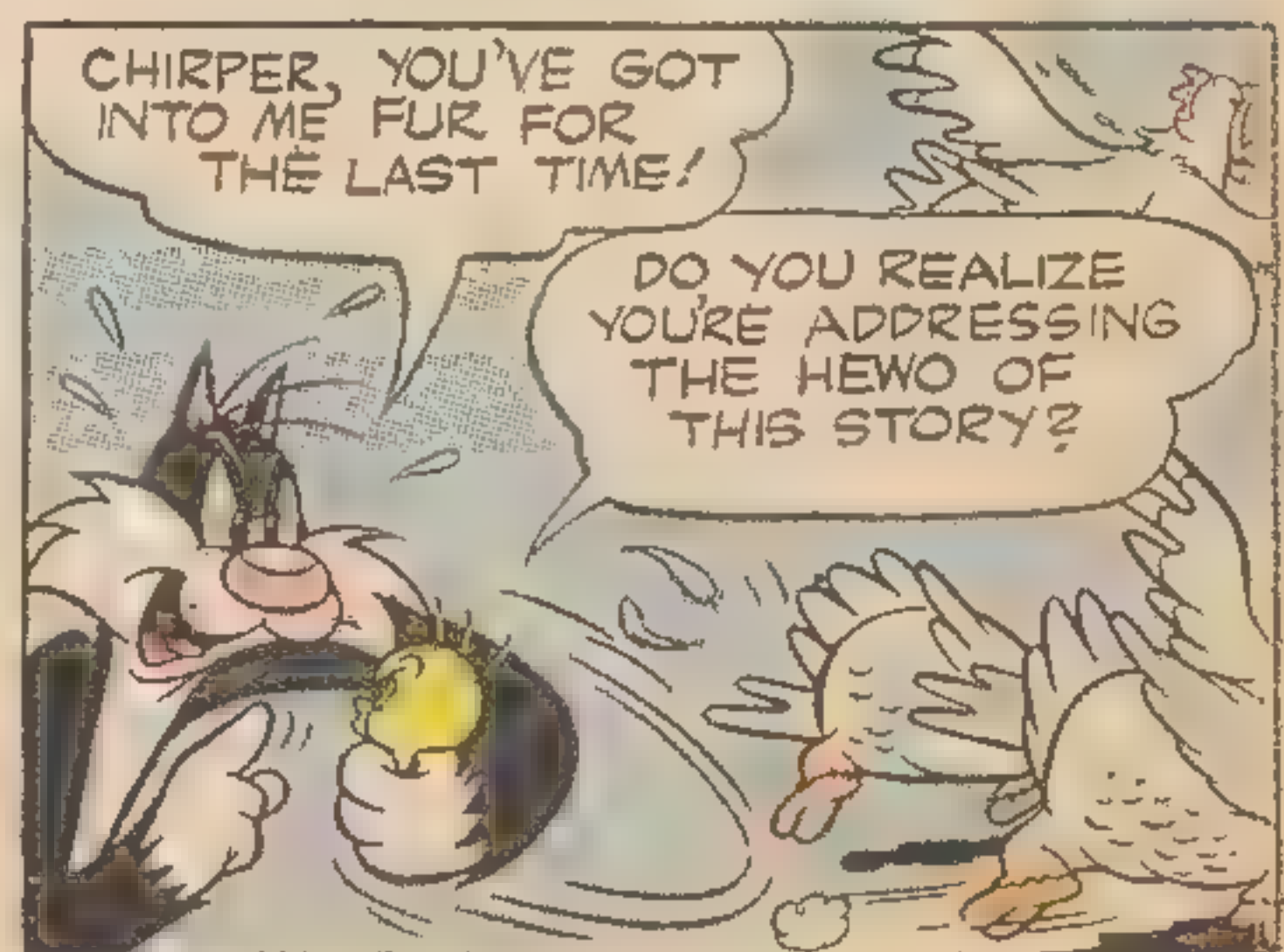
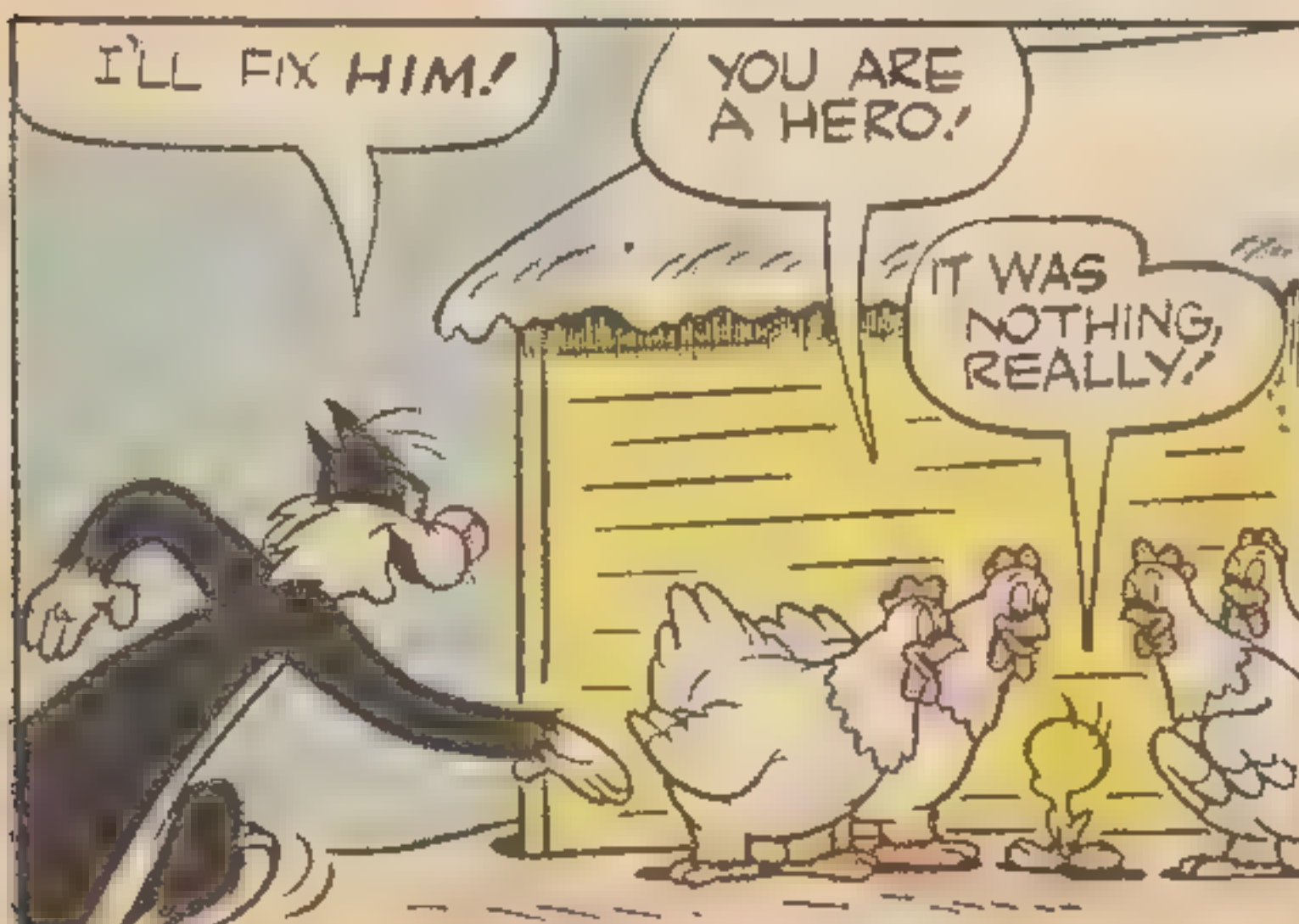
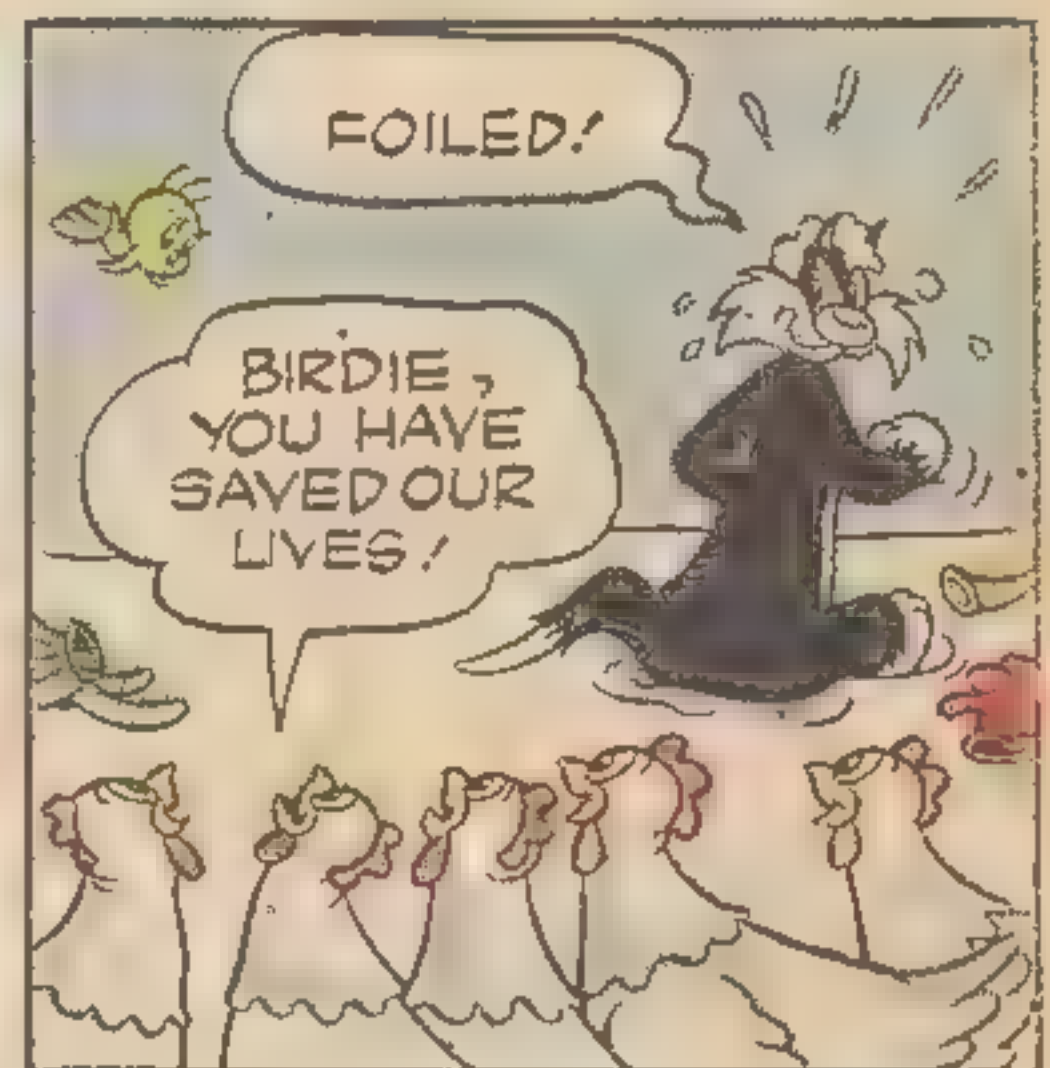
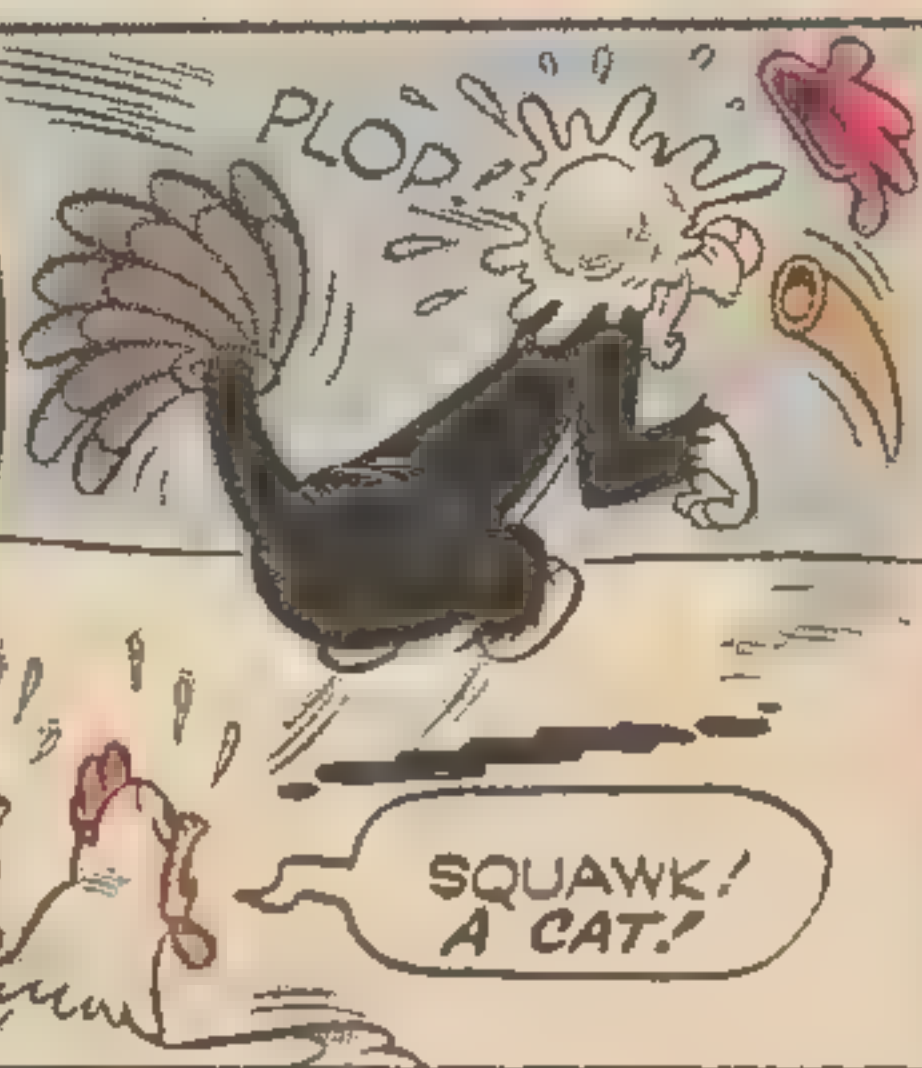
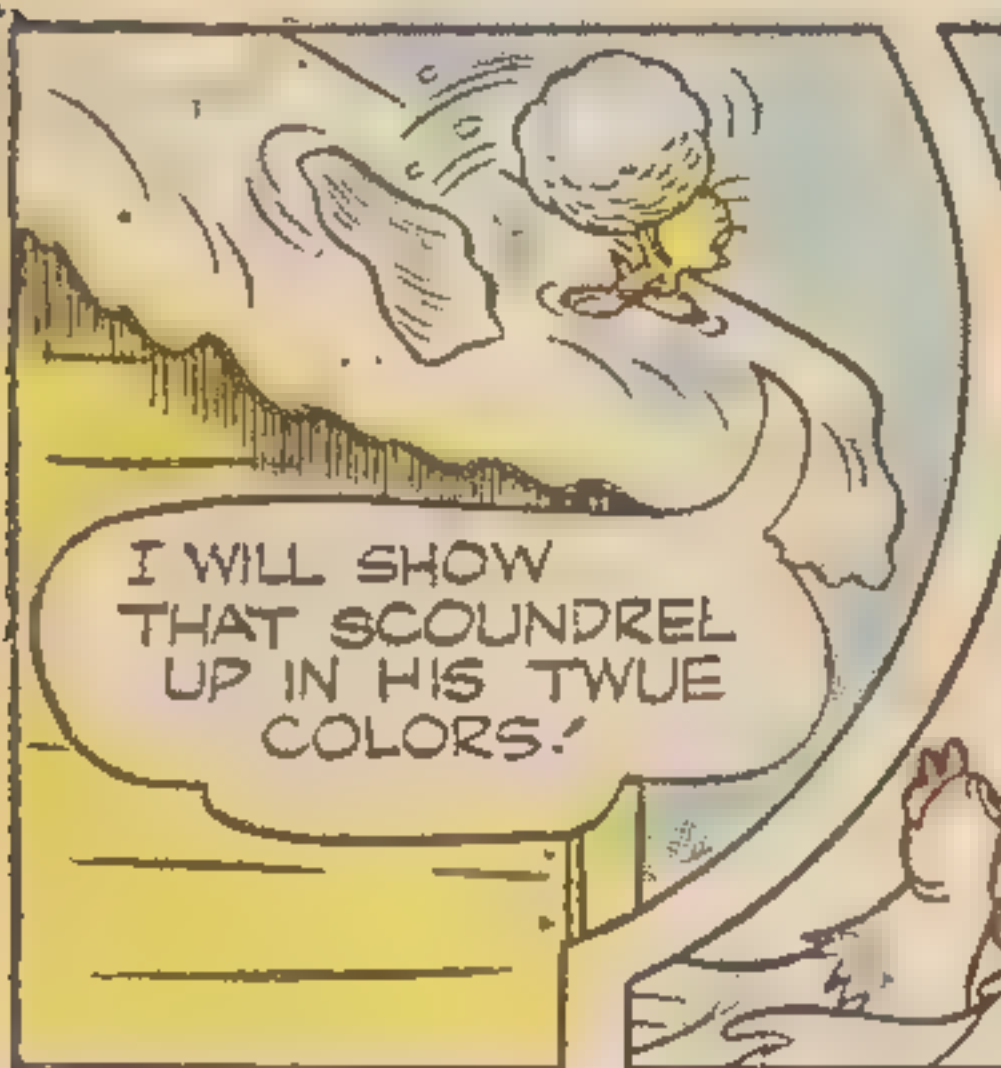
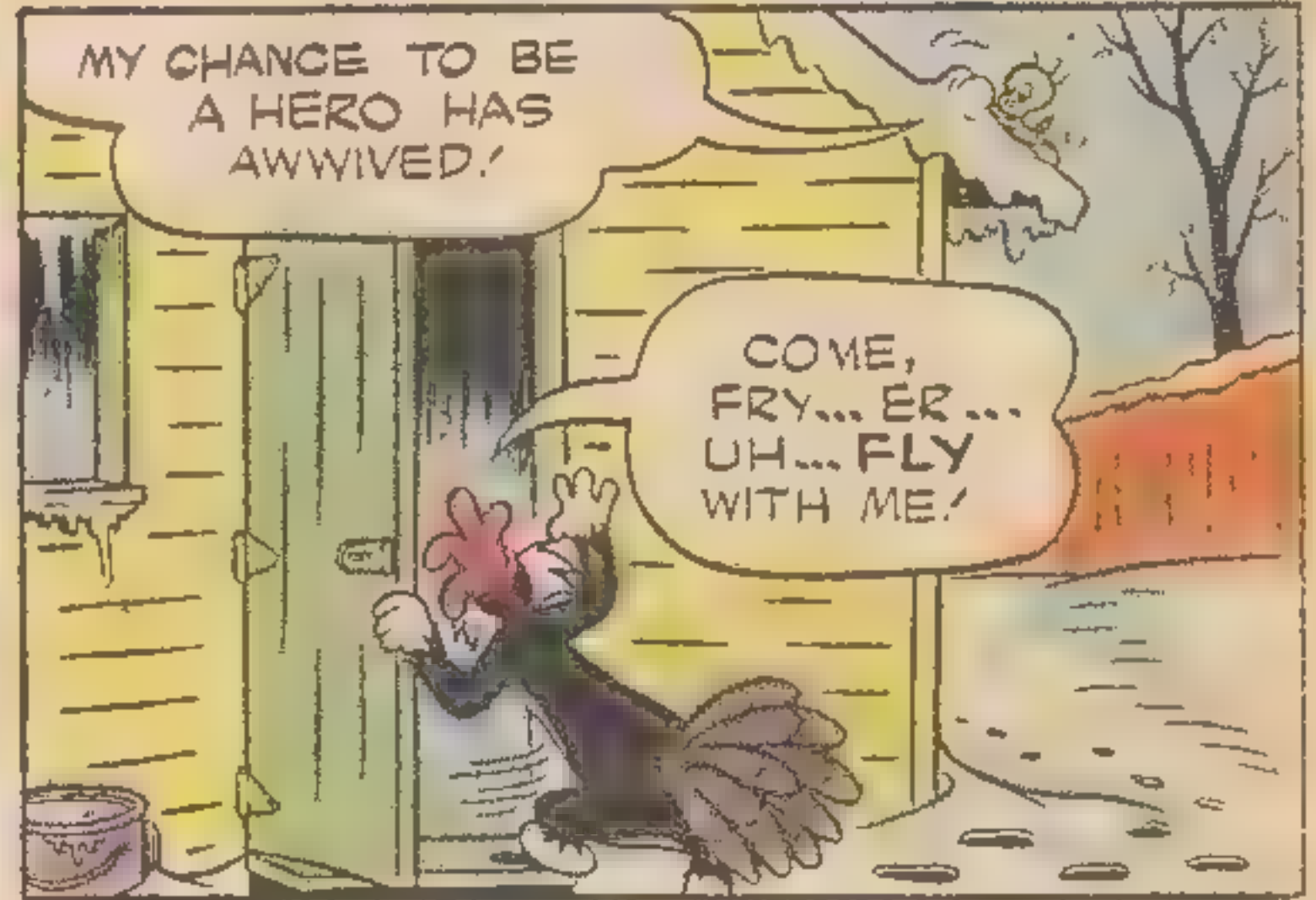
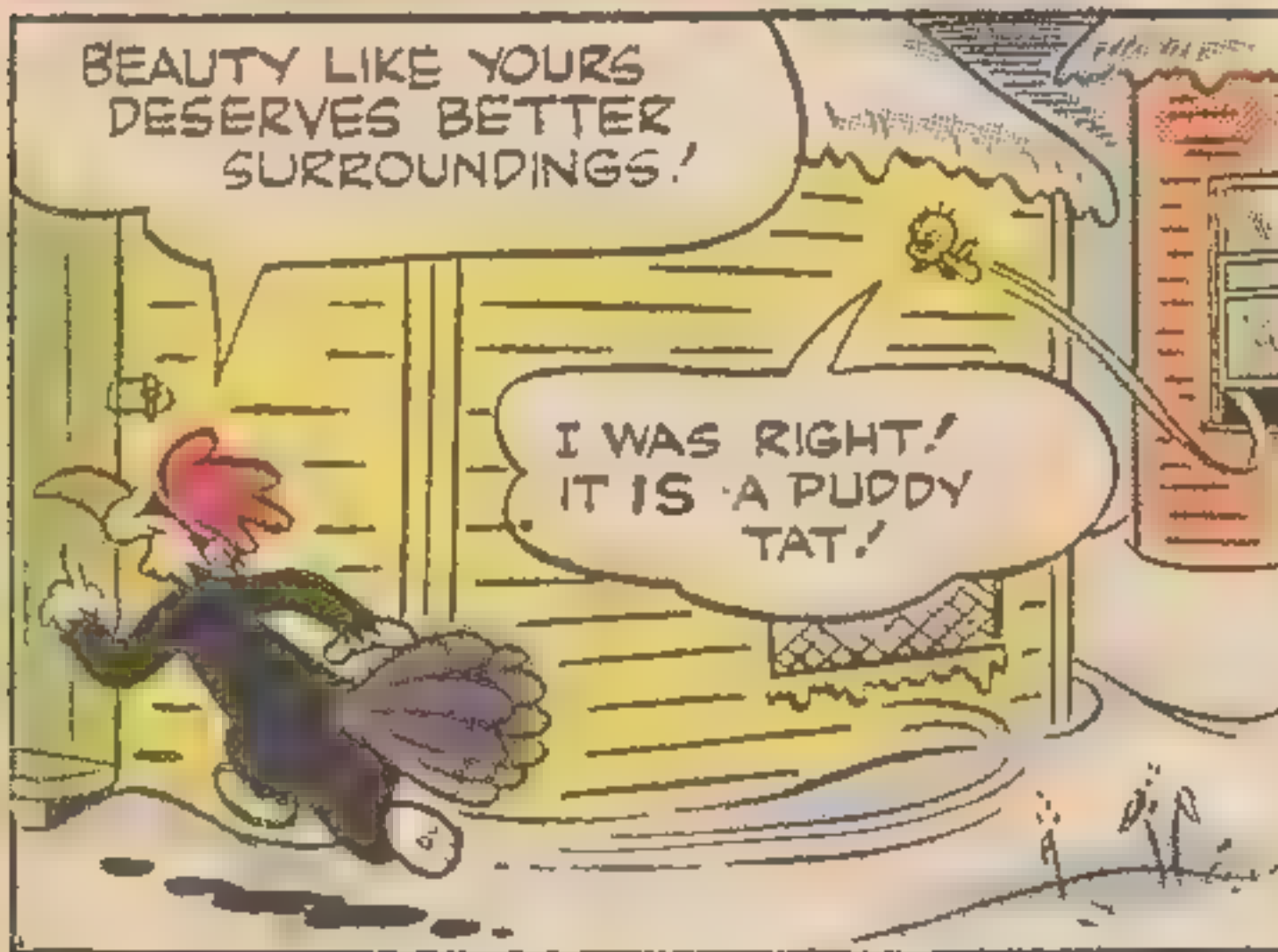
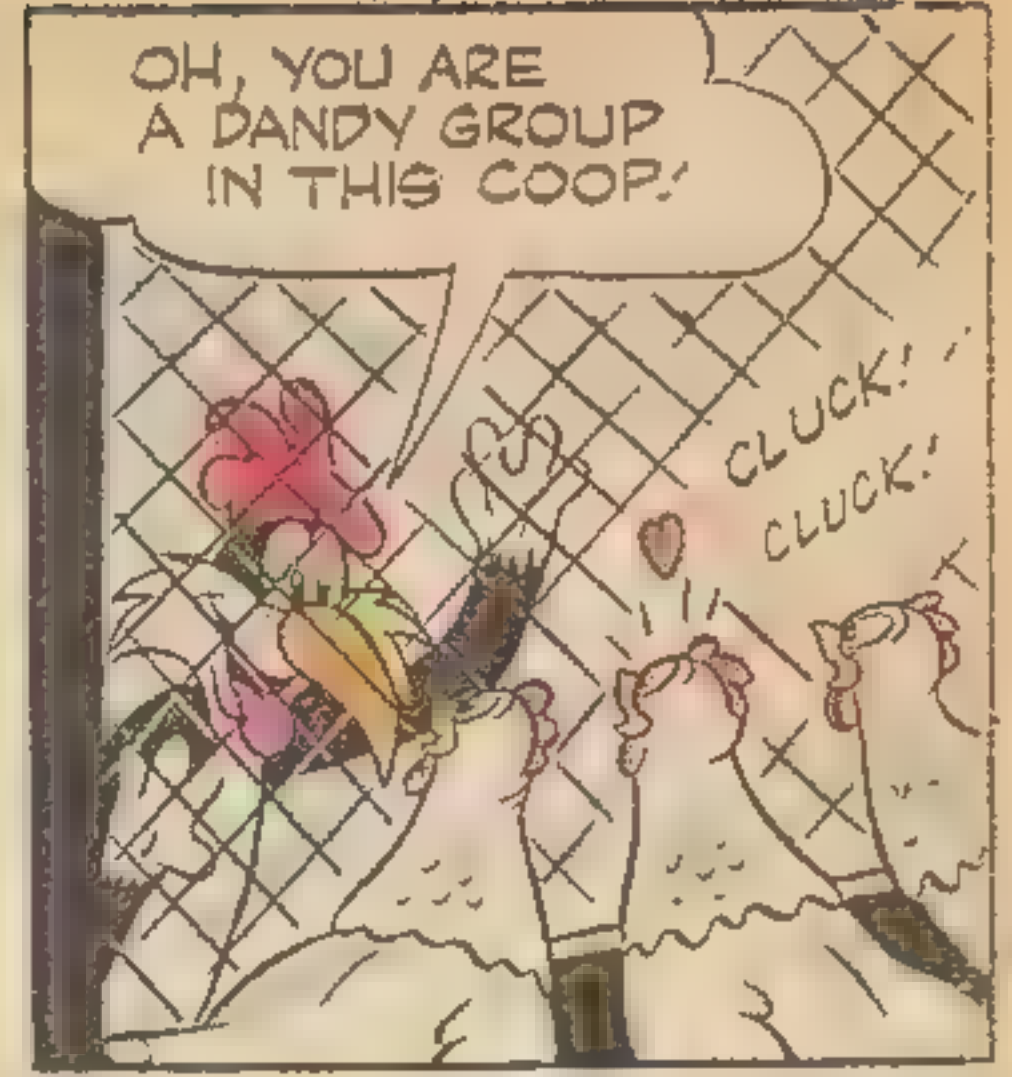
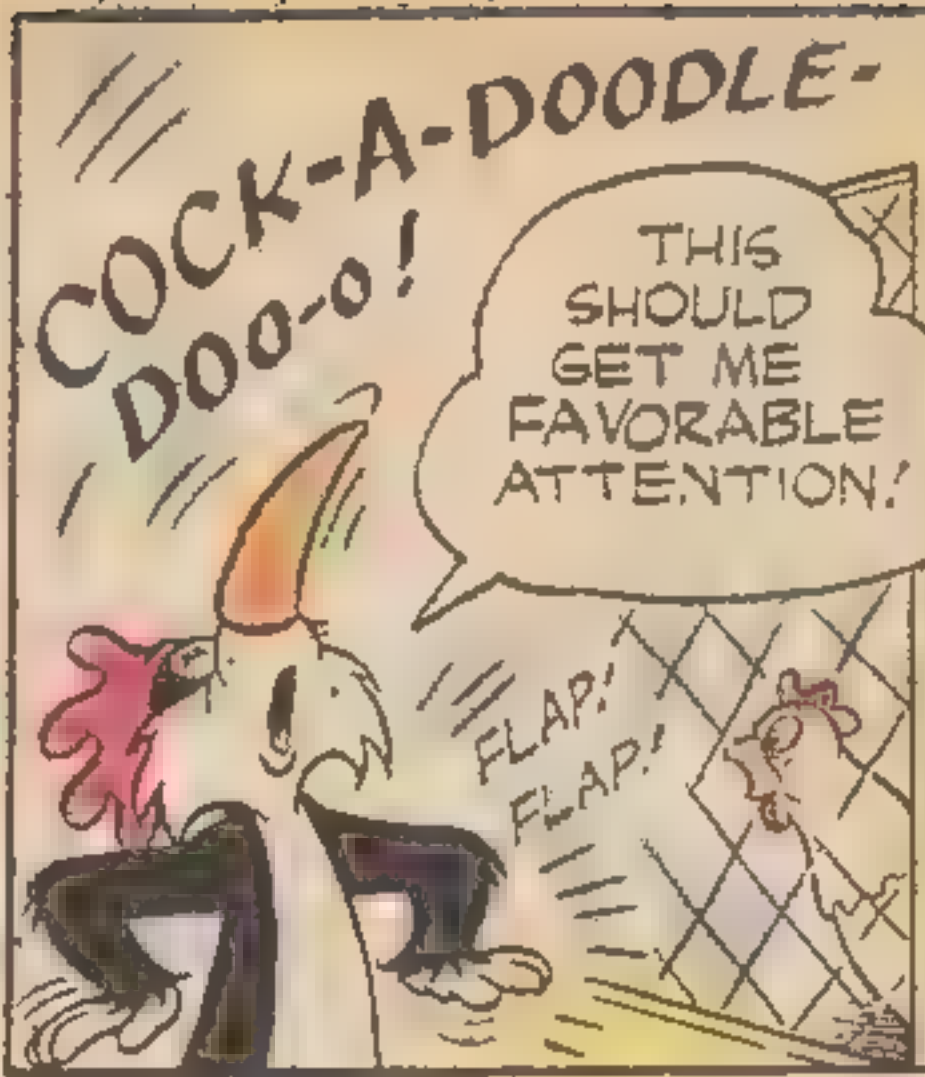
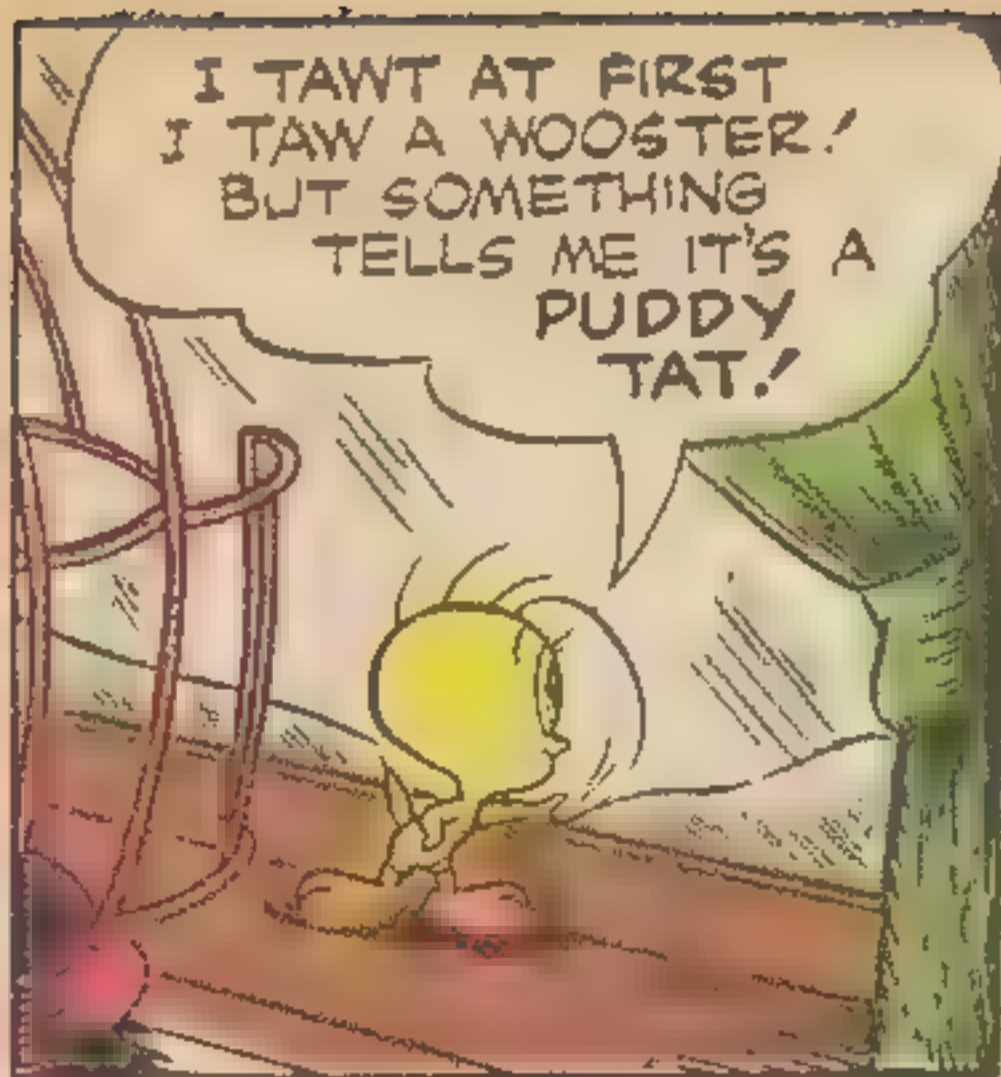


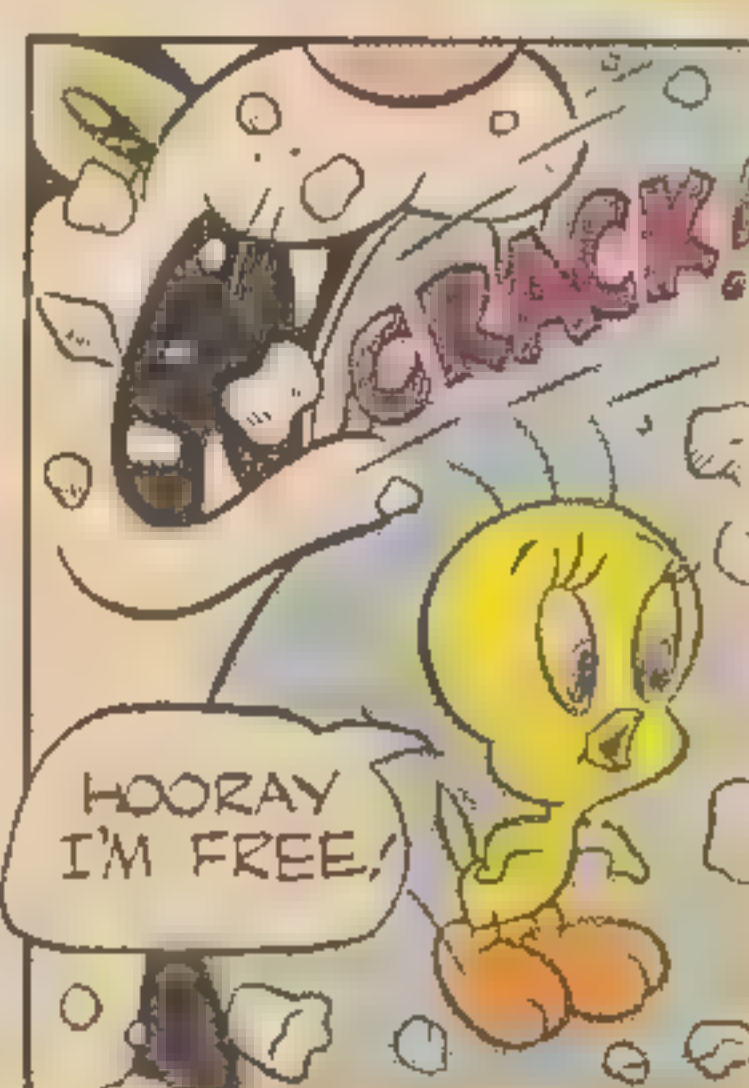
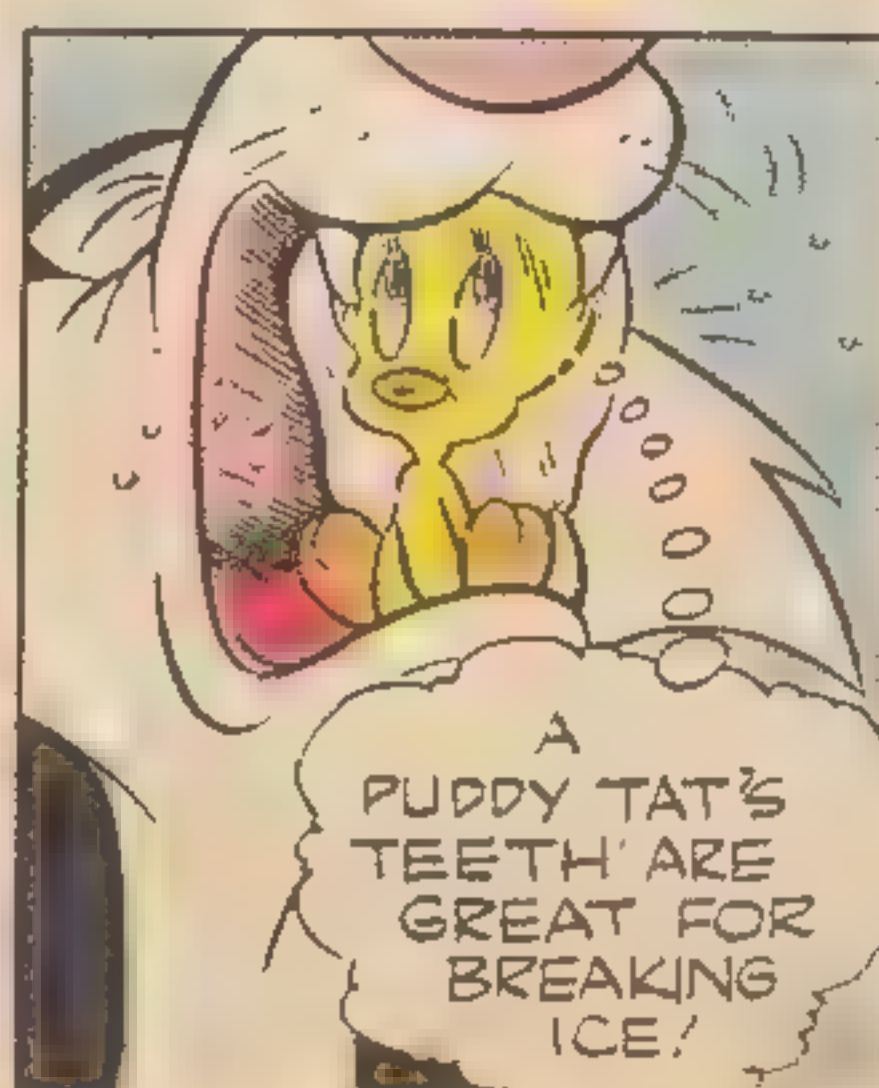
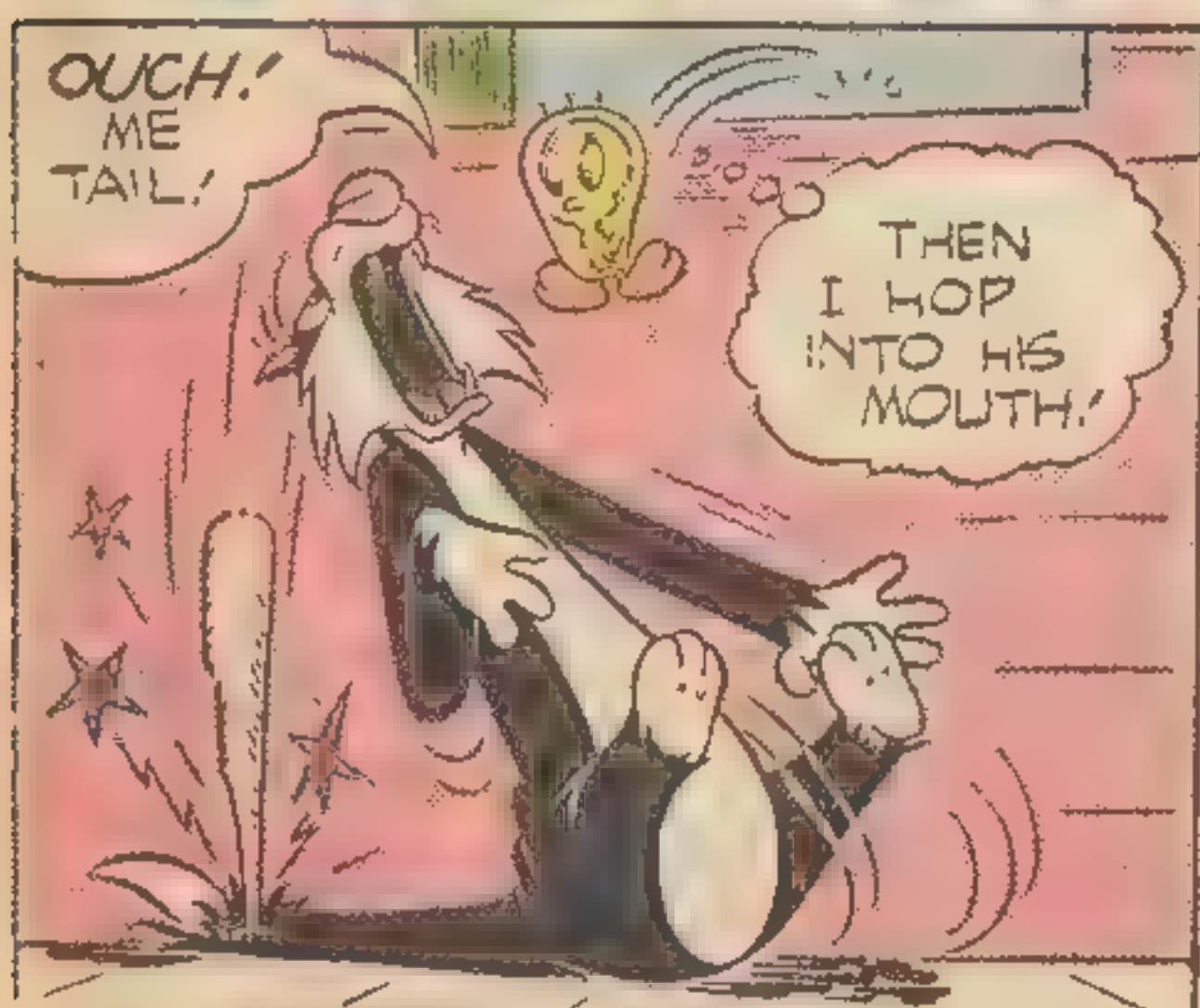
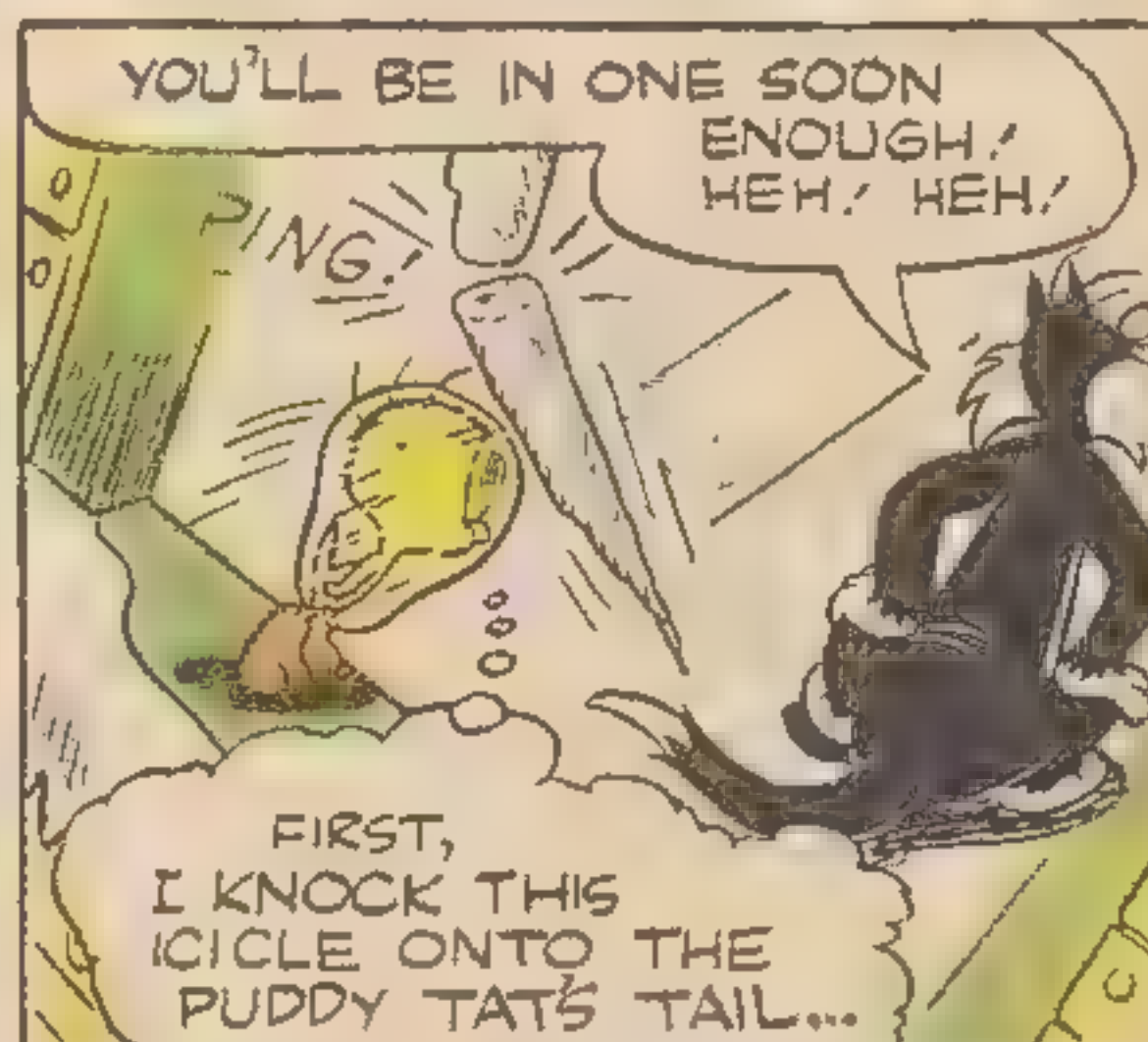
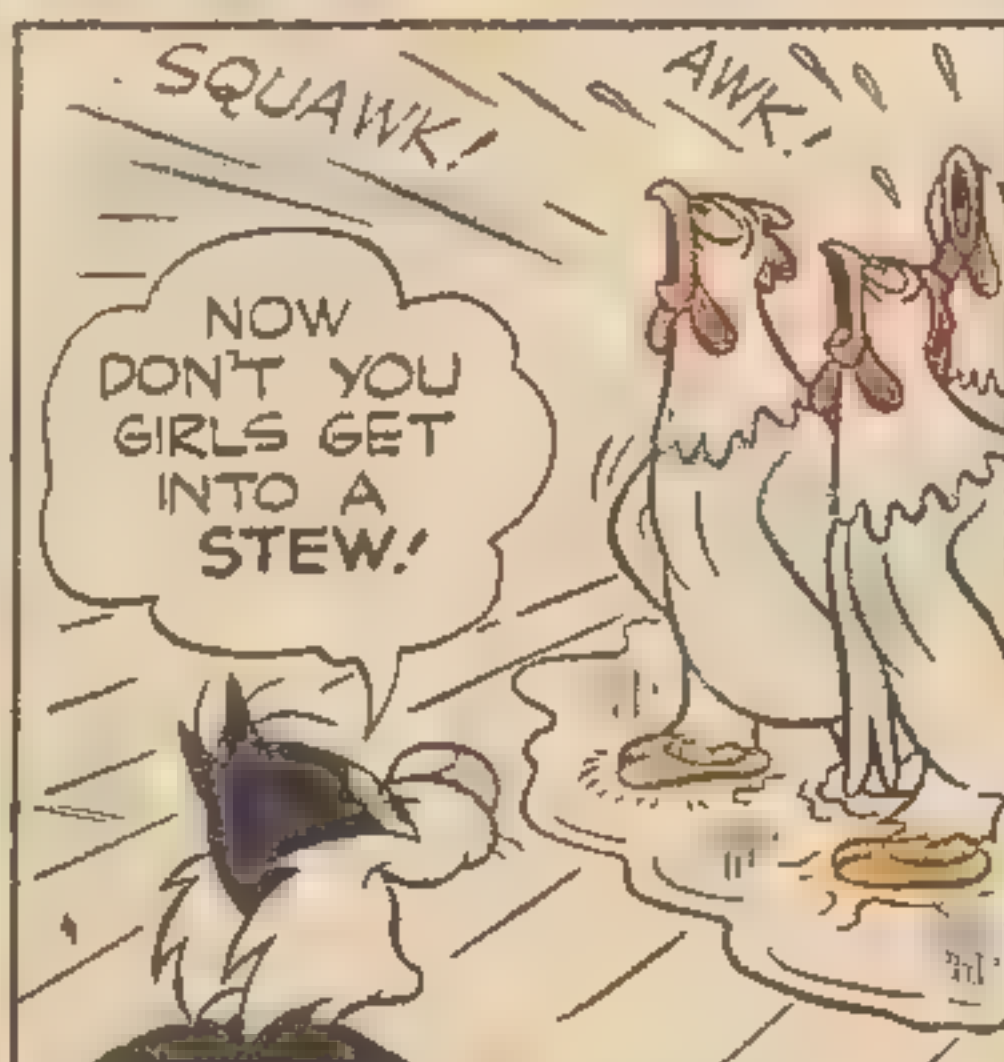
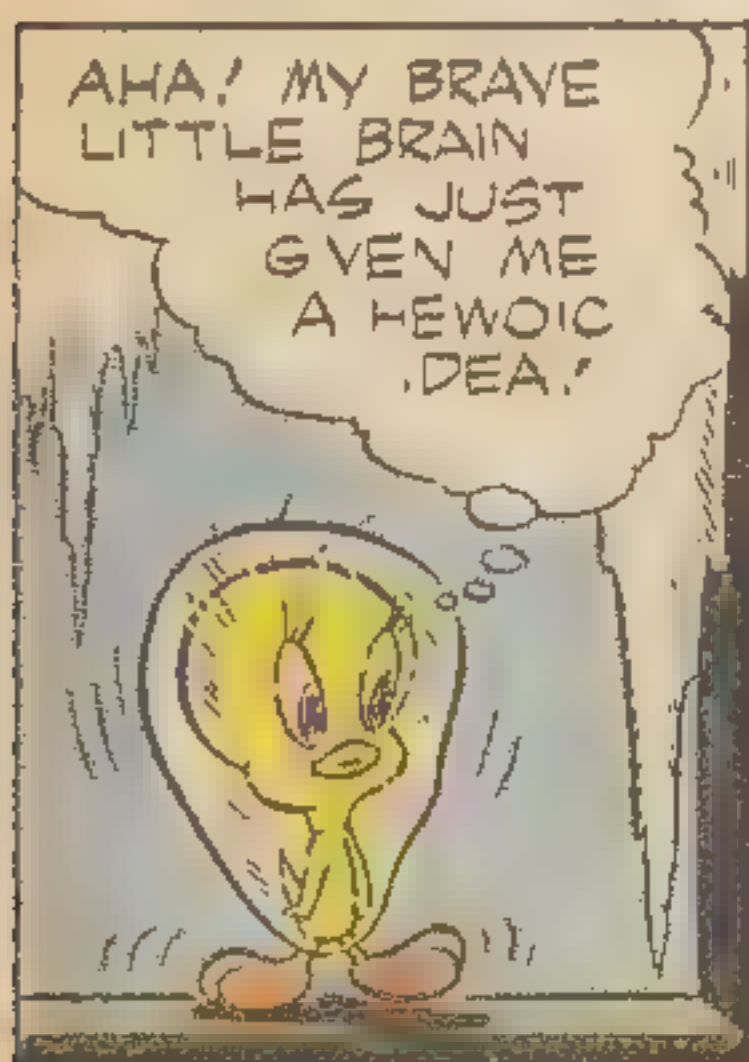
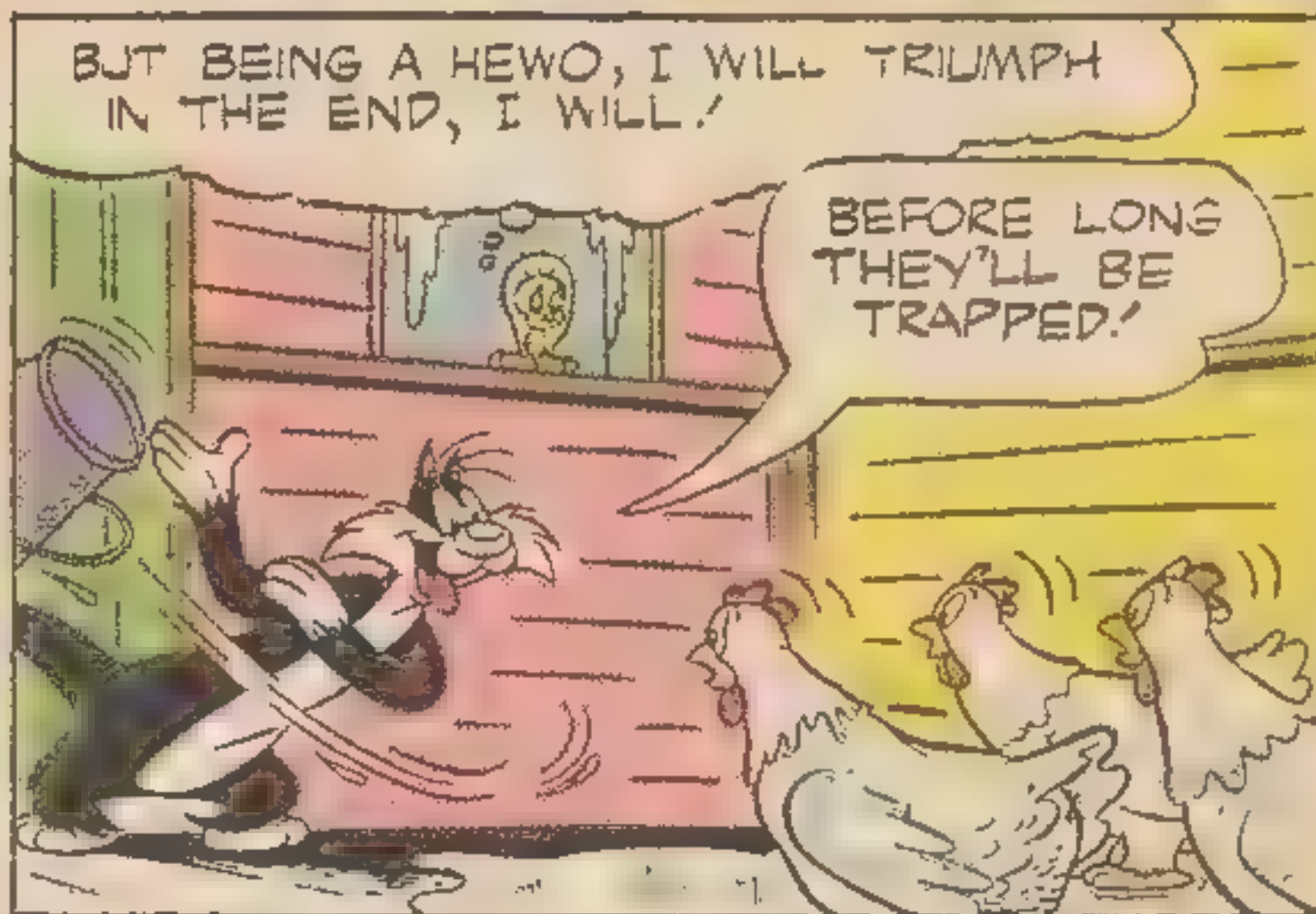
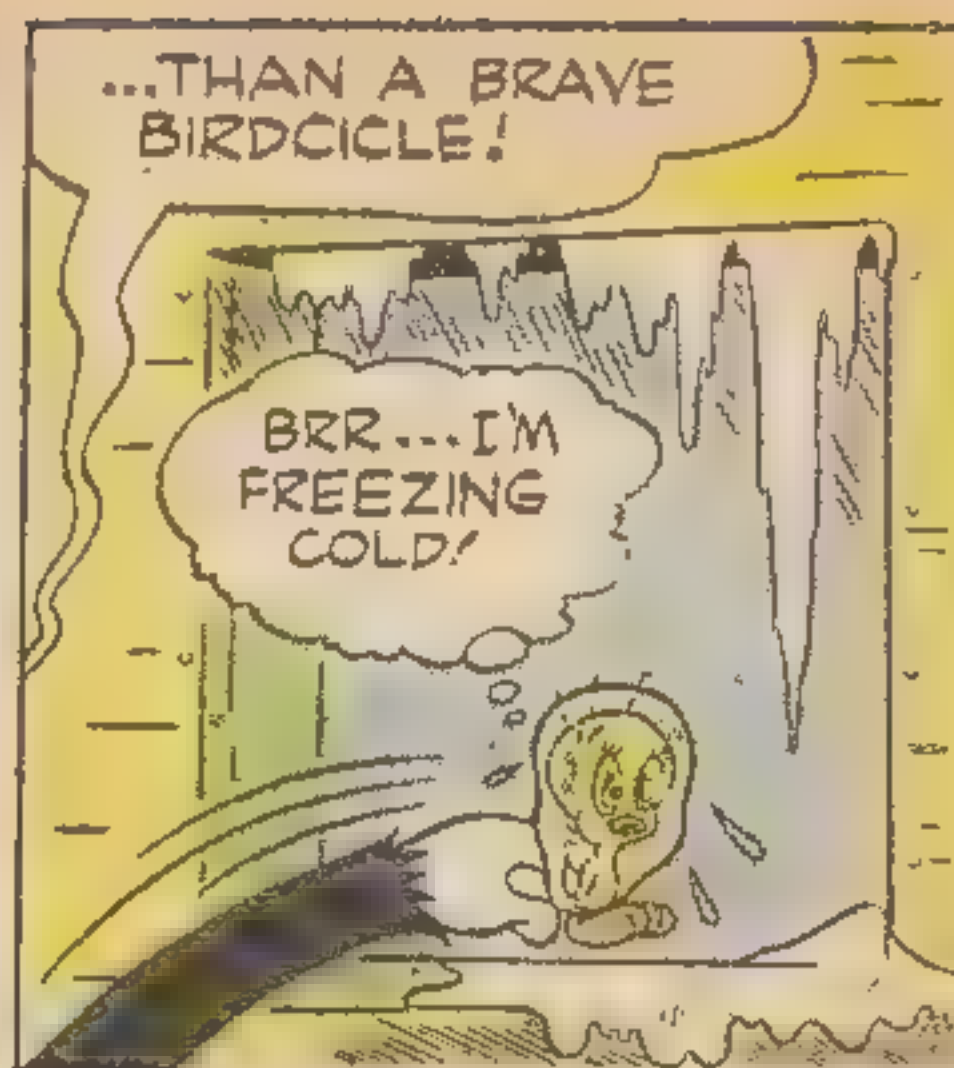
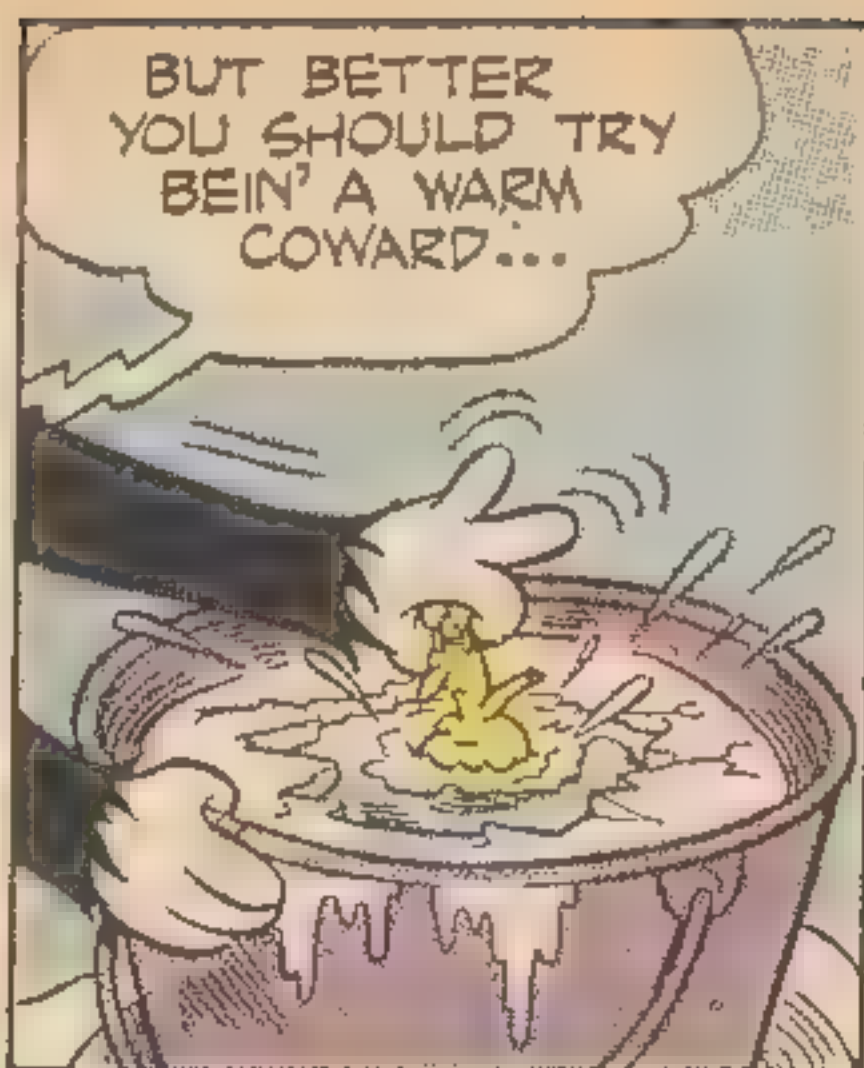
NOW I'M A ROOSTER!

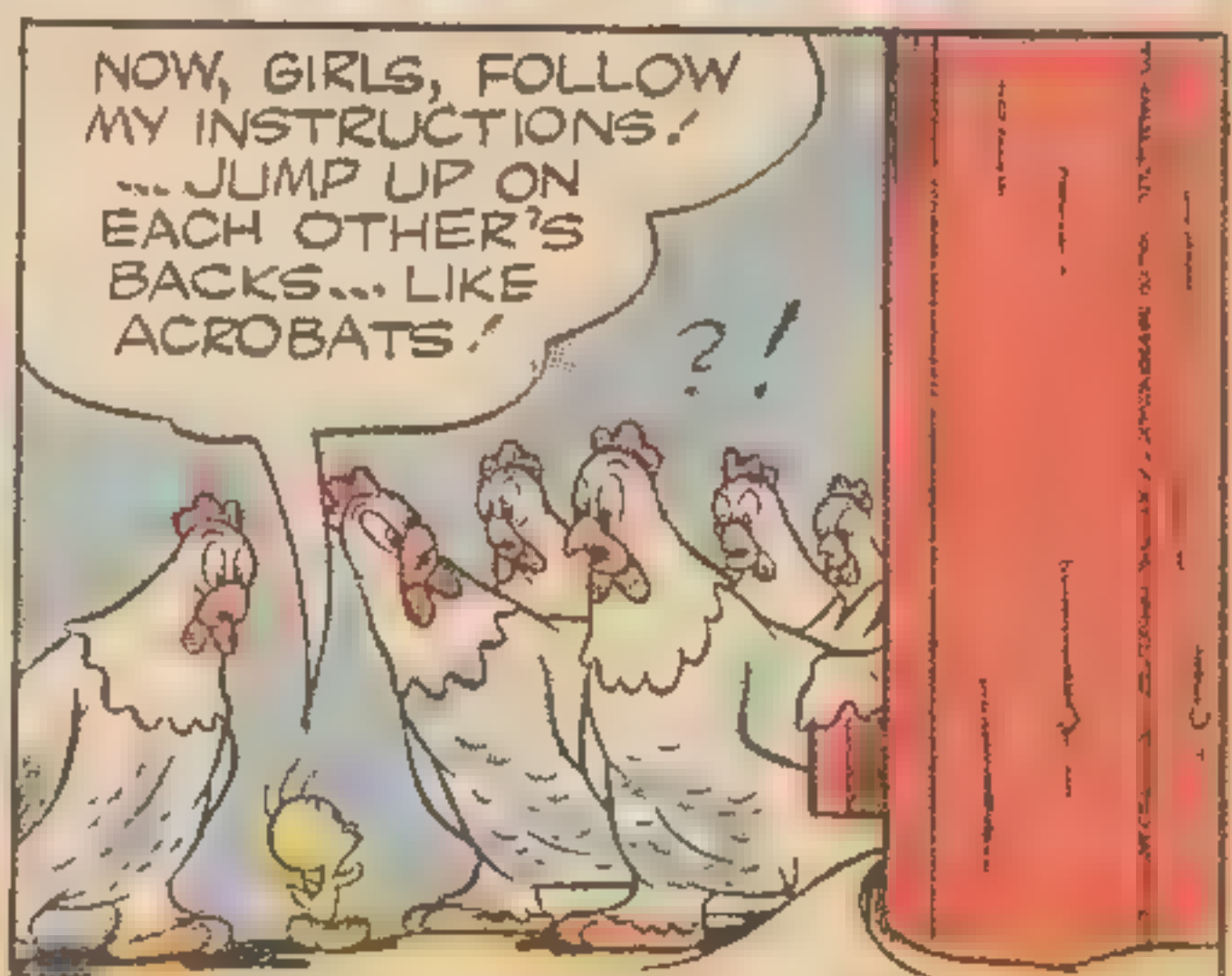
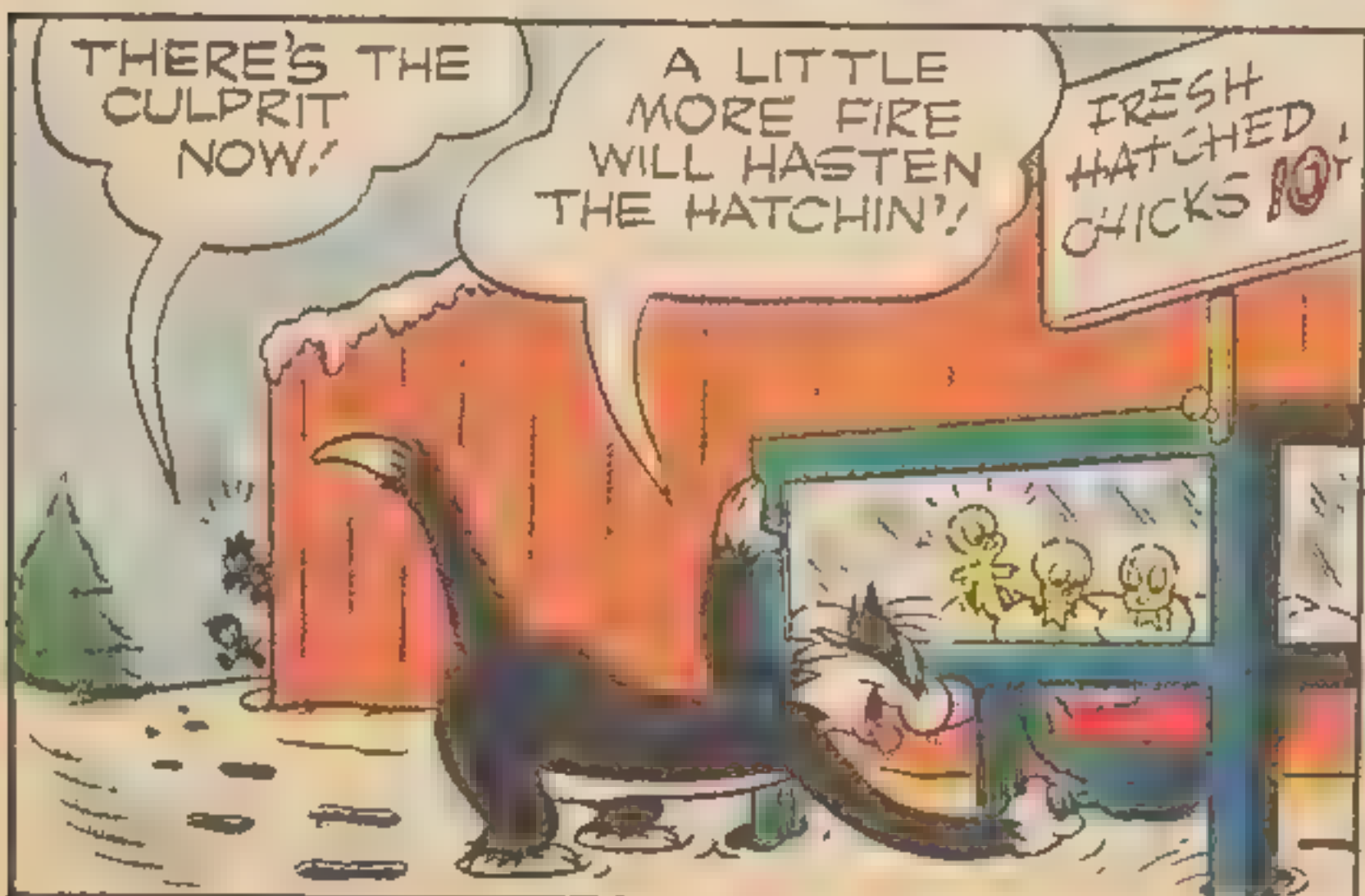
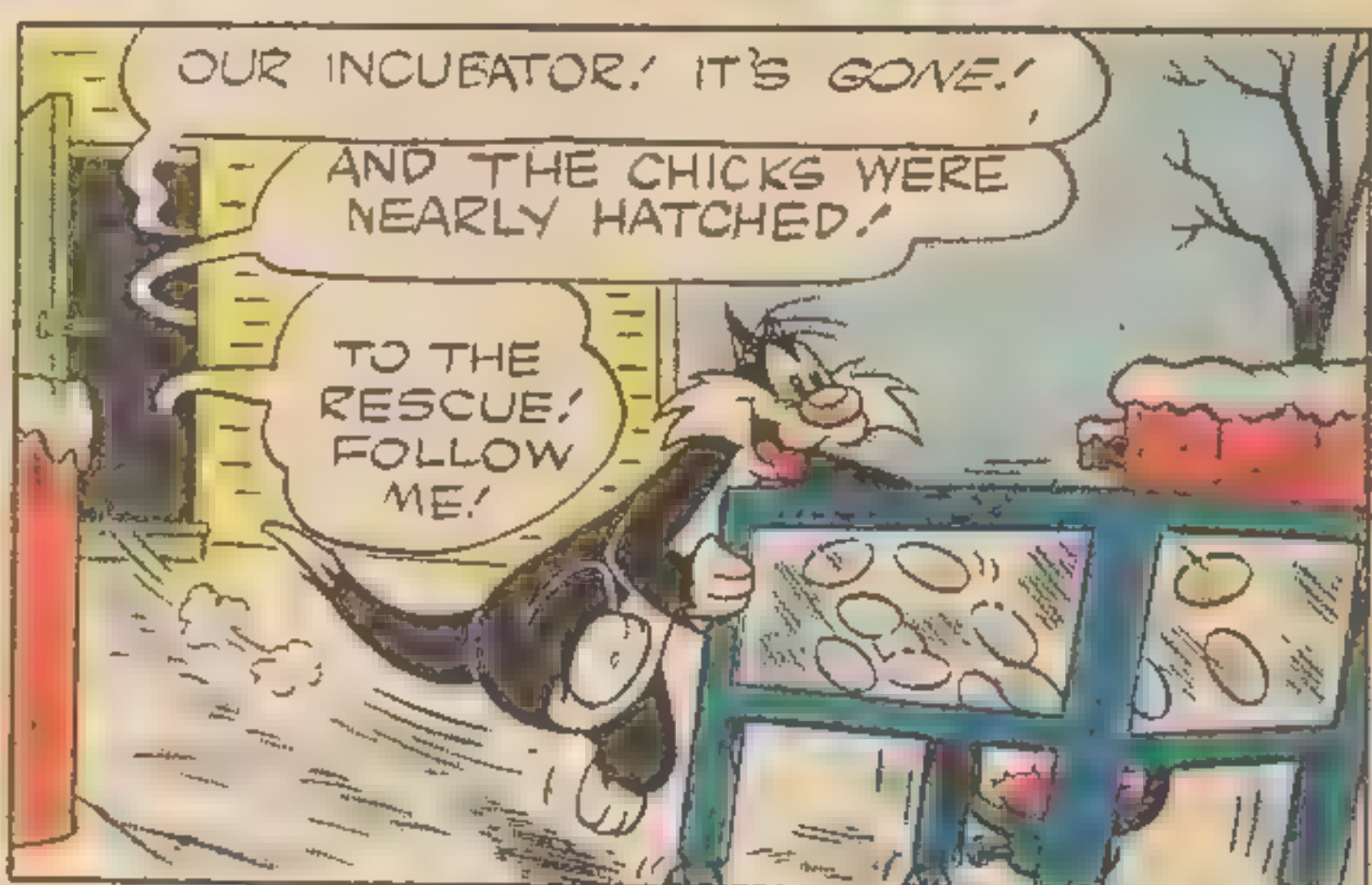
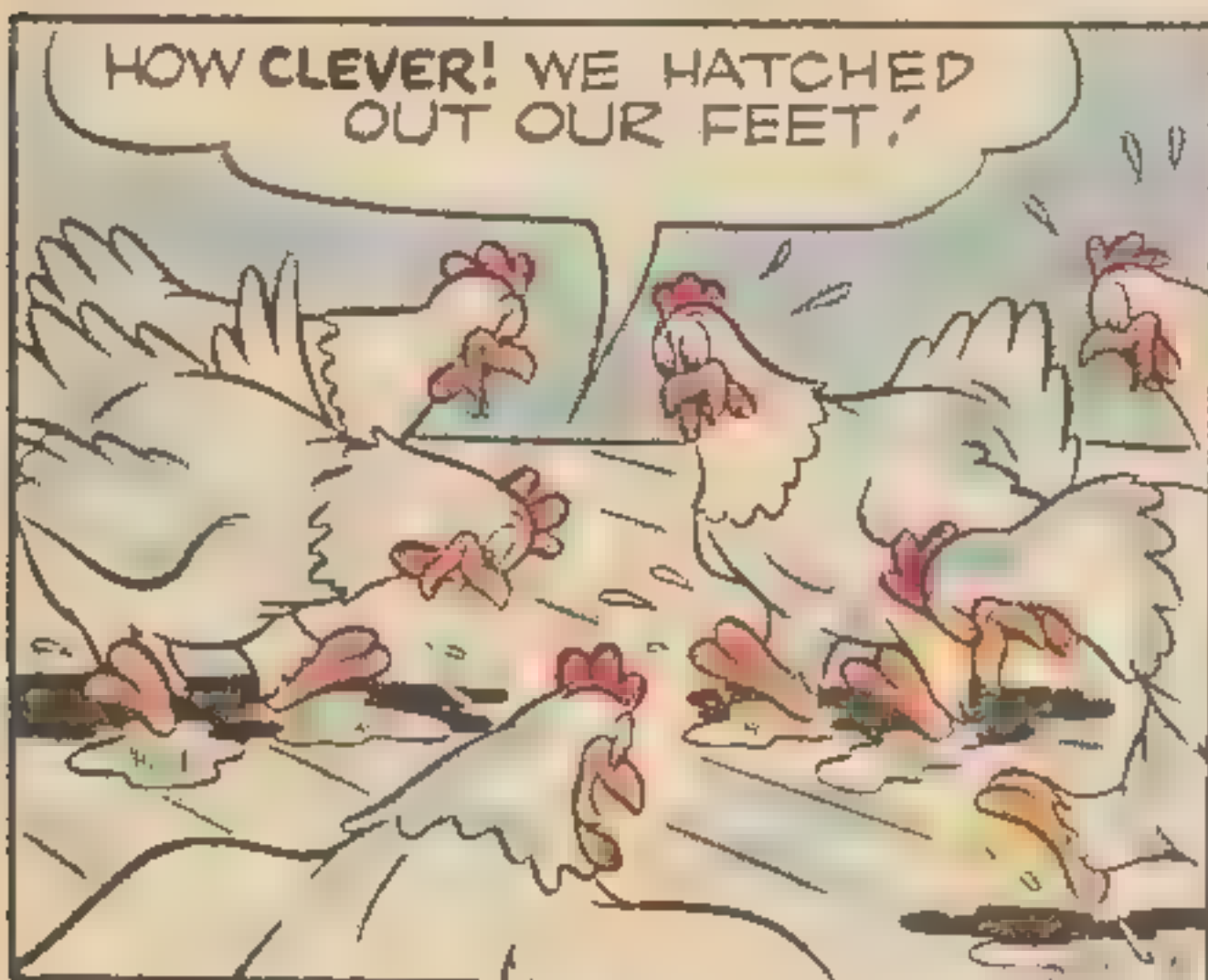
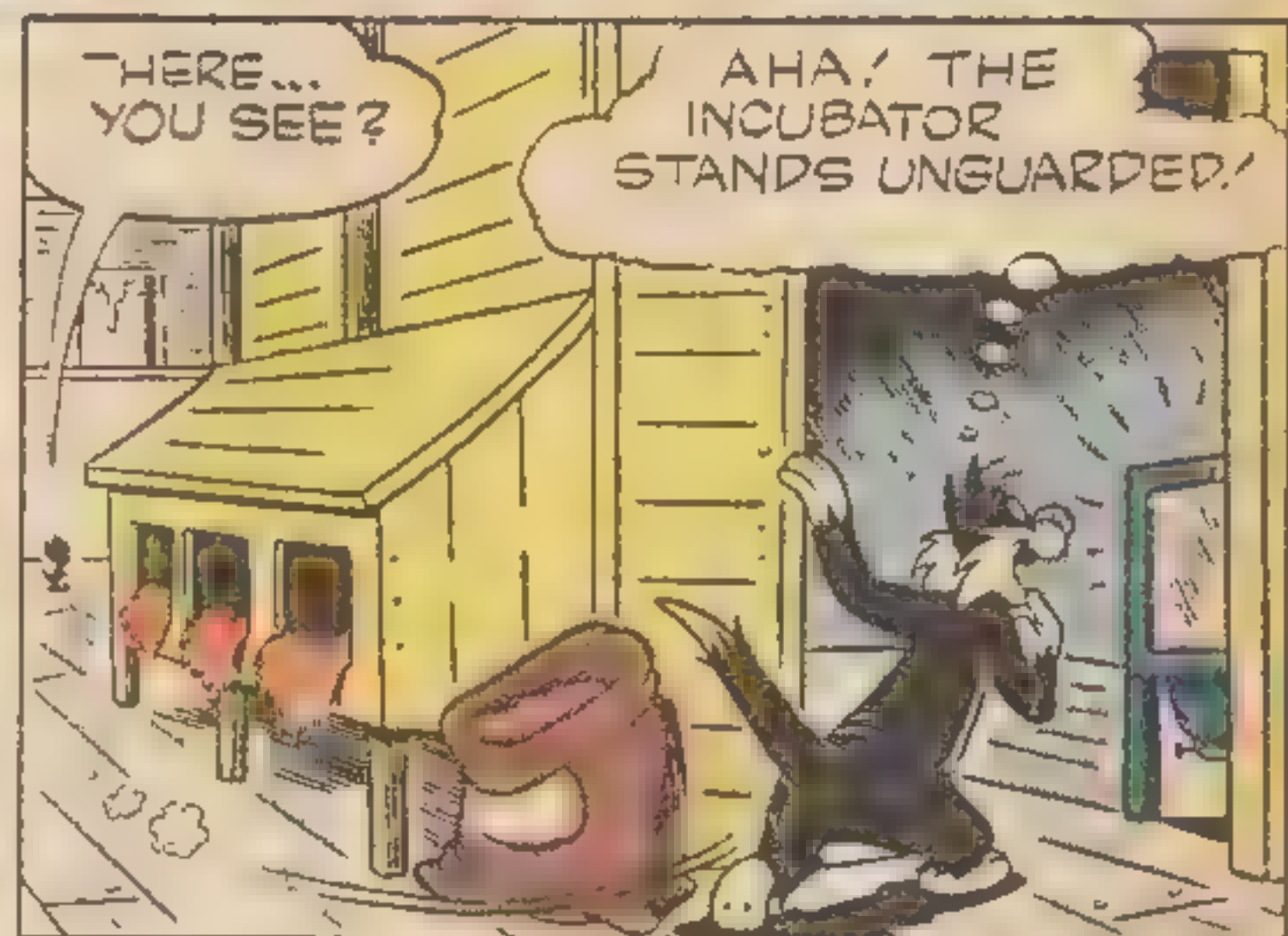
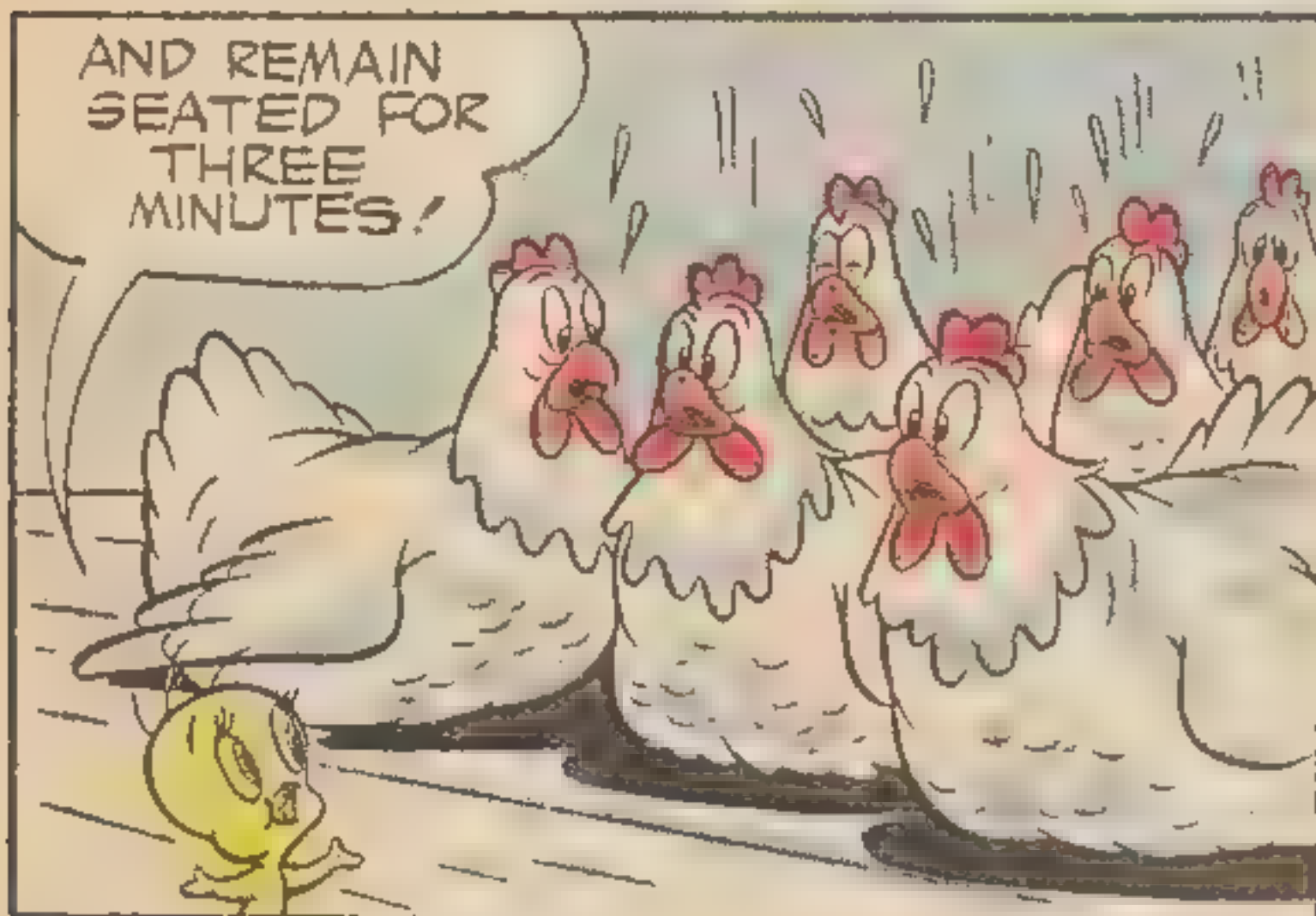
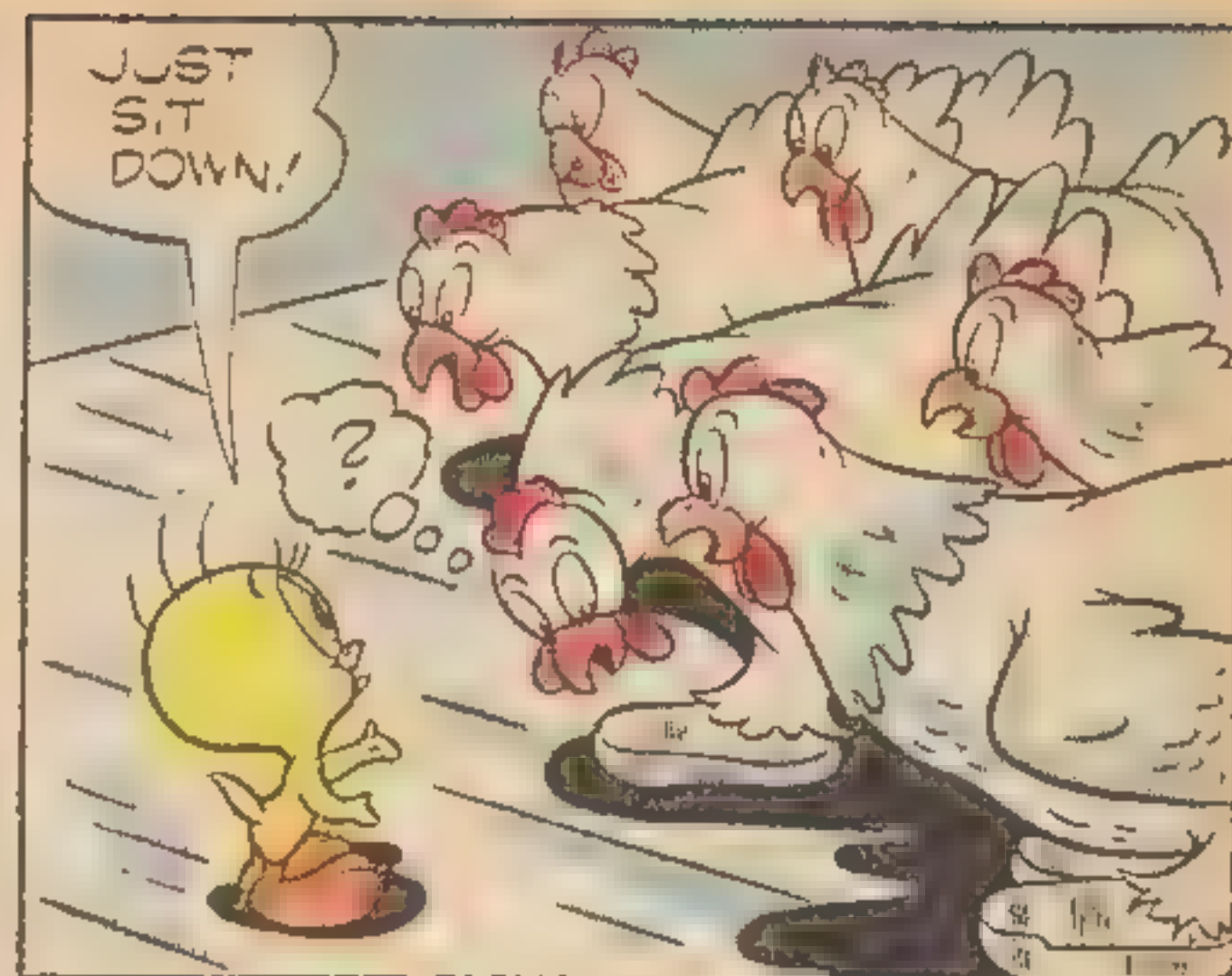
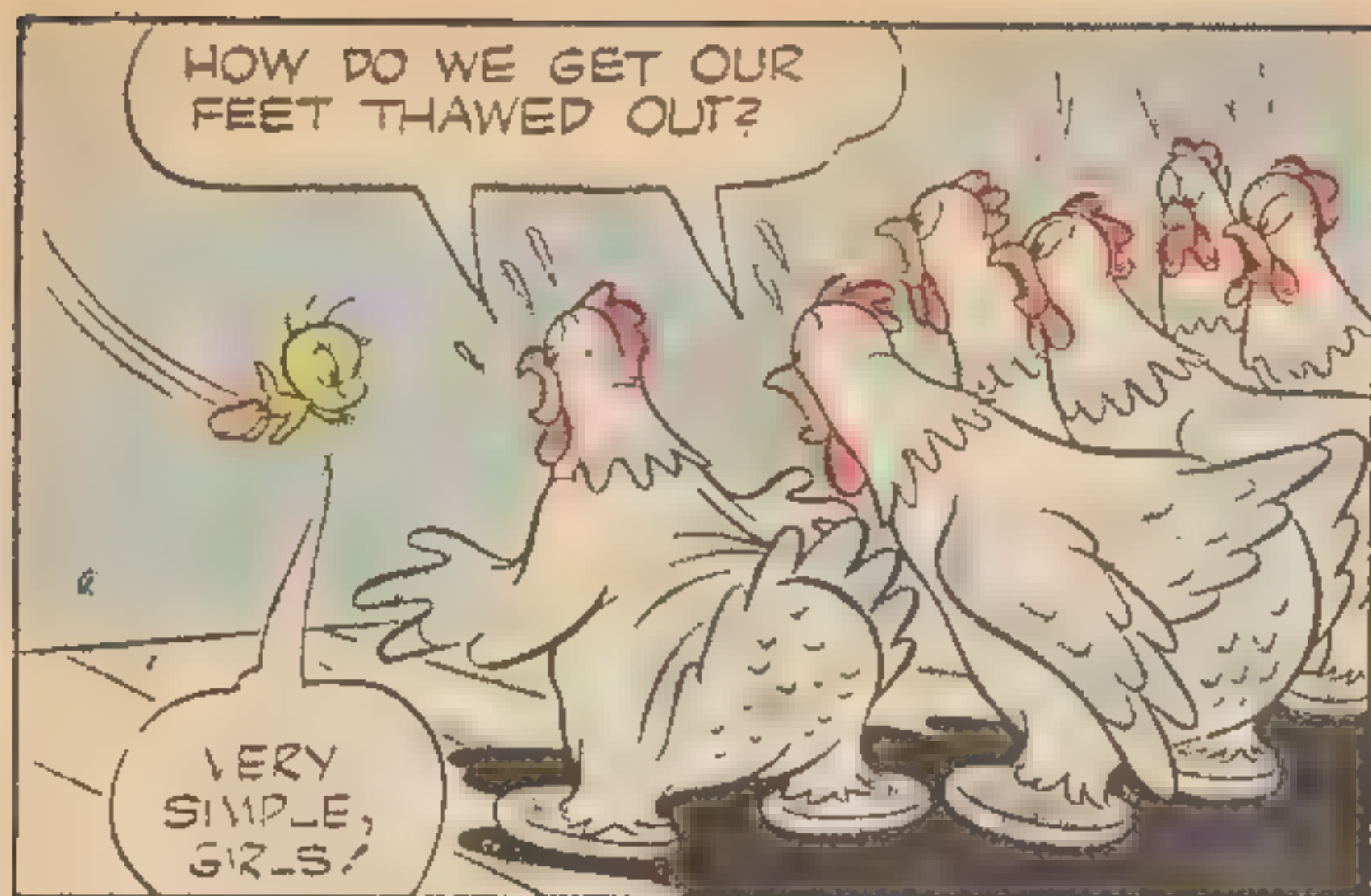


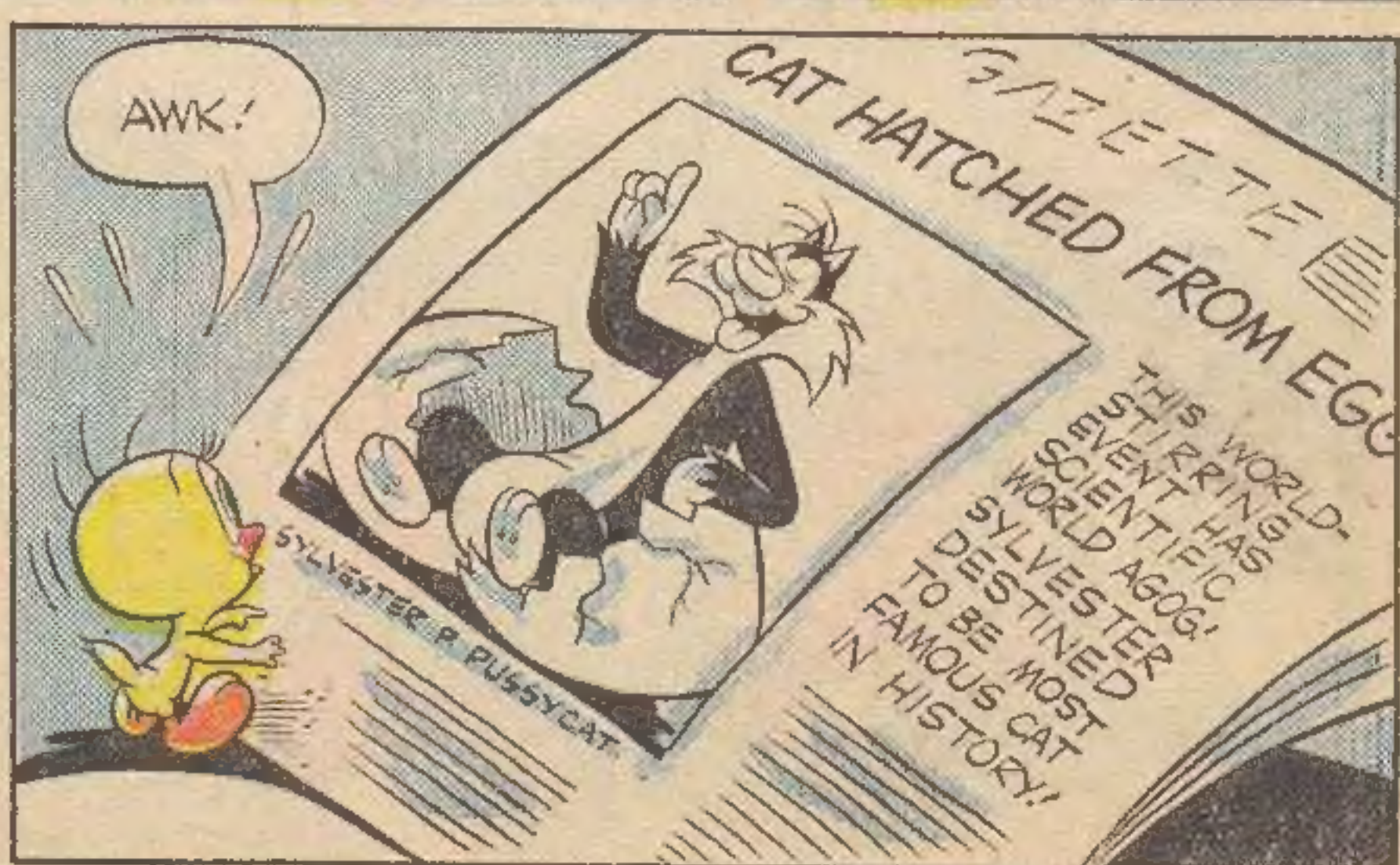
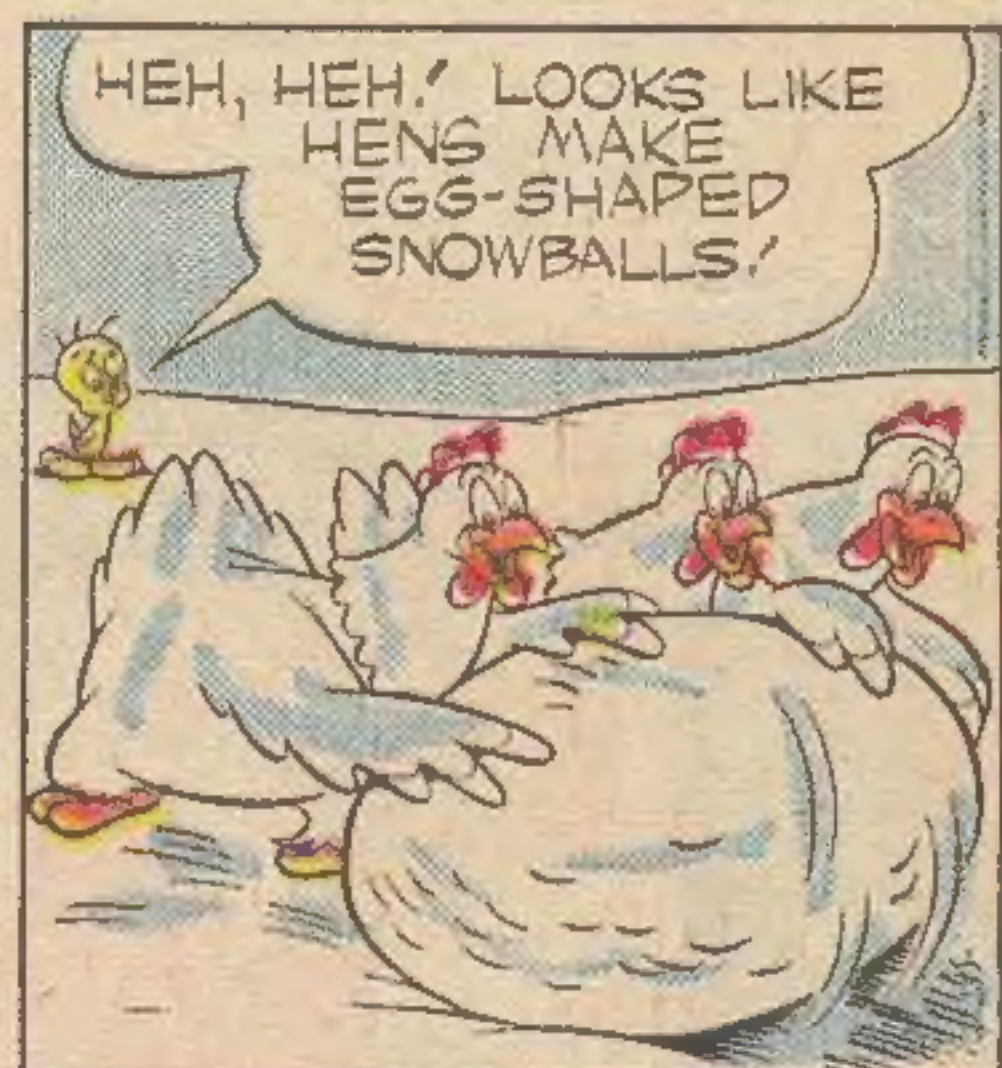
AND THOSE DUMB
HENS WILL FOLLOW
ME ANYWHERE!











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THIS HAT'S TOO LITTLE!

MEN'S HATS

THIS ONE'S WAY TOO BIG!

NO, NO! NOT THE COWRECT COLOR!

MEN'S HA

TRY THIS ONE, DOC!

YES! THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR! HOW MUCH IS IT?

THAT COMES TO EXACTLY FIFTEEN DOLLARS!

A PERFECT FIT!

HMM - MAYBE TOO PERFECT.

B. BUNNY HATS

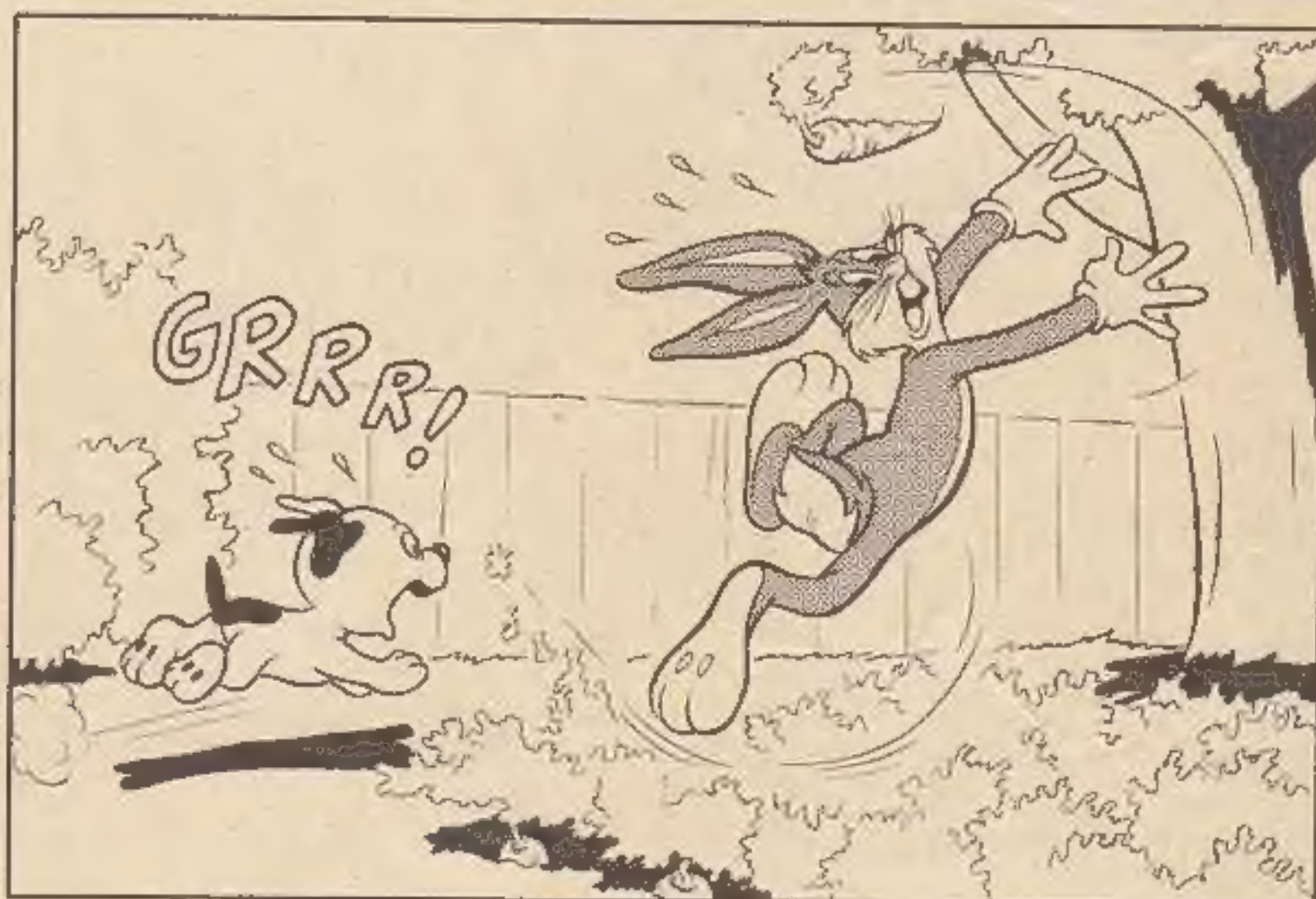
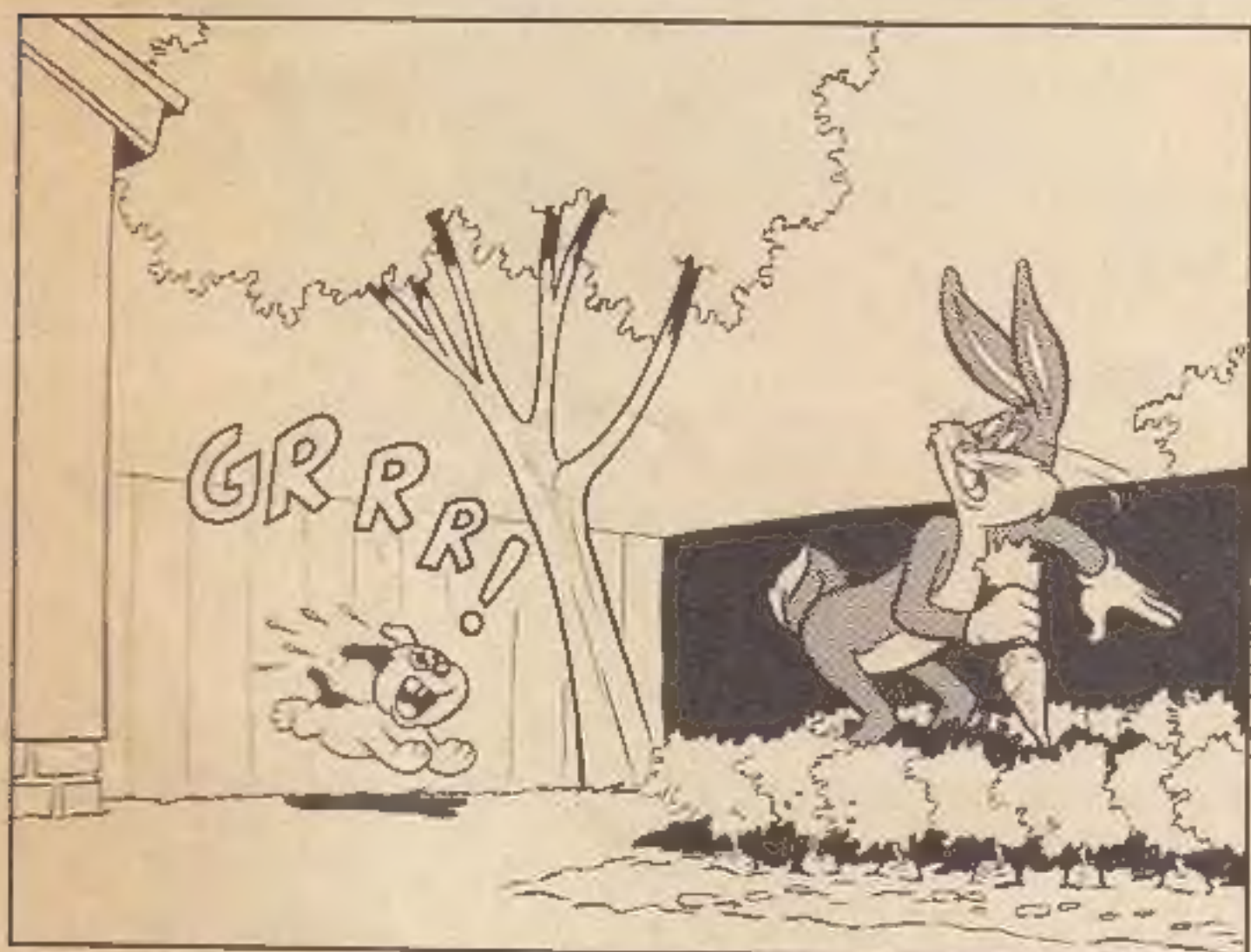
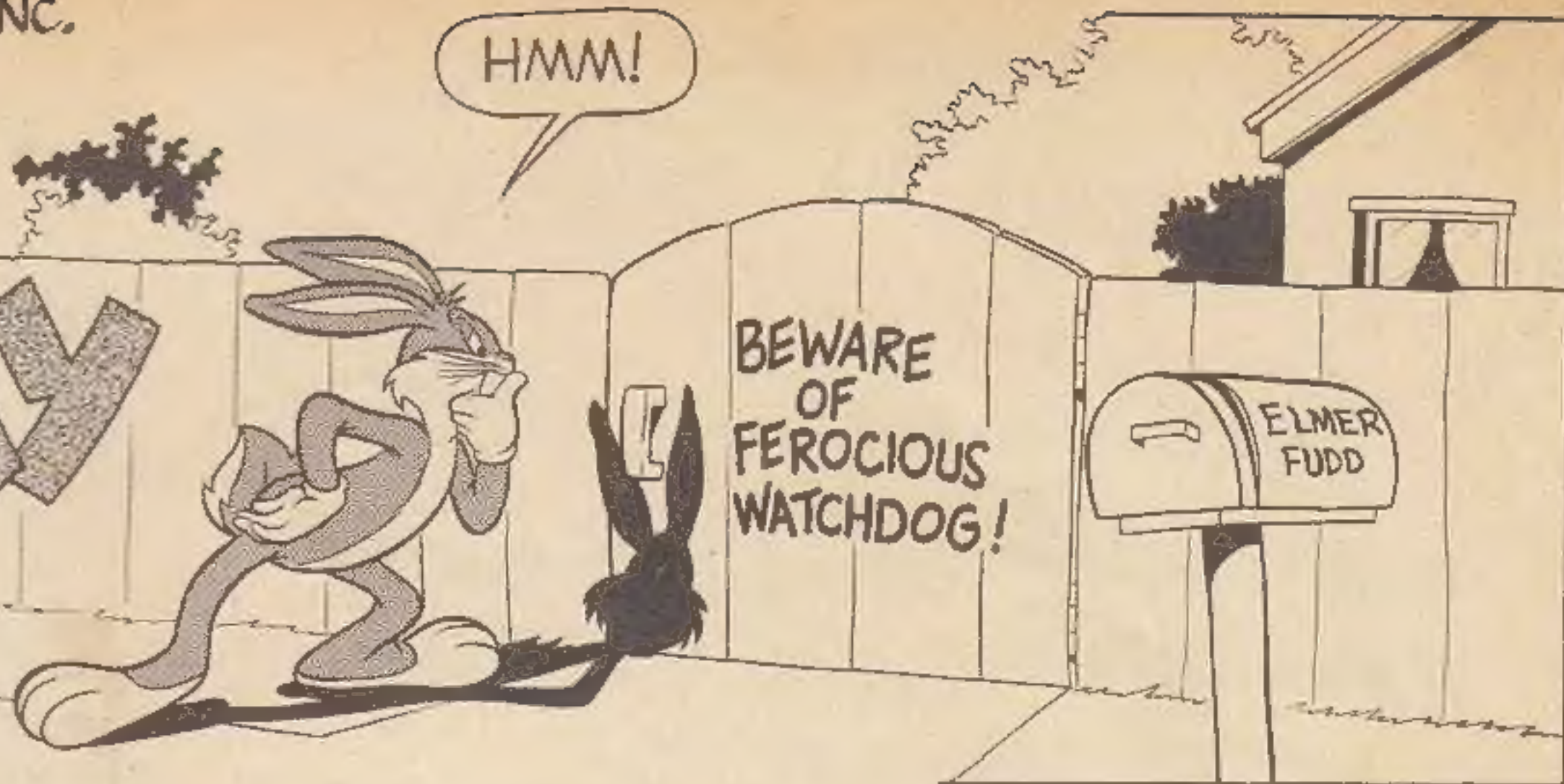
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